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ALONG THE HUDSON RIVER AT NEW YORK.

VERY rural and tranquil is the vicinity of Spuyten Duyvel Creek, at the head of the island of Manhattan. Standing on the bridge here, it is difficult to realize the fact that one is within three hours' walk of a great city. The din of it, and the smoke, and the smells, are shut out from this quiet valley by the intervening ridge of Washington Heights. But to and fro on the blue Hudson go the toiling steamers and the white-sailed river craft, linking the gazer to the city by their commercial associations. The inhabitants near this bridge appear to be unsophisticated and primitive in their ways, but they are only superficially so. They dredge their own oysters, which lends an air of self-support and independence to the place; but then they charge New York prices for them, which shows that with them rural simplicity is but skin-deep. One of the two boys who sit there on the stone-faced bank of the creek, fishing, has no clothes on, which heightens the idea of the primitive, certainly; but then the other wears the traditional red shirt of the New York rowdy, and his expletives just now, when he acciden-

tally baited his hook with his ear, were couched in the choicest profanity of Mackerelville. A rustic damsel comes tripping along a lane that leads to the main road. She is not so rustic on a near view. In size and shape her *chignon* resembles a two-hundred pound conical shell. She wears enormous red ear-rings, and her broad, serviceable feet are bursting through tan-colored French boots. Disgusted with the inconsistencies of the place, I leave it, and, turning cityward, take the road that leads by Washington Heights to New York.

This is the most picturesque route to the city from the land side. It winds past villas that stand on sloping lawns, or, like amateur Rhenish castles, frown from lofty peaks down upon the unresenting river. Evidences of wealth and culture meet the eye everywhere. Gate lodges give an air of European aristocracy to the locality. There is a feudal atmosphere about the place; one can, with due confusion of associations, almost fancy the curfew tolling here at nightfall, from the *campanile* that crowns yon lofty knoll; though it is

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not so easy to conceive that the serfs who dwell hereabouts would extinguish their lamps at its bidding. Trim hedges of beautiful flowering shrubs border the gravel-walks that lead from the road to the villas. Cows of European lineage crop the velvet turf in the glades of the copses. Now and then the river is shut out from view, but only to appear again in scenic vistas, with glimpses of the white villages on the New Jersey shore beyond. But the road becomes less and less rural as it leaves the heights and stretches along the more level ground on its way to the city. Soon it assumes the air of a village street. Indeed, it passes through several villages in its course; and of these it would not be easy to say where any one of them begins and ends, so linked together are they all by a chain of heterogeneous houses. This is a subject on which to be reserved, however, because it might not be safe to confound an inhabitant of Carmansville with one of Manhattanville. It is ever so with "villes." They have conflicting interests and sectional jealousies to keep their borders in a blaze. Who, for instance, could imagine a neighborly feeling between some Temperanceville and the Toddyville that jostles its elbow? Bloomingdale is before us, and from this village the road takes its name, — a name suggestive of buxom damsels and spring blossoms. Bloomingdale is the village nearest to the city, but its surroundings are rural as yet. The banks on either hand are well shaded with trees. Country churches lift their towers at intervals. Large asylums loom up through the old trees, — asylums in which lunatics are cared for, and asylums for orphan children. There are old family mansions that stand away off the road in grounds, — places with more or less family romance in their history no doubt; and huge sign-boards over the gateways of some of these inform us that they have been debased into public gardens, where people congregate in the summer time to smoke and drink beer. Now the chirping of English sparrows is heard on every side,

and small flocks of these insolent birds are seen foraging in the dust of the road, or clustering like brown blossoms on the hibiscus-bushes and other low shrubs that skirt it. It is hardly five years since a few dozen of these birds were imported for Central Park. Within two or three years they increased prodigiously, spreading first over the bosky grounds of the villas along the Bloomingdale Road. Thence they found their way townward, — for the sparrow is essentially a bird about town. Now the eaves of up-town houses are musical with their chirps, and most of the city parks are swarming with them. Calling them English sparrows, I ask some question concerning them of a burly policeman who is patrolling here. At once his brow contracts, and he avers, in the mellifluous accent of sea-green Erin, that there ain't no English sparrows here, and folks would n't have 'em; that they are Irish sparrows, descendants of the original ones let loose in Central Park, which, I think he stated, vacated their native egg-shells somewhere in the vicinity of Cork.

The Bloomingdale Road is a continuation of Broadway, taking its rural name at the point where the great city thoroughfare touches the southwestern angle of Central Park. It is Broadway run out into the country, in fact, to enjoy a breath of fresh air. Right under the steep, woody bank that slopes to the west from this road runs the Hudson River Railway, and much of the intervening ground is occupied by market-gardens. So is much of the tract lying between the road and Central Park to the east. It is a bright, balmy October day as I pass by these plots, and the odor of fragrant pot-herbs gives a zest to the air. But the dust will soon be stirred up now, for the ~~fast~~ trotting-horse man is the figure that gives life and movement to the Bloomingdale Road, and people of his tribe are already beginning to whirl past. A fat livery-stable keeper in a spider wagon, drawn by a span of strawberry horses, rushes by tugging upon his nags at arms' length. A sporting butcher in a

sulky is on his track. He ejaculates "Hi! hi!" to his cream-colored pony, and as he does so his teeth gleam like those of a leopard under the cruel curve that he gives to his black-bristled upper lip. Here, at a more leisurely pace, comes a swell, driving tandem with a team of blood bays. Probably he is a gold broker, or a successful gambler in some other branch of the profession. He drives an English sporting "trap," on the hind seat of which his groom insecurely sits, and, somewhat ignominiously, faces to the rear. Superb, nevertheless, is this young man, in his claret-colored livery with huge metal buttons, his knee-breeches and top-boots, and his shiny hat with a cockade on it. Later in the afternoon the road will be crowded with teams, from the one-horse buggy to the heavy drag driven four-in-hand,—most of them come over from the Park on their way by the Bloomingdale to the Kingsbridge Road.

Nearing the city, the aspect of the scene changes, and changes much for the worse. The market-gardens are smaller now, and many of them lie deep down in hollows,—the roofs of the small dwellings that stand in them sometimes being on a level with the road. To the left are seen the rocky knolls of Central Park. Tall, narrow houses lift their heads singly, at intervals, along the streets that bound the Park, blinking right and left with their wistful windows, as if looking out for the advent of other buildings destined to stand shoulder to shoulder with them in the future. The masses of gray rock to the south of the Park, just where the city begins, are very populous. Log shanties, or shanties made of rough boards, crown every boulder, or stick their stove-pipe chimneys out of clefts in the rock. Some of them have their weather-gables and roofs covered with sheets of rusty iron. Lean and hungry dogs, most of them large-sized, but undistinguishable as to breed, roam about the purlieus. Goats enhance the sub-Alpine effect of the place; but it would re-

quire some stretch of imagination to make the whitewashed hut on the summit of yon rock a Swiss *châlet*, and the rag-picker who has just emerged from it a chamois-hunter going forth to stalk the familiar kids that cluster on the neighboring peaks. Small children, fluttering with rags, and booted with black mud, riot and tumble everywhere among these free crags. Their parents are mostly away in the city, roaming among the ash-barrels and garbage-boxes, out of the depths of which they make their living by hook and by crook. Soon this little colony of half-savages on the rocks will have lapsed into the past. Blasting-powder is already making havoc in the vicinity, and grand mansions with their appurtenances will ere long cover the ground over which this curious hamlet of squatters is now scattered.

Down to the right now I take my way, where the railway track runs close by the wharfage along the Hudson River. The country begins to merge into the city here, and there is not much of the rural to be seen. A remnant of it may be discerned, however, about some old mansions that stand between the railway and the river. They are surrounded with gardens, and closely shaded with ancient trees. The old box-bushes in the gardens are yet kept trimmed into formal blocks of dark verdure. Gentility of an old-fashioned kind marks these last connecting links between the country and the city, and there is a suggestion about them of former opulence and family pride. Once, as I walked in a bit of dark and damp woodland that runs from the rear of one of these houses down to the beach of the river, I came upon an old weather-stained stone lion, grasping with one paw a stone globe. This might have been the heraldic device of one of the early lords of the soil. Possibly it might have done duty in former days as a guardian at the vestibule of some older mansion than the one that now stands there; and its appearance, as it lay among the dank herbage of the grove, greatly heightened the sense of

neglect and decay that hung about the whole place.

Wealth and poverty, enterprise and squalor, clutch at and jostle each other now, as the road gathers itself for its plunge into the city. Columns of tawny smoke rise upward from the huge chimneys of the factories that abound in this district. Every board of the rough fences along the roadside is used as an advertising medium, and so is every bit of rock that crops up from the barren soil. Super-scriptions, in great black or white letters, apprise the world of balms, bitters, baby-jumpers, and a hundred other indispensable things in the way of panaceas and labor-saving inventions. Here, just on the margin of the river, is a field strewn with great blocks of brown stone, out of which many stone-cutters are shaping columns and cornices destined to increase the gloom of an architecture that is already sombre to excess. It must be in brown-studies that the architects of New York work out their designs. A grassy road leads down to the river and at the foot of it some small pleasure-boats are moored; but the place is lonely and still, and no sound is heard save the clink of the stone-cutters' tools, and the steam-whistles of the tug-boats that puff by each other on the river. Passing on along the front, one is led to reflect on the character of the successive streets that run down to the river. The gradual demoralization of these streets, as they near the manufacturing district, is grievous to the observer. Here is one with which I am well acquainted at points near the central ridge of the city, and in the vicinity of the fashionable avenues. It runs between blocks of stately brown-stone houses there, and is of a deportment at once gracious and reserved. In this locality its associations are of the lowest. The block of houses on the right-hand side, as I follow it toward the river, is of brick; and the houses are lofty, conveying the impression that the speculator who built them might have been subject to delirious visions of a future

genteel neighborhood in this dreary district. A more dismal spectacle than these old rattle-trap tenements now present it would be difficult to conceive. The shattered blinds dangle half off their hinges from the windows, threatening destruction to the wayfarer who treads the unswept sidewalk below. Most of these houses have low bar-rooms on their ground-floors, with cheap restaurants or oyster-cribs attached. Here and there a few small and meanly appointed shops are to be seen, where miscellaneous goods, ranging from tape to tallow candles, are displayed for sale. The doors of nearly all the houses stand open, revealing dirty, gloomy hall-ways with rickety stairs leading to the upper floors. From many of the windows above pop forth the heads of women and children; for the houses are tenements, with several families dwelling on each floor. Opposite to this depressing row, the whole length of the block is occupied by an immense gas-work concern, the smoke and coal-dust from which begrime all things around; near this are a station for horse-cars of what is called the "cross-town line," and a wharf from which ferry-boats ply to Weehawken on the New Jersey side. This ferry is not a pleasant one for passengers who cherish prejudice in favor of quiet lives. From Weehawken the boats come generally loaded with cattle of obstreperous New Jersey breeds. Weehawken, for all its romantic name, is nothing but a huddle of low drinking-shops, to which roughs and robbers of the worst class resort from the city. Respectable persons who are rash enough to venture across the river by this route are liable to be maltreated and robbed during the trip,—instances of this kind having more than once occurred.

The explorer who extends his investigations to the edge of the river here will now and then discover that his footsteps have not fallen in pleasant places. At times warning whiffs are wafted to him from some huge wooden *abattoir*, urging him to pass on, nor

seek to penetrate too curiously the mysteries of the place. The sickly stench peculiar to a community of swine comes up here from a great range of sheds along the road by which I go toward the river. On either hand the lots are covered with pens, in which sheep and other market animals await unconsciously the last offices of the butcher. The sheep are crowded together in long sheds on one side of the road; they are very dirty and bedraggled muttens, recalling no pastoral associations of Arcadian shepherdesses with blue-ribboned straw hats on their coquettish heads, and flageolets at their kissable lips. The spruce Verboeckhoven could hardly paint such untidy, demoralized sheep as these, though Jules Breton perhaps might. The space on the opposite side of the road is flooded with feculent ooze, — a Dead Sea of swill, over which a turkey-buzzard might love to hover, perhaps; but no pure dove could fly over it without falling stifled into its pungent slush. The gray, unpainted boards of the immense sheds in which the pigs are kept do not tend to relieve the monotony of the scene. Further on, close by the wharf belonging to the concern, are the slaughter-houses, where passing glimpses may be had of many butchers at work on long rows of carcasses that hang from the beams. It is not a pleasant spot to linger near. Leave the butchers to their tasks; but reflect, as you go, that to be human is to be carnivorous, and let your sentiment for the occasion be, "No butcher, no festive board."

Not much farther on do you go before the place alluringly announced as the "Free Dumping-Ground" appeals to your senses in more ways than one. Worse than the horrible odors of the swine-pens are the fumes that hang over this disgusting acre of city garbage and filth. Pestilence appears to brood upon the place. And yet, in this noisome acre there is a mine of wealth and beauty and health. Fields and market-gardens shall yet rejoice and grow exuberant under the influence of

its fertilizing composts. Flowers and grains will be all the richer for it. Man and beast will derive renewed power from it; and so through innumerable channels its benefits will be extended to the painted butterfly and the piping bird.

A black, unsightly tract is that in which the depot of the Hudson River Railway stands, with its grimy buildings and bewildering network of rails. Old men waving flags confuse one with abstruse signals. Wheezy locomotives rush out from enclosures, make short, jerking trips without any obvious purpose, stop suddenly, as though they had forgotten something, — the key to the signals made by the old men, perhaps, — and then run grunting back to the points from which they started. Interminable trains are coming and going, the blackest and dirtiest of them laden with rows of immense tubs. You pass all these, and great mountains of coal piled up within strongly fenced enclosures, where it flashes like steel in the bright sunshine. The posts and chains and cradles of the complicated arrangements for hoisting it stand out sharply against the sky. At the piers near by coal-vessels are discharging their cargoes, the apparatus for which is worked by horses or mules, driven round circular platforms by whistling, unconcerned boys. About the gates of the coal-yards dirty old women lie in wait, watching the carts that go out loaded with coal, the droppings of which they eagerly snatch from the road, and thrust into omnivorous bags, in which they also carry broken victuals, rags, and such rubbish as they can gather from the gutters and garbage-boxes. Old men, armed with shovels, carry on an uncivil war against these, — old men whose function it is to follow the carts to a short distance from the coal-yard gates, and recover such bits of the black diamond as may fall to the ground. The rough clay road now leads through an immense tract of lumber, piled in towering layers upon the ground that lies between town and river. The perfume of the fresh pine

boards is ambrosial after the exhalations of the piggens and dumping-grounds. Some of these great piles of lumber slope from the perpendicular, like towers of Pisa, and suggest danger to the wight who would seek shelter to the leeward of them in a gale of wind. The buzz of the planing-mills vibrates on the ear, and huge oil-stores vitiate with their odors the woodland perfume of the pine. Here lies a fleet of ice-barges,—or, rather, of floating ice-houses,—rigged out with a forest of little masts fitted with ropes and pulleys for hoisting the ice. Horses are at work making short journeys with this hoisting-tackle; and the clean, prismatic blocks of ice are packed into heavy wagons, in which they are carried through the city. Near by is the ice-office, along the street in front of which a great number of ice-wagons may be seen ranged before and after the working hours of the day. Here, too, are the stables in which the horses of the company are kept. Looking up at this structure, the gazer is apt to be startled by the apparition of horses' heads thrust out of second-story windows. But the ups and downs of equine life are nowhere more marked than in New York, where horses take their ease in cellars, as well as in the more airy apartments up stairs.

Vacant lots where stagnant pools lie reeking have now to be traversed. The ground is covered with heaps of rubbish,—ashes, old iron, rags, decaying animal and vegetable matter, and that omnipresent element of rubbish-heaps, the tangled hoop arrangement of wire by which the lovely feminine shape is even yet sometimes assimilated to the form of the volcanic peak. Round the heaps are squatted groups of ragged children, occupied in sifting cinders from the promiscuous mass. One half of the world may here guess how the other half scantily warms itself. These poor children are expected to be good and honest, of course; and would n't the old man of the coal-yard chop the fingers off any one of them with his shovel, if a dive were made by the

shivering, dirty little hand to lift the smallest nugget of his coal?

Such things be; and the sky looks bright and pleasant riverward, and pleasant to watch are the white sea-gulls as they describe concentric circles on their wide wings. Tug-boats are puffing to and fro on the river, towing vessels freighted with lumber. Schooners are discharging their cargoes of cord-wood at the piers. Great sea-going steamers loom up black and grim in the stream. Mean by comparison with these are the canal-boats packed like sardines in the docks,—their lazy hands smoking on their decks, and exchanging scurrilous jokes about the gang of smartly dressed French man-of-war's men passing down the wharf. Sloops loading with stable-manure exhale their fragrance upon the air. Ship-smithies abound, with signs setting forth that therein are "Anchors made and repaired." Old iron chains, and ship iron of all sorts, are scattered around their thresholds. Here is a shipwright and calker, whose sign announces that he also deals in wines, liquors, and cigars. Sloop-stores and rectifying distilleries; spars and masts; blocks and pumps; steering-gear, oars, handspikes, and other things in which mariners take an interest,—all these increase more and more as the street leads on past the busier piers. Hay-barges, like great barns somehow got adrift, are discharging their cargoes of litter and fodder, carts for the conveyance of which to the stables throughout the city are crowding to the wharf. The horses that draw the carts appear to take great interest in their job; but more interesting to the human drudge are the long rows of oyster-barges that are moored permanently along the wharves at certain points. Villages of oyster-houses, rather, are they, very compactly built and closely ranged, and painted white. Sloops loaded with oysters are continually arriving for the supply of these depots. On the pier, in front of the gangways that lead to the barges, groups of men sit upon stools, busily engaged in opening the bivalves, which

they throw into pails. On inquiry, I find that large quantities of these oysters are "kagged," as my informant expressed it, for the Western market. They will keep for a couple of weeks, he says, in the neat little ashen kegs in which they are put up. He was a rough but civil man was the oyster-opener to whom I addressed myself for information, and his grim features relaxed into a smile when I told him how the passengers in a railway train that was snowed up on a Western prairie, some years ago, might have been starved to death but for the fact that one of the cars was freighted with oysters thus put up in kegs. His professional pride was tickled by this, and he tendered me an oyster with native, though untutored, affability. The poetry that tinges the life even of the oyster-opener is observable in the old horseshoes nailed to most of the gangways; for superstition is poetry, and there is something mystic and pleasing in the idea of thus exorcising the nocturnal goblins by whom the fresh oysters might be spoiled. Among the heaps of shells accumulated behind the openers unlaved boys of epicurean "proclivities" forage for the oysters that may have been rejected for their suspicious tang.

You now pass the Hoboken ferry-houses, to and from which crowds of men, women, and children are hurrying pell-mell. Stout Germans, dragging their stout wives after them, come thundering down street to catch the boat that will not leave her dock for five minutes yet. People always run to catch ferry-boats, and always try to jump off them before they come within six feet of the wharf. The large fronts of premises belonging to various great steamship companies now display their wild architecture at brief intervals along the street. In some of the docks about these, men in boats are engaged in dragging the turbid waters as I pass. Yesterday there was an awful explosion here at noon. The steam-engine used in hoisting to and from the Liverpool steamers burst, hurling in fragments into the air a wooden building of great

size, together with the blacksmith's shop and out-houses attached. Eight unfortunate men, who happened to be on the premises at the time, were blown and scattered far away; some of them falling scalded and shrieking into the water, others coming down in mangled pulp on the neighboring wharves and heaps of coal. As one of the victims swam wildly about in the dock, screaming and yelling in his intense agony, the blood of the spectators ran cold, and many of them had to turn away from the terrible sight. Had the accident not occurred during the dinner hour, when most of the men employed about the pier were absent, the loss of life must have been very great.

Yonder, upon a clumsy tub of a barge, there hangs a sign-board announcing "Boats and Groves for Excursions." And queer picnic parties they are that make up these excursions, and sickly are the groves on the Jersey and Long Island shores to which the excursionists resort! Classical was the grove of Academe. Birnam Wood has memories about it that time cannot kill; in the "Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie O," of the Scottish singer there are sweet suggestions of love-making under green and whispering leaves; but to the groves provided for the gay excursionists of New York none of these associations belong, as the present writer, from actual experiences, can aver.

The sailmaking trade looks very flourishing hereabouts. It ought to be flourishing, for see the thousands of white-winged schooners and other craft that are flitting to and fro upon the river. Many clothing-stores for mariners also hang out their attractive goods. Yellow oil-skin jackets, heavy tarpaulin overcoats, with "sou-wester" hats to match, and coarse flannel shirts, are flapping everywhere from the rafters of the wooden awnings that jut out over the greasy sidewalk. Here, too, the oddest little oyster-shops abound. Entering one of these, which presents externally the appear-

ance of a deserted dog-kennel, I find it to be a cell of about twelve feet by eight. There are three small tables in it, clothless, but kept very neat and clean. Over these presides a stout, florid woman. Through a side door there is a glimpse of a little stall of a kitchen beyond, revealing the culinary artist of the establishment, — a leisurely bewhiskered gentleman in Cardigan jacket and checked apron, who reads a newspaper with one eye, while he keeps the other on a simmering oyster-stew. Canaries that pipe in their cages under the low roof impart an element of refinement to this little retreat, and for bouquets there are numerous bundles of aromatic potherbs suspended from the ceiling and on the walls. Leaving all these allurements, I pass on along the wharves. In one of the slimy docks, a "free church for seamen and boatmen" goes undulating up and down to the movement of the lazy tide. It is a very dingy-looking old structure, provided with a belfry and bell. An inscription on its weather-beaten gable informs the observer that the church is open for services on Wednesday and Friday afternoons; but one feels an assurance that the rickety bridge leading to the duck-like old edifice will never be broken down by a rush. The name and address of the watery-grave sexton are also lettered on the hull. Has he a grave-digger in his pay? or does he sew up in heavily shotted hammocks the inanimate forms that come to him in the way of business, and heave them overboard?

Floating steam-mills now tower up from the docks, faced with huge placards advertising "Meal, oats, corn, rye, and general feed." The marine stores begin to swarm along the street, and everything is characteristic of the great seaport town. Numbers of those amphibious beings known as 'long-shore-men' are working or lounging about the piers. There are stores, on the door-posts of which one reads that such fascinating things as "steam vacuums" and "cop waste" are kept for sale within. There are ship-chandlers,

whose establishments are blockaded with ships' compasses, fenders, pullies, blocks, quadrants, binnacles, handspikes, telescopes, and all things that salt and boaty be. There are provision stores, the open fronts and thresholds of which are cumbered with enormous hams sewed up in canvas painted yellow; with herrings in kegs; with boxes of palm-soap and other soaps; with saleratus, smoked fish, "extra cider vinegar," fresh Turkey prunes, molasses, and all other such necessities and luxuries as are specially laid in for those who "go down to the sea in ships." At the corners of the streets are planted semicircular lunch-tables, from behind which morose proprietors dispense fly-blown oysters and bits of mouldy pie in little plates. Here is a wooden structure over the door of which a board with the word "Dining-Room" painted on it is fixed. Curious in regard to this concern, I inspect it more closely, and find that it is quite full when there is one diner in it at a time. All along the sidewalks are glass-covered cases in which street merchants display their mixed wares. Counterfeit watches, mock jewelry, cheap cutlery, — that would be dear at any price, — briar-wood pipes carved from pine-knots, daggers, pistols, braces, violins, and everything else that can make life tolerable, are to be had at these wonderful street bazaars. Here and there, close by the doors of eating-houses, small cigar cells belonging to the establishments are open to the street. Splendid is the attire of some of the young men who attend to these, with their ambrosial locks, and with their sky-blue cravats, the ends of which are passed through bright metal bands.

Washington Market is a feature of the river-front here, — an old and intricate pile of rickety wooden galleries, and sheds and stalls. It lies on both sides of the street; the portion to riverward being a sort of village of provision stalls, intersected by alleys. The husk of the old place is decayed and shattered to a sad extent, but the kernel is sound. Householders prefer it to most

of the other markets of the city, as well for the excellence as for the comparative cheapness of its produce. Inwardly, it is made as much of as circumstances permit. Outwardly, it would be a disgrace to a community of nest-building apes. Along its festering walls crazy little parasitical stalls grow out everywhere, like the wens on diseased trees. The perennial rat has it much his own way here at all seasons, and in summer the place is rendered noxious by myriads of bloated flies. At the cellar doors that yawn along the walls of the structure outside sit frowzy, slut-tish old women, watching over the tin-ware and crockery laid out for sale. They smoke short but admirably colored pipes, and pass esoteric jokes with old men who come forth from their burrows under the market, every now and then, to sweep out the gutters. The sidewalks of the market square are lumbered up everywhere with barrels of all the edible roots and fruits of the season. The street is thronged with market vehicles of every description. Carts bearing large lath-work cribs full of living fowls for the table are standing by the stalls, and geese poke up their long necks between the laths, and cackle querulously for their native puddles. Round the newspaper stands, planted here and there, idle men and women are grouped, improving their minds between intervals of business by the inspection and perusal of the flash police papers and other obscene trash of the kind by which the city is

deluged. Glaring posters, announcing pugilistic encounters and other refined entertainments, are stuck everywhere upon the timbers and boards. The whole place, with its intricate nooks, and crannies, and huge, dirty wooden chests, does not look like one in the purlieus of which it would be safe to pass the night. It is notorious as a resort for pickpockets; and that manly, interesting variety of kleptomaniac known to the police as a "sneak thief" finds in the crowded and tumultuous environs of Washington Market a fertile field for the exercise of his enviable talents.

The shipping and steamship trade along the piers is expanding here, and the view across the broadened river to the Jersey shore is obstructed by forests of masts and spars and smoke-stacks. Bales of cotton are piled along the wharves, or trundled by busy warehousemen to the scales beside which the impartial weighers watch. And now that bald and unsightly conglomerate called Castle Garden looms upon the view, — Castle Garden of the many vicissitudes, where the notes of the Swedish Nightingale first vibrated upon the charmed American ear; where now the wondering emigrants from far-off lands first take their impressions of that Columbia which they have come to hail; and around which the skeleton trees of the Battery point with their ghastly fingers at the jobbers who have allowed a once pleasant resort to go to ruthless ruin and decay.

THE DOLE OF JARL THORKELL.

THE land was pale with famine
And racked with fever-pain;
The frozen fiords were fishless,
The earth withheld her grain.

Men saw the boding Fylgja
Before them come and go,
And, through their dreams, the Urdar-moon
From west to east sailed slow!

Jarl Thorkell of Thevera
At Yule-time made his vow;
On Rykdal's holy Doom-stone
He slew to Frey his cow.

To bounteous Frey he slew her;
To Skuld, the younger Norn,
Who watches over birth and death,
He gave her calf unborn.

And his little gold-haired daughter
Took up the sprinkling-rod,
And smeared with blood the temple
And the wide lips of the god.

Hoarse below, the winter water
Ground its ice-blocks o'er and o'er;
Jets of foam, like ghosts of dead waves,
Rose and fell along the shore.

The red torch of the Jokul,
Aloft in icy space,
Shone down on the bloody Horg-stones
And the statue's carven face.

And closer round and grimmer
Beneath its baleful light
The Jotun shapes of mountains
Came crowding through the night.

The gray-haired Hersir trembled
As a flame by wind is blown;
A weird power moved his white lips,
And their voice was not his own!

"The Æsir thirst!" he muttered;
"The gods must have more blood
Before the tun shall blossom
Or fish shall fill the flood.

"The Æsir thirst and hunger,
And hence our blight and ban;
The mouths of the strong gods water
For the flesh and blood of man!

"Whom shall we give to Asgard?
Not warriors, sword on thigh;
But let the nursling infant
And bedrid old man die."

"So be it!" cried the young men,
"There needs nor doubt nor parle";
But, knitting hard his red brows,
In silence stood the Jarl.

A sound of woman's weeping
At the temple door was heard;
But the old men bowed their white heads,
And answered not a word.

Then the Dream-wife of Thingvalla,
A Vala young and fair,
Sang softly, stirring with her breath
The veil of her loose hair.

She sang: "The winds from Alfheim
Bring never sound of strife;
The gifts for Frey the meetest
Are not of death, but life.

"He loves the grass-green meadows,
The grazing kine's sweet breath;
He loathes your bloody Horg-stones,
Your gifts that smell of death.

"No wrong by wrong is righted,
No pain is cured by pain;
The blood that smokes from Doom-rings
Falls back in redder rain.

"The gods are what you make them,
As earth shall Asgard prove;
And hate will come of hating,
And love will come of love.

"Make dole of skyr and black bread
That old and young may live;
And look to Frey for favor
When first like Frey you give.

"Even now o'er Njord's sea-meadows
The summer dawn begins;
The tun shall have its harvest,
The fiord its glancing fins."

Then up and swore Jarl Thorkell :
 "By Gimli and by Hel,
 O Vala of Thingvalla,
 Thou singest wise and well!

"Too dear the Æsir's favors
 Bought with our children's lives ;
 Better die than shame in living
 Our mothers and our wives.

"The full shall give his portion
 To him who hath most need ;
 Of curdled skyr and black bread,
 Be daily dole decreed."

He broke from off his neck-chain
 Three links of beaten gold ;
 And each man, at his bidding,
 Brought gifts for young and old.

Then mothers nursed their children,
 And daughters fed their sires,
 And Health sat down with Plenty
 Before the next Yule fires.

The Horg-stones stand in Rykdal ;
 The Doom-ring still remains ;
 But the snows of a thousand winters
 Have washed away the stains.

Christ ruleth now ; the Æsir
 Have found their twilight dim ;
 And, wiser than she dreamed, of old
 The Vala sang of Him !

ST. MICHAEL'S NIGHT.

CHAPTER VI.

THAT night, before many hours had passed over, and Jeanne had sunk from troubled thinking into restless dreams, and from these into deep unbroken slumber, the winds from the north and west had risen from their secret chambers, and were riding through the darkness, and chafing into angry waves the waters of the Channel. And when Jeanne rose, and arrayed herself

in her gay holiday dress by the dim lights of the waning crescent moon and the early dawn, she heard the thunderous roll of the surf on the shore, and the echoes that the cliffs sent back, while the house was shaken by the gusts of angry wind. Such storms were not unfrequent, and Jeanne felt little anxiety for her father's safety, deciding in her own mind that he would probably have given up the fishing expedition at the first indication of bad

weather, and put into the harbor at Dieppe, and that there she would in all probability find him during the day.

Poor Jeanne! It was not the *fête* day she had looked forward to. That had been a day all bright in sunshine and pleasant excitement in her anticipations. Gabriel and she were to have gone together, she wearing the dress his mother had given her; they were both to see for the first time the Citadelle and the oyster-garden, but now the storm had come up, and there would certainly be rain, and her father's fishing was spoiled, and — indeed, it must be confessed, that, for Jeanne, the weather within was as bad as that without. The fatal, angry words that had come between Gabriel and herself were still sore in her heart. If she could only feel light-hearted and content again as she had done before this had happened! Gabriel had asked her to marry him. Why should she? That meant to leave her home, to leave her father, to leave the coast. She had not yet thought of marrying. Yes, she had had always a vague prospect before her in the future, that some time she would marry a fisherman, who would help her father, and live in the cottage; but this was different, — altogether different; she was bewildered, perplexed, by the prospect that opened before her. She had said "No" to Gabriel, sure enough; she was glad she had said "No"; but she wished, with a sinking heart, that they had not quarrelled. Gabriel, Gabriel, marry Gabriel, — that all seemed so strange; and yet he was so near, so closely tied by affection and habit to her life, that the thought of estrangement between her and him gave her a bitter pang. What would Aunt Ducrés say? An uneasy suspicion vexed her that she might take her son's part in the matter, — of course a mother always did, and Aunt Ducrés loved Gabriel more than most mothers do their sons. A dismal prospect of alienation and separation seemed to open before her, a maelstrom of perplexity seemed ready to swallow her up. So you see Jeanne's thoughts

before her little mirror were by no means in harmony with her gay attire.

There was little to do, when she was dressed, but her bed to make, and her every-day clothes to be laid away; for she had set all the house in order overnight, even to the grooming of her donkey, that, sleek and well conditioned, stood in his stall, and only needed to be saddled and have the pannier of fish slung across his back. This was an easy task to Jeanne's adroit and experienced hands. So, leading her donkey by the bridle, Jeanne walked slowly down the lane towards the Robbes' cottage.

It were hard to imagine a dress more suited and becoming to the strong rounded figure, with its movements of natural grace and dignity, than the short red petticoat, the trim flowered bodice, and the fair white Norman cap, beneath which appeared heavy braids of golden-brown hair. A threefold silver chain encircled Jeanne's neck, to which hung a silver figure of the Madonna; and heavy gold earrings, heir-looms of many generations in her mother's family, completed her costume. In her hand she carried her rosary and missal.

A pleasant greeting met Jeanne, as she neared the Robbes' gate, from the group of neighbors and friends who — all like herself in holiday dress, some on foot and some mounted on their donkeys — were awaiting the assembling of the rest of the little company before starting on their day's pilgrimage. The stream of lively talk ran on with added force after her arrival; for the new *robe de fête* had to be examined and admired, and the girls crowded about her with loud ejaculations of approval, as they fingered the bows of ribbon, and felt the delicate texture of her skirt.

Marie Robbe stood aloof at first, and made an attempt to behave with a becoming degree of coldness in resentment for Jeanne's *brusquerie* of the previous evening. But her assumed dignity was not proof against the good-humored indifference of Jeanne; and her little airs of displeasure melted away

when Jeanne began to arrange the basket of fish on Marie's despaired donkey, and then invited her to mount her own handsome beast.

Others of the villagers came up by twos and threes till all were assembled, and the whole company began to move forward, falling into the natural groups that family ties or mutual sympathy dictated. The women chatted together over their household concerns, and the men discussed the prospects of the fishing-season. The children of the company trudged on sturdily by the sides of their mothers, or rode before them on the donkeys, or chased each other through the thymy grass. As the morning wore on, and the blustering wind made the walking more fatiguing, the talk flagged; even Marie Robbe's tongue ceased its chatter, and she allowed her mind to fall back upon the more important business of scheming how it should be her turn to ride on their entrance into the town. This at the present moment was the most ardent wish of her heart, and if to this satisfaction she could have added that of passing François Milette on her triumphal entry, and have poisoned his happiness for the day by some coquetish slight, so that his very holiday wine should become gall and the sweet *fête* cakes wormwood to his taste, perhaps she would have experienced the keenest sense of pleasure of which her nature was capable.

Jeanne, meanwhile, was walking by the side of Épiphanie Milette, whose pretty face did indeed look pale and careworn enough to justify the belief of some people that she had received the ominous greeting from the Fairy. It is true that evil fortune had pursued poor Épiphanie, and things had gone unkindly with her. Her father had, as I said before, been a hard man of no very good character, on whom the more pious surmised the good Saints had laid a ban on account of certain nefarious undertakings under shadow of the night, bringing him more than once into collision with the coast guards. Certain it is that the fickle fortune

of the sea had never smiled upon Milette as a fisherman, nay, had most persistently frowned, and yet he had had at times unaccountably large sums of money. Madame Milette, during her husband's lifetime, though she was always well clothed, and had money to spend, had a sour and discontented look. They had always had little to do with other people, and she had a hard life of it, it was said, down in the lonely house on the cliffside with her sickly child and her bad husband; and some of the women, if they did speak tauntingly of her leather shoes and new chain, pitied her, and were ready, when the time came, to do her a good turn.

Jeanne's good aunt had been one of these, and, on the morning after that stormy night when Milette was brought home dead, she went down to the desolate house on the cliffside, and performed the office of good neighbor to the poor widow, who was sitting there alone with her daughter, and feeling, Heaven help her! more bitterly the fact that the world had turned its back on her than that death had robbed her of her husband. For, indeed, the death of her husband confirmed all the suspicions of his evil life.

That stormy winter's morning, just at dawn, when the two fishermen came stumbling up the shingly pathway to the lonely house bearing the body drenched with sea-water, and with a pistol-wound in the breast, the two scared and trembling women dragged him in, and laid him on the bed, asking no questions.

So the shadow of Milette's life grew darker over his death, and people stood aloof from the widow and her daughter. Jeanne's aunt and old Madame Lennet were, for a time, their only friends; and, indeed, on one of those cold, winter days, Madame Lennet had gone up to see Monsieur le Curé himself, to beg him—which she did with tears and the simple eloquence of her compassionate heart—to let Milette's body receive the full rites of Christian burial without question as to the cause of his death, usual in such cases, so that the widow might be spared the additional disgrace

and misery certain to result on investigation.

"Without doubt," argued good Madame Lennet, "Milette had come by that ugly wound in the breast in an affray with some of the smuggling gang to which he belonged, and who were now safely hidden in one of their dens on the coast, or, more probably still, in some English seaport. Their own nefarious traffic led them to the knowledge of many a secret asylum, and swift and sure ways of flight. Inquiry into the means by which Milette had come by his death, while it would almost certainly fail in bringing the murderers to justice, would only make certain and public the facts of the evil doings of the murdered man." And Monsieur le Curé, with his thin, white hands clasped behind him, pacing softly to and fro in his dingy little room, as was his custom when his mind was disturbed, though perplexed by the question in which human pity seemed to confront abstract justice and ecclesiastical duty, did not turn a deaf ear to the good woman's petition. He dismissed her with a promise to accede to her wishes, and with his benediction.

As time went on, the cloud was gradually lifted off the Widow Milette and her daughter, especially as Épiphanie, then growing into womanhood, became a fair and blooming, though somewhat delicate girl. Few had the heart to slight the gentle young creature, who rarely showed her downcast face and brown eyes anywhere but at church.

Jeanne Defère followed her good aunt's example, and remained a firm friend to Épiphanie, who clung to her with the natural instinct which binds the weak and timid to the strong and resolute, and in time their neighborly intimacy ripened into a close and lasting friendship. Good old Madame Lennet, likewise, as we have seen, befriended the widow, and never turned her back upon her from the time when Pierre, her son, then a young man of five-and-twenty, had come home, and told his mother the story of the finding of the bruised and wounded body float-

ing among the rocks on the rising tide, touching her kind heart by the picture of the two pale and trembling women who had met him at the threshold, and taken in the body in unnatural silence, but with looks of dread and terror.

Perhaps the plaintive eyes of the younger woman, then a girl of seventeen, had touched the honest heart of Pierre; he did many a good turn for the widow after that, and often, softening his boisterous tones, would seek to draw Épiphanie from her quiet corner at the village merry-makings, and make her dance among the rest.

Some people said Pierre Lennet would marry the Widow Milette's timid daughter; but years went on, Pierre went voyages and returned, and had many an unlucky turn, and Épiphanie won the heart of a well-to-do grocer from Tréport, and, after a somewhat long wooing, married him, — though with a sad grace, as people thought, and more to please her mother than herself. Madame Milette went to live with her daughter and the honest grocer, in the dingy little shop on the quay at Tréport.

But within two years poor Épiphanie's ill-starred married life came to an end. A sharp fever seized her husband, who died after a few days' illness. His relations, who had always disliked the intruding wife and her mother, took possession of the little stock of goods, and the young widow and her mother returned to their old home at Verangeville, — the mother, a disappointed and embittered woman; her daughter, pale and careworn beyond her years.

Épiphanie's life, however, was brightened by the presence of her baby, — the only token of the brief interlude of her wedded life brought back with her to Verangeville, — and in the care of this child the whole happiness of her days centred.

During the years that had since gone by, they had lived together in the little house at the foot of the cliff, supported partly by the earnings of Épiphanie, who wrought skilfully at the ivory carving for which Dieppe is famous. She

carried in, from time to time, the little packet of thimbles, crosses, and brooches that she had made, and returned with her small earnings. This source of income helped to eke out François's gains as a fisherman. François was a young man now, twenty-three years of age, and had been at home for two years since his last voyage. He was a handsome fellow, and had done well enough as a fisherman, as any one might judge by old Defère's taking him so often in his boat, and sharing the profits of his night's work with him. Indeed, François seemed to bid fair to redeem the shattered fame of his family, and to win back respect to the name of Milette. One indiscretion he certainly had committed, and that was having given his heart to Marie Robbe, who, as we have seen, set small store by the gift.

CHAPTER VII.

"It will be a stormy night, Jeanne, sure enough," said Épiphanie, looking to seaward, as, with the rest of the company, they journeyed across the cliffs towards Dieppe. "See how the clouds are flying, and the wind is driving hard ashore. I wish they had not started last night."

"So do I," said Jeanne.

"François had little heart for the fishing, I know," said Épiphanie; "but I thought it was only because he would miss the *fête* to-day by being at sea. I wonder if he thought of bad weather. O Jeanne, I wish I had begged him to stay!"

"Don't trouble thyself!" said Jeanne. "It was n't that he feared bad weather; he was vexing himself because he could not go with Marie Robbe to Dieppe to-day; and I'll tell thee, Épiphanie,—and this is my mind on that matter,—he had much better have bad weather at sea than fair weather with Marie; a man may get to know what the worst sea means in time, and learn how to steer through it, but a false heart,—who can ever learn the shiftings of that, without breaking his own?"

Épiphanie shook her head. "She is a coquette, it is true, but—dost thou think she will not marry François after all? I know it is the desire of his heart, and in another year or two he will have saved enough to marry on. Old Robbe is well off too. She has danced with him all summer more than with any other lad; and every *bourrée* after the Angelus last Sunday he was her partner, and she has taken all his gifts."

"Où dà!" said Jeanne, with contemptuous emphasis; "and she will marry him—if—she marries not some one else—and, as *bonne amie* of François, I wish she would. It might give him a sore heart for a while, but he would learn a good lesson therefrom, that is, that a man ought to choose his wife as he would his friend,—for her good faith, and for the good qualities God has given her, and not for this or that, her dress or her dancing, with which the *bon Dieu* has nothing to do."

"François would take it very hardly," said Épiphanie, leaving the abstract question, with which she had no concern, and returning to the fate of her brother.

"Yes, *pauvre gars*," said Jeanne, sighing; "but I don't think it would hurt him so much as thou thinkest for. He would see what a false heart she had, and that he had been a fool; and to know that is to be wise sometimes. It is a bad thing to marry ill, for either man or woman, but it is worse for a man, I think. A woman is miserable if she has a bad husband, without doubt, —more miserable than a man, perhaps; but then she will think all the more of the *Sainte Vierge* and the saints, and consoles herself with her children; but a man who has a bad wife, for him there is but one road, — *c'est au diable*."

"But she might not make so bad a wife, after all," said Épiphanie; "some girls that are foolish enough before grow wiser when they are married."

"No, no," said Jeanne, "Marie is stupid because she has a bad heart; she cannot sew, she cannot keep the house, she cannot make the best of

little troubles, she cannot give good counsel, she understands only to do one thing, — to torment; in that she has wit, in that she has sense: she can torment with the patience of a saint and the fury of a devil."

"These are hard words," sighed Épiphanie.

"One ought not to mind hearing the truth," said Jeanne. "It is better to listen when they tell you the tide is going down, than shut your eyes and hope till you find your nets are stranded; for my part, I'd rather suffer thirst for a while than sicken my stomach by drinking bad cider."

"Thou speakest so strongly, Jeanne," said Épiphanie, almost bitterly. "It makes my heart heavy to think of him. I—I know what is to—to be disappointed, — at least, to have to be contented with what one does not want."

Jeanne looked up at her friend; her eyes lately so fierce in denunciation, so stern in judgment, melted, softened, almost to tears. She laid her arm on Épiphanie's waist.

"Have I not pity?" she said. "O yes, I tell thee; and it is that that makes me feel and speak so hard. It is always so with me; when I feel this sorrow and pity, it grows and grows, and seems to make my heart burn, and then I speak as if I were angry. Tiens, mon amie! when I think of thee and the child, and pray God to give thee some happiness now, when thou hast had so little, when I get up from my knees, my hands ache with clasping them so tightly, so much do I desire it, and so much does thy sorrow pain me."

"Tu es bonne amie, Jeanne, I know it well; but sometimes, — dost thou know? — I think perhaps François and I have an evil fate that will always bring us misfortune?"

"I tell thee no," said Jeanne; "it is only because thou art so full of fears! Thou hast been a good girl always; thou hast done the will of God, thou hast never done evil to any one; if thou hast had sorrows, God sent thee them: they have not been misfortunes; we make our

own misfortunes, — voilà la différence! Le bon Dieu t'aime, and he has confidence in thee; for, behold! has he not given thee this child?" and she laid her hand on the sleeping child in Épiphanie's arms.

"Thou always putttest me in good heart, Jeanne, and I begin to think, while thou art talking, that perhaps I may be wrong about Pierre, and that it might be well for the child, too, if I married him; but then I go back again, and think I am too sad, too quiet, that I should not make him happy, and I fear lest he should not love the child. Ah, when one has beaten down one's heart once, Jeanne, and it has ached long enough, it grows heavy, and it is not hard to give up what one desires!"

"I don't know," said Jeanne, "how that may be. I think thou troublest thyself too much with these fears. When one's heart is at peace, and makes one no reproaches, one may take what is offered one, when one knows it is good; and the love of Pierre — is it not good, I ask thee?"

"If I did not think so much of it, I should not be so afraid to take it, I think," she said with a sigh. "It is like a dream, Jeanne, to be thinking again of Pierre after all these years, — and — and maybe it isn't right for me, who am a widow, to feel so towards him whom I knew before I was married. There are many things that make me afraid; but I will tell thee all, that of which I have never spoken before, and thou mayest judge for thyself, — and for me. Long ago, when he first used to come to our house, and used to make me dance, when there were all the other girls ready to dance with him, — for he was always the favorite, — I used to think it was pity that made him kind, and I felt as if my body were stone and my feet lead, and I could dance no more, and speak no more, and he thought me cold. And then sometimes I thought he did not think of pity at all, and cared nothing that I was the smug-gler Milette's daughter, and my heart grew warm and light as it had never done before. But he went to sea, and,

when he came back again, I thought, Perhaps he will ask me to be his wife; but he had had ill luck,—he had been wrecked, and lost all he had. The night he came home, I was down at your house, and he came to supper, thou knowest, and told of his voyage; and while we sat round the fire, little Jacques Bignard ran in, crying that a man had fallen from the cliff and was near drowning; and Pierre jumped up and ran out, and thou and thy father followed him with the others, but I stayed,—I dared not see Pierre jump into the dark water among the rocks, for I knew he would be the one to do it, being so much younger than thy father. A dread like death came into my heart, that he might be drowned now, just as he had reached home. I could faintly hear the shouts below on the shore, for the night was still, the men were calling to each other about the rope that Pierre swam out with, but I thought it might be for fresh help, and I was sick with fear. I knelt down before the crucifix, and cried, ‘O my God, have pity upon me, and spare his life! I offer thee this love that is the life of my life, but spare his life, which is more dear than my own!’ My heart suddenly filled with a great joy and peace, and I stood up, and, behold, voices of rejoicing on the shore, and I knew that God had heard me, and that Pierre was safe. I went to the door, and held the lamp above my head to light them up the path; and I heard them coming slowly and heavily, thy father and Pierre carrying the man who seemed dead. It was just as he had brought home my father, Jeanne! They were busy with the poor drowned man. He was long in coming to himself, and then he could not speak, or at least only English, which none but Pierre could understand, and he but a little. There were others of the neighbors who had come up with them from the beach. I went out to get cider, to make into hot drink for the men who had been in the water; and as I stood in the shed by the barrel, drawing the cider, I heard Madame Robbe and Marie Bignard talking just

outside. They were talking of Pierre,—what ill luck he had had, so different from the other Lennets. ‘Be sure,’ Marie Bignard said, ‘there’s worse luck in store for him if he is fool enough to marry the smuggler Milette’s daughter! Ever since he has had to do with the widow and that girl things have gone wrong with him,—I have observed that!’ O Jeanne, I could not help hearing those words, and my heart became as lead while I listened!”

“Malicious gossips!” said Jeanne, with indignant violence; “why shouldst thou have cared what they said, my poor Épiphanie? Madame Robbe speaks the truth but once in the month, and that is when she goes to the confessional and tells her sins; and it is time to cross one’s self, and call on the good saints for protection, when Marie Bignard speaks well of one!”

“But they say the dead and listeners hear the truth about themselves,” said Épiphanie, smiling sadly. “No, Jeanne, when I heard *that*, I knew how it would all be. The Lennets were honorable people, and had all married well. I was the smuggler’s daughter; it could never be otherwise. I could not make myself what I was not, however I might try; I remembered my vow. God required it of me,—I knew that: it was not because the women that loved me not had said this, but because God had let me hear them say this. And I knew what people would say of Pierre, and that it would be like a disgrace to him, and so ill luck would, as they said, stick to him. I hid myself from Pierre all the time he was at home, nor danced, nor went out much at all, and went quickly away from church; but told no one,—neither my mother nor thee, Jeanne,—for fear I might be shaken in my purpose. And I walked on in a sort of dream. And one day they told me that Pierre was going; his ship was ordered to sail suddenly at a few hours’ warning. I knew he would come that evening to say good by, and I ran down to the shore, and hid myself in an empty boat; I saw him come down the path on the cliff, and I knew he had been to

our house, and was going; I shut my eyes till he had passed, and then I went home. They said it would be a short voyage, but it was nearly two years before he came back.

"Mais donc, Épiphanie! how couldst thou do it?" said Jeanne, looking with eyes full of tender pity, almost awe, at her friend. "If it had but been for religion, thou wouldst have been a martyr."

Épiphanie crossed herself. "Hush, Jeanne!" she said; "my heart was weak as a reed; but God aided me, I think." After a pause, she continued: "My mother was sick all that winter and the spring, François was away, thou wast with thy aunt at the Vallée d'Allon, and I had no friend beside. It was then Coutelenq came, and was kind to my mother, and helped her in many ways. My mother talked always of Coutelenq, but I thought of Pierre night and day. 'And,' I said to myself, 'if I can make enough money to keep us this winter, when François comes home he will have his wages, and can pay Coutelenq his debt.' So I worked on, sometimes at night, and sometimes early in the morning; but I was sad and sick, and the strength seemed gone from my hands. I set off one day, early in the morning, to take my ivory work into Dieppe, and hoped I might bring back the money with me; but the man at the shop said the work was bad, and he could not give me the full price for it, and two pieces he would not take at all. I cried as I came home. I felt as if the *bon Dieu* himself had thrust me from him. Then I thought, it is because I have forgotten my vow, and think always of Pierre, and desire to be his wife. 'For some there must always be pain, and thou art one,' I said."

"O Épiphanie, Épiphanie! that was too hard!" burst out Jeanne, full of pity and impatience at the same time. "God is good, and does not sell us what we desire, but gives it us through love, and that we may love him in return. He could not desire to make thee so miserable!"

"I don't know; Jeanne, I did my

best. My mother was ill; I could not forget her. Coutelenq said, "If thou wilt marry me, Épiphanie, thy mother shalt have no more care; there is room at Tréport for her also." Épiphanie paused. "Thou knowest the rest, Jeanne," she said.

"Yes," said Jeanne, "I know."

"I was better in health at Tréport," continued Épiphanie, "after the child came, for I had him to think of and care for. O mon ange! mon petit marmot! mon seul bonheur!" she cried, suddenly, holding the child closer to her bosom, and pressing kiss after kiss upon his rosy face.

She had told her story hitherto with unaltered tones; her voice now was eager, broken with sudden tenderness. Jeanne, with instinctive sagacity, perceived the omnipotent thought of Épiphanie's heart: in the child her life now centred; her love, her conscience, vibrated to this tender touch with unalterable loyalty; through him all things approached her heart; he was at once the key that opened and the door that barred.

"Épiphanie," said Jeanne, "thou hast told me all thy story, and I will tell thee what I think. Thou hast been as good as an angel, but now I say — and I say it with a good conscience — that thou shouldst not say 'no' to Pierre any more. Thou hast done thy duty without thinking of thy own will; thou hast been good wife, good daughter, good mother, — yes, I say, — let me go on," as Épiphanie appeared about to say something, "I don't say it is always good to give a child a step-father, but thou and Pierre are different from most people. If thou and thy mother were to die, who would be so ready as Pierre to provide for the boy? and whom couldst thou trust so well? I tell thee, Pierre's heart is deep, large as the sea; he loves thee and all things that belong to thee, — thy mother, thy child. He has loved thee at home, at sea, in evil fortune and in good; he loved thee then, he loves thee now, and he has loved thee seven long years! No, I have not finished yet, — thou wouldst

say something of thy vow ; well, look at it, — thy vow ! Hast thou not observed it well ? I tell thee, yes. Thou gavest up thy happiness once, and thou madest thy husband happy while he lived ; I know thy life at Tréport, and how thou wast always gentle and uncomplaining and kind, till even thy husband's relations were forced to love thee ! Now, when the *bon Dieu* has made Pierre faithful to thee still, and offers thee again some happiness, is it thou who must say 'no' ? If thou thinkest of thy evil luck, and that thou wilt bring it on Pierre, *ma foi* ! I don't understand that. Look a little, — Pierre is what one may call rich, I tell thee. He has money in Dieppe, he is first mate of his ship, he has never had a bad voyage since the first two, and he cares as much for the Widow Milette and her daughter as ever ; 'I have observed that' (with some asperity of tone), as well as Marie Bignard ! Thou art no longer 'Milette,' but the Widow Coutelenq, — as good a name as Robbe or Bignard, for example ; and, if we call thee 'Milette,' still, it is because we like the old name better. Eh bien ! I will tell thee one thing more. Thou hast done thy duty to all, — to thy mother, to thy husband, to me, — always, Épiphanie ; but there remains still one whom thou hast wronged ; *je le dit* whom thou hast made to suffer, whom thou hast caused to put himself in danger instead of staying tranquilly at home. It is necessary to make this one amends, and who is this ? It is Pierre Lennet !"

Épiphanie smiled. "It sounds like Monsieur le Curé, when he gives one advice," she said, "to hear thee talk. Thou art always so strong and sure about everything ; thou always usedst as a child to speak out, and wast always ready to do things that the others held back from out of fear."

"Ah !" said Jeanne, with a sigh, "there's no great good comes of quick words or quick deeds after all. You should be sure you want to get there before you jump into a hole, because changing your mind when you are down at the bottom is poor work, to

my thinking. Look, Épiphanie, there is Dieppe," and she pointed to eastward, where a sudden bend in the line of cliffs showed them a glimpse of the harbor. In another moment the towers of the Citadelle rose above the cliffs, and the sudden clash of bells borne fitfully on the wind met them, and proclaimed that they neared the town.

Marie Robbe, who had diplomatically walked an extra mile to accomplish her object, now mounted the donkey, and rode on triumphantly in front ; glancing demurely from under her dark lashes at the crowds that filled the streets, and were now already streaming into the great church of St. Jacques.

CHAPTER VIII.

AND now the little company began to separate, — some to visit their friends in the different quarters of the city where they were to spend the day ; others to the market-place to do their business before church-time ; and the more devout going at once into the church, to spend the time before service in visiting the shrines to the *Madonne de Bon Secours* and St. Jacques, or to place a votive candle before the shrine of the entombment, an ancient and rude carving in stone, representing the group of mourning women and disciples at the tomb. These figures stand within a deep recess, in a sombre nook near the entrance of the church. They are enclosed, in front, by an iron grating, through which the people pass by a little gate ; and, after placing their candles on an iron frame, not unlike an upturned harrow, that stands before the shrine, the votaries may meditate on this ancient and sacred scene of sorrow till their own troubles become ennobled by the fellowship or lessened by the contrast.

Épiphanie Milette was one of these votaries, and left Jeanne at the market-place, going herself at once to the church. Marie Robbe accompanied Jeanne as far as the end of the narrow street where lived her uncle, the ivory-

carver; and Jeanne, as she mounted her donkey once more, looking back, saw her arranging her dress with a face of much discontent at the clouds of dust that were driving along the street.

Jean Farge, at whose house Jeanne was to stay the night, lived in the Pollet, — an ancient part of the town separated from the rest of Dieppe by the intervening harbor and dock. In the Pollet still linger some of the primitive customs of ancient Normandy, nowhere else to be found. The Polletais are a bold, free people, who love the sea, and have held to their own ways with a tenacity that perhaps more strongly than anything else bears witness to their Scandinavian blood. They still pride themselves on their ancient title of *Loups de Mer*, — a title most likely handed down from their ancestors, those veritable sea-wolves, who, sweeping southward from the far away northern forests and rocky shores of Denmark, came down upon the fair coasts of Normandy, and, stealing up the rivers in their black ships, burned and plundered town and village, and drove the miserable inhabitants before them like panic-stricken sheep.

Perhaps there is not in history a more wonderful tale than this of Normandy, — the story of the first coming of those turbulent sea robbers, — those square-browed and yellow-haired Vikings, who, in their fierce and invincible strength, seem to make credible the stories of the Skalds and the superhuman heroes of the *Nibelungenlied*. They spread over the land, and kept it with the hard grasp of men who could hold as well as win, who could be princes and rulers as well as conquerors and robbers. Then they were gradually softened and ennobled under this sweeter sky, and the dew and sunshine of the Christian faith. Their enterprise and strength and daring had found a new channel; and then rose the noble churches of Rouen, Chartres, and Caen, and an order of knights, who seemed to carry victory and empire before them. When Guaimar, prince of Sa-

lerno, and his trembling subjects, were ready to submit to the demands of the haughty Saracens, who besieged his gates, forty Norman pilgrims, who happened to be at the time within the walls, entreated to be allowed to have horses and arms, and liberty to go forth and chastise these insolent pagans. The request was eagerly granted, the gates thrown open, and the band of Normans, like a thunderbolt, descended on the foe. The Saracens, amazed by the furious and unexpected onslaught, fled tumultuously; and the Pilgrims returned to lay down their arms and take up their weeds once more. When Guaimar would have loaded them with presents, they rejected them with scorn: "For the love of God and of the Christian faith," they said, "we have done what we have done; and we can neither accept of wages for such service nor delay our return to our homes." Some say, however, that the Polletais' title to *Loup de Mer* has no such historic meaning, but is simply another name for "Seals," — an appellation which they can certainly claim at this day as entirely characteristic. They love the sea, and follow the seaman's craft with an undivided heart. No Polletais was ever known to be anything but fisherman or sailor, and the best pilots on the coast are found among them.

There is usually some solemnity in the taking up of the hereditary craft, for, before a young man goes his first independent voyage, he is presented by his mother or sister with a new fishing-net, the work of her own hands. This net is his sole capital. His family and neighbors accompany him down to his boat, and there embracing him, and calling down upon him the blessing of God, and the protecting care of St. James, they send him forth upon the sea, which they neither fear nor regard with distrust.

If, on a pleasant summer's evening, about dusk, you walk along the wharf-side of the Pollet, passing the rows of quaint gabled houses that open on the quay, you may see many a picturesque

group sitting in the doorway; the women in their white caps and bright-colored petticoats, knitting, or, shuttle in hand, weaving fishing-nets, as the children play about the pavement, gabbling in the queer Pollet dialect, which ignores the double letters and all j's and g's, and gives a soft and flowing sound to their speech not unlike Italian, and thus does a little to strengthen the theory held by some fantastic antiquarians, that the Pollet is the remains of a Venetian settlement. On the benches by the doorways sit groups of men, smoking and talking, whose dress if it be Sunday or holiday is worth the seeing. It consists of a velvet cap, ornamented with embroideries in silver thread; a vest of blue cloth, also embroidered, and with large buttons; breeches laced at the knee, silk stockings, and low shoes with silver clasps. A little later sounds the curfew, and before it has done ringing the streets become silent and deserted; a light here and there twinkles in the windows, supper is over, the prayer said, and the Pollet by a little after nine is abed. At the corner of a narrow street, as the darkness deepens, glimmers the feeble light of a yellow candle burning at the feet of the Madonna, placed there by some devout Polletais. The sea breaks on the shingly beach below the cliff, the lights of the town twinkle across the harbor, the wind sighs pleasantly through the many masts in the dock, and so the Pollet sleeps till morning.

They tell you strange stories in the Pollet. There it was that I first heard the story of the little wren, that sings on Christmas eve and proclaims the Nativity. Another tale of this kind I heard one day, as I sat sheltered from a pelting shower in a fisherman's cottage, watching through the open doorway the rain sweeping down between me and the masts in the dock, and the rifts of blue sky that widened and widened over the gables of the town as the storm cleared. I asked the fisherman's wife—a pretty young woman, who sat knitting as she rocked her child on

her knee—about the Dieppe Lighthouse.

"A fine light," she said, "and an excellent *guetteur* to watch it, without doubt." I had heard of Monsieur Bouzard?—a man of a great courage; the post of watchman to the Dieppe Light had been in his family for more than a hundred years. Old Bouzard, grandfather to the present watchman, (she had often heard her father tell of him,) he had saved one, two, three, four, five, six lives from drowning,—counting them on her fingers with her knitting-needles,—“he was a swimmer for example!” She had been told that some great king (Louis XVI.) had called him ‘Le brave homme Bouzard’; and the great Napoleon, uncle of our Emperor, had made to be built that house for him and his family forever; and on it one can read of all the people they have saved, and there one may see the medals of gold and silver, and learn all the honor of the family Bouzard. “But what is that?” continues the pleasant little fishwife; “I would not be *guetteur* for my part. To be always solitary in the wind and darkness on stormy nights; and then the phantom ship,”—with a shudder,—“one might die of fear to see that.”

“Phantom ship!” I said; “and what is that?”

Mademoiselle had not heard of the phantom ship? that was strange, but strangers can know so little of the true marvels of a place, to be sure!

At my request she told me the story. “On All-Souls’ night the watchman on the pier, as he walks there all alone, just after midnight, sees, approaching, a dark ship, with black sails, without light, without sound, but it makes for the harbor. He hails it, but there is no answer; he shouts to those on board the ship to throw the rope; but then, —then while he watches it,—all slowly, slowly it disappears into the darkness, and he hears the sound of cries for help, and those die away into the darkness also, and his very flesh creeps, for”—suddenly leaning forward with her wide brown eyes fixed on my face,

and her voice dropping to a dramatic whisper—"he knows the voices; they are those of the sailors who have been drowned that year!" and the speaker suddenly claps her sabot foot down on the ground, and continues to rock and knit.

It was to one of the houses of the Pollet, then, that Jeanne repaired, after leaving Marie Robbe. Her path lay over the draw-bridge that crosses the dock, and along the wharf, where she had to thread her way among cables, and piles of nets and tackle, that lay about on every side. Her destination was the house of Jean Farge. Jean Farge and his family were old friends of the Deféres; and the quaint little house, built in the side of the cliff, and approached by steps cut in the chalk rock, was always their stopping-place when business or a *fête* day brought Jeanne or her father to Dieppe. As Jeanne passed along, she saw numbers of fishing-boats running into the harbor, seeking shelter from the storm; for there was no doubt now that the wind was rising, and gave it promise of a rough night. How the wind blew! It came sweeping up from the sea, and roaring into the hollows of the cliffs,—said to have been the caves of smugglers in former times, but at present serving for the more innocent, but less interesting, purpose of storing herring-barrels, old spars, and disabled rowing-boats;—it came blustering down the wharf, sending a cloud of dust before it, and swinging the fishing tackle and nets that hung against the sides of the houses, and rattling the rigging of the ships that lay at anchor in the dock.

Jeanne was glad to turn into the sheltered alley that led to Jean Farge's abode. Fastening her donkey at the foot of the steps, she ascended, and knocked at the door. All were from home but old Madame Farge, who sat at her spinning-wheel in the window looking on to the wharf. She held out her hand to Jeanne, and kissed her somewhat ceremoniously on the forehead. "Que Dieu te benisse, ma fille!" she said.

"Que Dieu vous garde, madame!" replied the young girl, stooping, and kissing the proffered hand.

Madame Farge was a true Polletais; and to-day, though she could not attend the service, she was arrayed in her full holiday attire. She was a little old woman, thin and spare, with a wrinkled, sharp-cut face. "Ai, Jeanne! but thou art somewhat late, ma fille," she said; "thou hast missed the others. It is too stormy for me, and I stay by my spinning-wheel."

"Yes," said Jeanne, "it is bad weather on land, let alone the sea; and my father is out in it too; he started last night, with the tide, at seven o'clock. No doubt but he will put into harbor to-day. I saw the boats running in by the dozen as I came along the wharf."

"Yes, yes, that is what he will do," said Madame Farge; "thy father always was a prudent man, and has had good luck; and that means, ma fille, that he has always had a stout heart and a cool head, and watched which way the wind blew,—eh, Jeanne? It is the fools that have always bad luck,—is it not?"

"Maybe," said Jeanne; "but it is not so easy always to be wise. But," she continued, looking through the little window that commanded a view of the harbor, "the men say it won't be much of a storm, only a blow enough to spoil the fish-haul, but not enough to do much damage."

"Well, I hope it may," said the old woman; "but I don't like the whistle of the wind in the cliffs; it brings the gulls about, squalling, and they know more about bad weather than the men do, I fancy. I, for my part, never like a stormy *fête* day, nor dost thou, either, I suppose. When one wears *ruban de soie* like that on one's bodice," she continued, stooping towards Jeanne, and inspecting her attire, "one does not like rain! Ai! a present from thy Aunt Ducrés,—is it? Ah! she knows what is suitable, to be sure. Thy cousin Gabriel was here last night. How was it you did not come together? He told me something about it, but I for-

get; well, he and my grandson have been out since daybreak, I know not for what. Thou wilt meet them at church, most likely, and you can return here together, — or wilt thou wait here awhile?"

"No," said Jeanne, "it is time to go now; I don't wish to be late. Épiphanie Milette is waiting for me at the shrine of Notre Dame. Gabriel can come with the other boys."

"Eh bien, ma fille! fasten thy donkey in the shed, give him some feed, and return soon."

And Jeanne departed, and walked swiftly along the wharf-side, fearing to meet Gabriel by the way. But she had little cause for such concern. Gabriel was far away, and she was destined to meet him under very different circumstances, — not till the quick anguish of despair of ever seeing him again had shown her that his life was dear to her as her own.

CHAPTER IX.

MADAME FARGE was right. The gulls did know more about the weather than she or any one else. The wind rose steadily all day, and by afternoon the gleams of light that had brightened the cloudy heavens every now and then during the morning, and given fitful hopes of clearing, had entirely disappeared, and a heavy surging mass of vapor spread sulky and dark from horizon to horizon. The rain began in gusty showers, which abated nothing the violence of the wind. The fishing-boats came in hour by hour, seeking the shelter of the harbor, unwilling to face the storm that now threatened to last all night. Knots of women, blown about by the wind, stood on the pier, watching the coming in of the boats. Some of them, with still a thought to their holiday dress, sheltered themselves under the lea of the sentry-box that stands by the great crucifix at one end of the pier. The more anxious leaned over the low wall of the pier, and gazed out towards the dark, threatening sea

and sky, or watched the slow approach of the boats, that one by one, struggling and laboring in the heavy sea, made their way towards the mouth of the harbor. From time to time, when the cry of "A boat comes!" was given, the crowd became suddenly animated; the talk rose by a rapid crescendo into an almost incoherent babel of exclamatory discussion, accompanied by eager gesticulations; and all rushed with one accord to the end of the pier. As the boat entered the narrow mouth of the harbor, the excitement became intensified; all eyes were strained to catch the first sight of the rope thrown out from the vessel by which she was to be towed into dock.

In another moment, with a shrill whirl, the rope came, and had scarcely touched the ground when it was seized by the eager crowd, men and women together, who, forming into a double line, to the jubilant clack of their own sabots, trooped along, chattering gayly as they pulled, — the women calling shrill welcomes in reply to the shouts of greeting from the men in the boat below.

Jeanne had watched hour by hour for her father's boat in vain. A little before four o'clock the tide had turned, and begun to rise, and by about ten o'clock it would be high tide; and the men predicted that the storm would abate after that, and go down with the falling tide. But there were six anxious hours to pass over before then, and the storm seemed to grow more violent every moment.

"It was possible," reasoned Jeanne, "that her father might have put back into Verangeville, or, if he had got down as far as Tréport, he might have put in there for the night; her father knew how difficult the harbor at Dieppe was, and would most probably choose another." And, in view of all these contingencies, Jeanne consoled Épiphanie, who thought of her brother's evil luck, and looked out on the grim, desolate sea with despair deepening in her eyes every moment. How much Jeanne's own stout heart misgave her as she

argued thus, and sought to reassure her more disconsolate companion, we need not inquire; but she kept up a brave front to misfortune, at any rate. Jeanne tried to persuade her companion to go back to Madame Farge, to stay there till the evening service, on account of the child, while she herself would remain on the watch, and promised to send her word at the first sight of the boat. Épiphanie did not leave Jeanne willingly; she clung to her hope-giving, cheery presence; but at last reluctantly obeyed, and Jeanne remained to watch and wait alone. As the day wore on to its close, the boats came in at greater intervals, and old Defère's boat was not among them. Jeanne chatted with the other women and one or two men who still remained on the pier, and lent a hand in towing in the boats as they arrived; but, as evening approached, and nearly all of the expected fishing-craft had found safe harborage, the number of spectators gradually diminished, and Jeanne was left with the few watchers who still remained. As it grew dark, the bell began to ring for evening service, and Épiphanie came hurrying along the pier, wrapped in her long cloak, under which the baby lay and slept, sheltered from the wind and rain.

"Come, Jeanne," she said, "it is time to go up to the *office*. I have brought thee some supper down from Madame Farge; thou canst eat it as we go along."

So they went up together, stopping once or twice, with the involuntary curiosity of country women, to look into the shop windows, some of which were already lit up, and displayed their wares under the bright gaslight. As they crossed the market-place, the wind caught them, and, like a malignant spirit, seemed to hold them back from the church-porch. Out of the blustering storm they turned into the silence of the old church. The lights on the high altar faintly illuminated the chancel, but the great body of the nave and side aisles lay in gloom, the tall arches lost themselves in the sombre dimness

of the vaulted roof, and the glowing colors of the windows were fading slowly from their lovely twilight splendor.

The two women paused for a moment at the Shrine of the Entombment, and then passed up the church. Taking two of the innumerable chairs piled in a stack round one of the pillars near the chancel, they knelt down to pass the time before service in their private devotions. The church soon began to fill rapidly, the high vaulted roof echoing to the constant slamming of the great padded door at the west entrance, as the crowd streamed in. The lights upon the high altar grew into full radiance, the long line of priests and choristers entered the chancel, and the service began.

It was the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels. Round the church beat the storm, howling through the flying buttresses, and lashing the rain against the windows. As the service went on, the monotonous chanting of the priests gave place to the organ and the voices of the choir; the sounds of storm without were drowned in the triumphant tones, and it seemed as if St. Michael and his hosts, "the shining squadrons of the sky," fought with the rebellious spirits of the air, and drove them back with sweet tones of angelic victory.

The two women knelt side by side in the strange companionship and isolation of their devotion. Each joined devoutly in the triumphant service of the church, and yet each poured into it the warm life of her own heart with its individual longings and grief. Jeanne's face was raised, and her eyes were fixed on the high altar and its blazing lights. The warm light, falling full upon her front, made her like some glowing picture as she knelt, with her high, white Norman cap and scarlet bodice, the trembling ear-rings and the chain about her throat, her soft and shining hair that fell beneath her cap, her clasped hands, and fervent, upturned face. Épiphanie cradled her baby in her arms that rested on the top of her chair, and her

pale face was bent over the rosy, sleeping child, that lay against her bosom; her lips moved with her prayers, her brother and the fishing-boats were in her thoughts, and every angry gust that blustered round the church increased the sickening pangs of her anxiety; for years of care had worn away the youthful spring of her spirit, and self-distrust and despondency were almost natural to her.

It had been well for Jeanne that she had had others to think of all day; she had carried the child for Épiphanie, and spoken words of cheer to many an anxious watcher on the pier, and this had given her more comfort than she herself knew of at the time. When Épiphanie took the child from her arms, and knelt down, Jeanne understood that her care was set aside. Épiphanie had thrown herself and her anxieties and sadness on a stronger arm, and for the time needed Jeanne no longer. Poor Jeanne! now she must think of herself and her own troubles, — of her father, — of Gabriel!

She repeated her usual prayers, but they had neither strength nor savor as heretofore, for all was confusion within. There was fear for her father and poor François, and in her heart, buffeted and tossed by doubt and perplexity, rung her angry parting words with Gabriel. She bowed her head, while the floods of a bitter humiliation passed over her. Suddenly a cry rose in her heart with all the vehemence of youth and strength. "Spare his life, spare but his life, O God! His anger may remain; we may never be at peace again any more, if that be thy will; but from the horror of death and danger O save him, Good Lord!" For clear and strong before her had risen a vision of Gabriel encompassed with danger; it impressed itself upon her mind with importunate persistency and the clear horror of reality; and in that moment in which she learned that the withdrawal of his love must be as the darkening of her life, she accepted this if it were the alternative of his death, and prayed for his life alone.

MINOR ELIZABETHAN POETS.

IN the April number of this magazine we ventured some remarks on the genius of Spenser. In the present we propose to speak of a few of his more eminent contemporaries and successors, who were rated as poets in their own generation, however neglected they may be in ours. We shall select those who have some pretensions to originality of character as well as mind; and though there is no space to mention all who claim the attention of students of literary history, we fear we shall gain the gratitude of the reader for those omitted, rather than for those included, in the survey. Sins of omission are sometimes exalted by circumstances into a high rank among the negative virtues.

Among the minor poets of this era

were two imitators of Spenser, — Phineas and Giles Fletcher. They were cousins of Fletcher the dramatist, but with none of his wild blood in their veins, and none of his flashing creativeness in their souls, to give evidence of the relationship. "The Purple Island," a poem in twelve cantos, by Phineas, is a long allegorical description of the body and soul of man, perverse in design, melodious in expression, occasionally felicitous in the personification of abstract qualities, but on the whole to be considered as an exercise of boundless ingenuity to produce insufferable tediousness. Not in the dissecting-room itself is anatomy less poetical than in the harmonious stanzas of "The Purple Island." Giles, the

brother of Phineas, was the more potent spirit of the two, but his power is often directed by a taste even more elaborately bad. His poem of "Christ's Victory and Triumph," in parts almost sublime, in parts almost puerile, is a proof that imaginative fertility may exist in a mind without any imaginative grasp. Campbell, however, considers him a connecting link between Spenser and Milton.

Samuel Daniel, another poet of this period, was the son of a music-master, and was born in 1562. Fuller says of him, that "he carried, in his Christian and surname, two holy prophets, his monitors, so to qualify his raptures that he abhorred all profaneness." Amiable in character, gentle in disposition, and with a genius meditative rather than energetic, he appears to have possessed that combination of qualities which makes men personally pleasing if it does not make them permanently famous. He was patronized both by Elizabeth and James, was the friend of Shakespeare and Camden, and was highly esteemed by the most accomplished women of his time. A most voluminous writer in prose and verse, he was distinguished in both for the purity, simplicity, and elegance of his diction. Browne calls him "the well-languaged Daniel." But if he avoided the pedantry and quaintness which were too apt to vitiate the style of the period, and wrote what might be called modern English, it has still been found that modern Englishmen cannot be coaxed into reading what is so lucidly written. His longest work, a versified History of the Civil Wars, dispassionate as a chronicle and unimpassioned as a poem, is now only read by those critics in whom the sense of duty is victorious over the disposition to doze. The best expressions of his pensive, tender, and thoughtful nature are his epistles and his sonnets. Among the epistles, that to the Countess of Cumberland is the best. It is a model for all adulatory addresses to women; indeed, a masterpiece of subtle compliment; for it assumes in its object a sympathy with

whatever is noblest in sentiment, and an understanding of whatever is most elevated in thought. * The sonnets, first published in 1592, in his thirtieth year, record the strength and the disappointment of a youthful passion. The lady, whom he addresses under the name of Delia, refused him, it is said, for a wealthier lover, and the pang of this baffled affection made him wretched for years, and sent him

"Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart."

Echo, — he tells us, while he was aiming to overcome the indifference of the maiden, —

"Echo, daughter of the air,
Babbling guest of rocks and rills,
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ills."

Throughout the sonnets, the matchless perfection of this Delia is ever connected with her disdain of the poet who celebrates it: —

"Fair is my love, and cruel as she's fair;
Her brow shades frowns, although her eyes are sunny;
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair;
And her disdains are gall, her favors honey.
A modest maid, decked with a blush of honor,
Who treads along green paths of youth and love,
The wonder of all eyes that gaze upon her,
Sacred on earth, designed a saint above."

This picture of the "modest maid, decked with a blush of honor," is exquisite; but it is still a picture, and not a living presence. Shakespeare, touching the same beautiful object with his life-imparting imagination, suffuses at once the sense and soul with a feeling of the vital reality, when he describes the French princess as a "maiden rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty."

The richest and most elaborately fanciful of these sonnets is that in which the poet calls upon his mistress to give back her perfections to the objects from which she derived them: —

"Restore thy tresses to the golden ore;
Yield Cytherea's son those arcs of love;
Bequeath the heavens the stars that I adore;
And to the orient do thy pearls remove.
Yield thy hand's pride unto the ivory white;
To Arabian odors give thy breathing sweet;
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright;
To Thetis give the honor of thy feet."

Let Venus have thy graces, her resigned ;
 And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres ;
 But yet restore thy fience and cruel mind
 To Hyrcan tigers and to ruthless bears ;
 Yield to the marble thy hard heart again ;
 So shalt thou cease to plague and I to pain."

There is a fate in love. This man, who could not conquer the insensibility of one country girl, was the honored friend of the noblest and most celebrated woman of his age. Eventually, at the age of forty, he was married to a sister of John Florio, to whom his own sister, the Rosalind who jilted Spenser, is supposed to have been previously united. He died in retirement, in 1619, in his fifty-eighth year.

A more powerful and a more prolific poet than Daniel was Michael Drayton, who rhymed steadily for some forty years, and produced nearly a hundred thousand lines. The son of a butcher, and born about the year 1563, he early exhibited an innocent desire to be a poet, and his first request to his tutor at college was to make him one. Like Daniel, he enjoyed the friendship and patronage of the noble favorers of learning and genius. His character seems to have been irreproachable. Meres, in his "Wit's Treasury," says of him, that among all sorts of people "he is held as a man of virtuous disposition, honest conversation, and well-governed carriage, which is almost miraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times, when there is nothing but roguery in villanous man; and when cheating and craftiness is counted the cleanest wit and soundest wisdom." But the market-value, both of his poetry and virtue, was small, and he seems to have been always on bad terms with the booksellers. His poems, we believe, were the first which arrived at second editions by the simple process of merely reprinting the title-pages of the first, — a fact which is ominous of his bad success with the public. The defect of his mind was not the lack of materials, but the lack of taste to select, and imagination to fuse, his materials. His poem of "The Barons' Wars" is a metrical chronicle; his "Poly-Olbion" is an enormous piece

of metrical topography, extending to thirty thousand twelve-syllabled lines. In neither poem does he view his subject from an eminence, but doggedly follows the course of events and the succession of objects. His "Poly-Olbion" is in general so accurate as a description of England, that it is quoted as authority by such antiquaries as Hearne and Wood and Nicholson. Campbell has felicitously touched its fatal defect in saying that Drayton "chained his poetry to the map." The only modern critic who seems to have followed all its wearisome details with loving enthusiasm is Charles Lamb, who speaks of Drayton as that "panegyrist of my native earth who has gone over her soil with the fidelity of a herald and the painful love of a son; who has not left a rivulet (so narrow that it may be stepped over) without honorable mention; and has animated hills and streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology." But, in spite of this warm commendation, the essential difficulty with the "Poly-Olbion" is, that, with all its merits, it is unreadable. The poetic feeling, the grace, the freshness, the pure, bright, and vigorous diction, which characterize it, appear to more advantage in his minor poems, where his subjects are less unwieldy, and the vivacity of his fancy makes us forget his lack of high imagination. His fairy poem of "Nymphidia," for instance, is one of the most deliciously fanciful creations in the language; and many of his smaller pieces have the point and sparkle of Carew's and Suckling's. In reading, too, his longer poems, we frequently light upon passages as perfect of their kind as this description of Queen Isabella's hand: —

"She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,
 The God's pure sceptres and the darts of love,
 That with their touch might make a tiger meek,
 Or might great Atlas from his seat remove.
 So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,
 As she had worn a lily for a glove."

A more popular poet than Daniel, or Drayton, or the Fletchers, was William Warner, an attorney of the Common Pleas, who was born about the year

1558, and who died in 1609. His "Albion's England," a poem of some ten thousand verses, was published in 1586, ran through six editions in sixteen years, and died out of the memory of mankind with the last, in 1612. After having conscientiously waded through such immense masses of uninteresting rhyme, as we have been compelled to do in the preparation of these notices, we confess, with a not unmalicious exultation, that we know Warner's poem only by description and extracts. Albion is a general name for both Scotland and England; and Albion's England is a metrical history—"not barren," in the author's own words, "of inventive intermixtures"—of the southern portion of the island, beginning at the deluge, and ending with the reign of James I. As James might have said, anticipating Metternich, "after me the deluge," Warner's poem may be considered as ending in some such catastrophe as it began. The merit of Warner is that of a storyteller, and he reached classes of readers to whom Spenser was hardly known by name. The work is a strange mixture of comic and tragic fact and fable, exceedingly gross in parts, with little power of imagination or grace of language, but possessing the great popular excellence of describing persons and incidents in the fewest and simplest words. The best story is that of Argente and Curan, and it is told as briefly as though it were intended for transmission by telegraph at the cost of a dollar a word. Warner has some occasional touches of nature and pathos which almost rival the old ballads for directness and intensity of feeling. The most remarkable of these, condensed in two of his long fourteen-syllabled lines, is worth all the rest of his poems. It is where he represents Queen Eleanor as striking the fair Rosamond:—

"With that she dashed her on the lips, so dyed
double red:
Hard was the heart that gave the blow, soft were
those lips that bled."

It is a rapid transition from Warner,

the poet of the populace, to Donne, the poet of the metaphysicians, but the range of the Elizabethan mind is full of contrasts. In the words of the satirist, Donne is a poet, —

"Whose muse on dromedary trots,
Wreathes iron pokers into true love-knots;
Rhyme's sturdy cripple, fancy's maze and clue,
Wit's forge and fire-blast, meaning's press and
screw.

See lewdness with theology combined, —
A cynic and a sycophantic mind,
A fancy shared party per pale between
Death's heads and skeletons and Aretime! —
Not his peculiar defect and crime,
But the true current mintage of the time.
Such were the established signs and tokens given
To mark a loyal churchman, sound and even,
Free from papistic and fanatic leaven."

John Donne, the ludicrous complexity of whose intellect and character is thus maliciously sketched, was one of the strangest of versifiers, sermonizers, and men. He was the son of a wealthy London merchant, and was born in 1573. One of those youthful prodigies who have an appetite for learning as other boys have an appetite for cakes and plums, he was, at the age of eleven, sufficiently advanced in his studies to enter the University of Oxford, where he remained three years. He was then transferred to Cambridge. His classical and mathematical education being thus completed, he, at the age of seventeen, was admitted into Lincoln's Inn to study the law. His relations being Roman Catholics, he abandoned, at the age of nineteen, the law, in order to make an elaborate examination of the points in dispute between the Romanists and the Reformed churches. Having in a year's time exhausted this controversy, he spent several years in travelling in Italy and Spain. On his return to England he was made chief secretary of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, — an office which he held five years. It was probably during the period between his twentieth and thirtieth years that most of his secular poetry was written, and that his nature took its decided eccentric twist. An insatiable intellectual curiosity seems, up to this time, to have been his leading characteristic; and as this led him to all kinds of liter-

ature for mental nutriment, his faculties, in their formation, were inlaid with the oddest varieties of opinions and crotchets. With vast learning, with a subtle and penetrating intellect, with a fancy singularly fruitful and ingenious, he still contrived to disconnect, more or less, his learning from what was worth learning, his intellect from what was reasonable, his fancy from what was beautiful. His poems, or rather his metrical problems, are obscure in thought, rugged in versification, and full of conceits which are intended to surprise rather than to please; but they still exhibit a power of intellect, both analytical and analogical, competent at once to separate the minutest and connect the remotest ideas. This power, while it might not have given his poems grace, sweetness, freshness, and melody, would still, if properly directed, have made them valuable for their thoughts; but in the case of Donne it is perverted to the production of what is *bizarre* or unnatural, and his muse is thus as hostile to use as to beauty. The intention is, not to idealize what is true, but to display the writer's skill and wit in giving a show of reason to what is false. The effect of this on the moral character of Donne was pernicious. A subtle intellectual scepticism, which weakened will, divorced thought from action and literature from life, and made existence a puzzle and a dream, resulted from this perversion of his intellect. He found that he could wittily justify what was vicious as well as what was unnatural; and his amatory poems, accordingly, are characterized by a cold, hard, labored, intellectualized sensuality, worse than the worst impurity of his contemporaries, because it has no excuse in passion for its violations of decency.

But now happened an event which proved how little the talents and accomplishments of this voluptuary of intellectual conceits were competent to serve him in a grapple with the realities of life. Lady Ellesmere had a niece, the daughter of Sir George Moore, with whom Donne fell in love; and as, ac-

cording to Izaak Walton, his behavior, when it would entice, had "a strange kind of elegant, irresistible art," he induced her to consent to a private marriage, against the wishes and without the knowledge of her father. Izaak accounts for this, on the perhaps tenable ground, that "love is a flattering mischief, that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be children of that blind father, a passion that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds move feathers, and begets in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire." But Sir George Moore, the father of the lady, an arrogant, avaricious, and passionate brute, was so enraged at the match, that he did not rest until he had induced Lord Ellesmere to dismiss Donne from his service, and until he had placed his son-in-law in prison. Although Sir George, compelled to submit to what was inevitable, became at last reconciled to Donne, he refused to contribute anything towards his daughter's maintenance. As Donne's own fortune had been by this time all expended in travel, books, and other dissipation, and as he was deprived of his office, he was now stripped of everything but his power of framing conceits, and accordingly, in a dismal letter to his wife, recounting his miseries, he has nothing but this quibble to support her under affliction:—

"John Donne, Ann Donne, Undone."

A charitable kinsman of the Ellesmeres, however, Sir Francis Wolley, seeing the helplessness of this man of brain, took him and his wife into his own house. Here they resided until the death of their benefactor; Donne occupying his time in studying the civil and canon laws, and probably also in composing his treatise on *Self-Murder*,—a work in which his ingenuity is thought to have devised some excuses for suicide, but the reading of which, according to Hallam, would induce no man to kill himself, unless he were threatened with another volume.

During his residence with Sir Francis Wolly, Donne, whose acquirements in theology were immense, was offered a benefice by Dr. Morton, then Dean of Gloucester; but he declined to enter the Church from a feeling of spiritual unfitness. It is probable that his habits of intellectual self-indulgence, while they really weakened his conscience, made it morbidly acute. He would not adopt the profession of law or divinity for a subsistence, though he was willing to depend for subsistence on the charity of others. Izaak Walton praises his humility; but his humility was another name for his indisposition to or inability for practical labor, — a humility which makes self-depreciation an excuse for moral laziness, and shrinks as nervously from duty as from pride. Both law and divinity, therefore, he continued to make the luxuries of his existence.

In good time this selfish intellectuality resulted in that worst of intellectual diseases, mental disgust. After the death of his patron, his father-in-law allowed him but £80 a year to support his family. Sickness, and affliction, and comparative poverty came to wake him from his dream, and reveal him to himself. In some affecting letters, which have been preserved, he moans over his moral inefficiency, and confesses to an "over-earnest desire for the next life" to escape from the perplexities of this. "I grow older," he says, "and not better; my strength diminisheth, and my load grows heavier; and yet I would fain be or do something; but that I cannot tell what is no wonder in this time of my sadness; for to choose is to do; but to be no part of anybody is as to be nothing: and so I am, and shall so judge myself, unless I could be so incorporated into a part of the world as by business to contribute some sustenance to the whole. This I made account; I began early, when I undertook the study of our laws; but was diverted by leaving that, and embracing the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptic immoderate desire of human learning and languages. . . . Now I am become so

little, or such a nothing, that I am not a subject good enough for one of my own letters. . . . I am rather a sickness or disease of the world than any part of it, and therefore neither love it nor life." And he closes with the words, "Your poor friend and God's poor patient, John Donne."

And this was the mental state to which Donne was reduced by thirty years of incessant study, — of study that sought only the gratification of intellectual caprice and of intellectual curiosity, of study without a practical object. From this wretched mood of self-disgust and disgust with existence, this fret of thought at the impotence of will, we may date Donne's gradual emancipation from his besetting sins; for life, at such a point of spiritual experience, is only possible under the form of a new life. His theological studies and meditations were now probably directed more to the building up of character, and less to the pandering to his gluttonous intellectuality. His recovery was a work of years; and it is doubtful if he would ever have chosen a profession, if King James, delighted with his views regarding the questions of supremacy and allegiance, and amazed at his opulence in what then was called learning, had not insisted on his entering the Church. After much hesitation, and long preparation, Donne yielded to the royal command. He was successively made Chaplain in Ordinary, Lecturer at Lincoln's Inn, and Dean of St. Paul's; was soon recognized as one of the ablest and most eloquent preachers of his time; and impressed those who sat under his ministrations, not merely with admiration for his genius, but reverence for his holy life and almost ascetic self-denial. The profession he had adopted with so much self-distrust he came to love with such fervor that his expressed wish was to die in the pulpit, or in consequence of his labors therein. This last wish was granted in 1631, in his fifty-eighth year; "and that body," says Walton with quaint pathos, "which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost" now became

"but a small quantity of Christian dust."

Donne's published sermons are in form nearly as grotesque as his poems, though they are characterized by profounder qualities of heart and mind. It was his misfortune to know thoroughly the works of fourteen hundred writers, most of them necessarily worthless; and he could not help displaying his erudition in his discourses. In what is now called taste he was absolutely deficient. His sermons are a curious mosaic of quaintness, quotation, wisdom, puerility, subtilty, and ecstasy. The pedant and the seer possess him by turns, and in reading no other divine are our transitions from yawning to rapture so swift and unexpected. He has passages of transcendent merit, passages which evince a spiritual vision so piercing, and a feeling of divine things so intense, that for the time we seem to be communing with a religious genius of the most exalted and exalting order; but soon he involves us in a maze of quotations and references, and our minds are hustled by what Hallam calls "the rabble of bad authors" that this saint and sage has always at his skirts, even when he ascends to the highest heaven of contemplation. Doubtless what displeases this age added to his reputation in his own. Donne was more pedantic than his clerical contemporaries only because he had more of that thought-suffocating learning which all of them regarded with irrational respect. One of the signs of Bacon's superiority to his age was the cool audacity with which he treated sophists, simpletons, bigots, and liars, even though they wrote in Latin and Greek.

A poet as intellectual as Donne, but whose intelligence was united to more manliness and efficiency, was Sir John Davies. He was born in 1570, and was educated for the law. The first we hear of him, after being called to the bar, was his expulsion from the society of the Middle Temple, for quarrelling with one Richard Martin, and giving him a sound beating. This was in

1598. The next recorded fact of his biography was the publication, a year afterwards, of his poem on the Immortality of the Soul. A man who thus combined so much pugilistic with so much philosophic power, could not be long kept down in a country so full of fight and thought as England. He was soon restored to his profession, won the esteem both of Elizabeth and James, held high offices in Ireland, and in 1626 was appointed Chief Justice of England, but died of apoplexy before he was sworn in.

The two works on which his fame as a poet rests are on the widely different themes of Dancing and the Immortality of the Soul. The first is in the form of a dialogue between Penelope and one of her wooers, and most melodiously expresses "the antiquity and excellence of dancing." Only in the Elizabethan age could such a great effort of intellect, learning, and fancy have arisen from the trifling incident of asking a lady to dance. It was left unfinished; and, indeed, as it is the object of the wooer to prove to Penelope that dancing is the law of nature and life, the poem could have no other end than the exhaustion of the writer's ingenuity in devising subtle analogies for the wooer and answers as subtle from Penelope, who aids

"The music of her tongue
With the sweet speech of her alluring eyes."

To think logically from his premises was the necessity of Davies's mind. In the poem on Dancing the premises are fanciful; in the poem on the Immortality of the Soul the premises are real; but the reasoning in both is equally exact. It is usual among critics, even such critics as Hallam and Campbell, to decide that the imaginative power of the poem on the Immortality of the Soul consists in the illustration of the arguments rather than in the perception of the premises. But the truth would seem to be that the author exhibits his imagination more in his insight than in his imagery. The poetic excellence of the work comes from the power of clear, steady beholding of

spiritual facts with the spiritual eye,—of beholding them so clearly that the task of stating, illustrating, and reasoning from them is performed with masterly ease. In truth, the great writers of the time *believed* in the soul's immortality, because they were conscious of having souls; the height of their thinking was due to the fact that the soul was always in the premises, and thought, with them, included imaginative vision as well as dialectic skill. To a lower order of minds than Shakespeare, Hooker, and Bacon, than Chapman, Sidney, and Davies, proceed the theories of materialism, for no thinking *from* the soul can deny the soul's *existence*. It is curious to observe the advantage which Davies holds over his materialistic opponents, through the circumstance that, while his logical understanding is as well furnished as theirs, it reposes on central ideas and deep experiences which they either want or ignore. No adequate idea of the general gravity and grandeur of his thinking can be conveyed by short extracts; yet, opening the poem at the fourth section, devoted to the demonstration that the soul is a spirit, we will quote a few of his resounding quatrains in illustration of his manner:—

"For she all natures under heaven doth pass,
Being like those spirits which God's face do see,
Or like himself whose image once she was,
Though now, alas! she scarce his shadow be.

"Were she a body, how could she remain
Within the body which is less than she?
Or how could she the world's great shape contain,
And in our narrow breasts contained be?

"All bodies are confined within some place,
But she all place within herself confines;
All bodies have their measure and their space;
But who can draw the soul's dimensive lines?"

The next poet we shall mention was a link of connection between the age of Elizabeth and Cromwell; a contemporary equally of Shakespeare and Milton; a man whose first work was published ten years before Shakespeare had produced his greatest tragedies; and who, later in life, defended Episcopacy against Milton. We of course refer to Joseph Hall. He was born in 1574, was educated at Cambridge, and,

in 1597, at the age of twenty-three, published his satires. Originally intended for the Church, he was now presented with a living by Sir Robert Drury, the munificent patron of Donne. He rose gradually to preferment, was made Bishop of Exeter in 1627, and translated to the see of Norwich in 1641. In 1643 he was deprived of his palace and revenue by the Parliamentary Committee of Sequestration, and died in 1656, in his eighty-second year. As a churchman, he was in favor of moderate measures, and he had the rare fortune to oppose Archbishop Laud, and to suffer under Oliver Cromwell.

As a satirist, if we reject the claim of Gascoigne to precedence, he was the earliest that English literature can boast. In his own words:—

"I first adventure; follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist."

He had two qualifications for his chosen task,—penetrating observation and unshrinking courage. The follies and vices, the manners, prejudices, delusions, and crimes of his time, form the materials of his satires; and these he lashes or laughs at, according as the subject-matter provokes his indignation or his contempt. "Sith," he says in his Preface, "faults loathe nothing more than the light, and men love nothing more than their faults," it follows that "what with the nature of the faults, and the faults of the persons," it is impossible "that so violent an appeachment should be quietly brooked." But to those who are offended he vouchsafes but this curt and cutting defence of his plain speaking. "Art thou guilty? Complain not, thou art not wronged. Art thou guiltless? Complain not, thou art not touched." These satires, however, striking as they are for their compactness of language and vigor of characterization, convey but an inadequate idea of the depth, devoutness, and largeness of soul displayed in Hall's theological writings. His "Meditations," especially, have been read by thousands who never heard of him as a tart and caustic wit. But the one characteristic of sententiousness marks

equally the sarcasm of the youthful satirist and the raptures of the aged saint.

The next writer we shall consider, Sir Henry Wotton, possessed one of the most accomplished and enlightened minds of the age; though, unhappily for us, he has left few records of it in literature. He was born in 1568, educated at Oxford, and, leaving the university in his twenty-second year, passed nine years in travelling in Germany and Italy. On his return his conversation showed such wit and information, that it was said to be "one of the delights of mankind." He entered the service of the Earl of Essex, and, on the discovery of the Earl's treason, prudently escaped to the Continent. While in Italy he rendered a great service to the Scottish king; and James, on his accession to the English throne, knighted him, and sent him as ambassador to Venice. He remained abroad over twenty years. On his return he was made provost of Eton College. He died in 1639 in his seventy-first year.

Wotton is one of the few Englishmen who have succeeded in divesting themselves of English prejudices without at the same time divesting themselves of English virtues. He was a man of the world of the kind described by Bacon, — a man "whose heart was not cut off from other men's lands, but a continent that joined to them." One of the ablest and most sagacious diplomatists that England ever sent abroad to match Italian craft with Saxon insight, he was at the same time chivalrous, loyal, and true. Though the author of the satirical definition of an ambassador, as "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country," his own course was the opposite of falsehood. Indeed, he laid down this as an infallible aphorism to guide an English ambassador, that he should always tell the truth: first, because he will secure himself if called to account; second, because he will never be believed, and he will thus "put his adversaries, who will ever hunt counter, at a loss." One of his many accomplishments was the art in conversation of saying pointed things in pithy lan-

guage. At Rome, a priest asked him, "Where was your religion before Luther?" To which Wotton answered, "My religion was to be found then where yours is not to be found now, — in the written Word of God." He then put to the priest this question: "Do you believe all those many thousands of poor Christians were damned, that were excommunicated because the Pope and the Duke of Venice could not agree about their temporal power, — even those poor Christians, that knew not why they quarrelled? Speak your conscience." The priest's reply was, "Monsieur, excuse me." Wotton's own Protestantism, however, did not consist, like that of too many others of his time and of ours, in hating Romanists. He was once asked "whether a papist may be saved." His answer was: "You may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself." The spirit of this reply is of the inmost essence of toleration.

Cowley, in his elegy on Wotton, has touched happily on those felicities of his nature and culture which made him so admired by his contemporaries: —

"What shall we say, since silent now is he,
Who, when he spoke, all things would silent be?
Who had so many languages in store,
That only fame shall speak of him in more.
Whom England, now no more returned, must see;
He's gone to heaven on his fourth embassy.

So well he understood the most and best
Of tongues, that Babel sent into the west,
Spoke them so truly, that he had, you'd swear,
Not only lived but been born everywhere.

Nor ought the language of that man be less,
Who in his breast had all things to express."

As a poet Sir Henry Wotton is universally known by one exquisite little poem, "The Character of a Happy Life," which is in all hymn-books. The general drift of his poetry is to expose the hollowness of all the objects to which as a statesman and courtier the greater portion of his own life was devoted. His verses are texts for discourses, uniting economy of words with fulness of thought and sentiment. His celebrated epitaph on a married couple is condensed to the point of converting feeling into wit: —

"He first deceased. She, for a little, tried
To do without him, liked it not, and died."

In one of his hymns he has this striking image, —

"No hallowed oils, no gums I need,
No new-born drams of purging fire;
One rosy drop from David's seed
Was worlds of seas to quench their ire."

Excellent, however, of its kind as Wotton's poetry is, it is not equal to that living poem, his life. He was one of those men who are not so much makers of poems as subjects about whom poems are made.

The last poet of whom we shall speak, George Herbert, was one in whom the quaintness of the time found its most fantastic embodiment. He began life as a courtier; and on the disappointment of his hopes, or on his conviction of the vanity of his ambitions, he suddenly changed his whole course of thought and life, became a clergyman, and is known to posterity only as "holy George Herbert." His poetry is the *bizarre* expression of a deeply religious and intensely thoughtful nature, sincere at heart, but strange, far-fetched, and serenely crotchety in utterance. Nothing can be more frigid than the conceits in which he clothes the great majority of his pious ejaculations and heavenly ecstasies. Yet every reader feels that his fancy, quaint as it often is, is a part of the organism of his character; and that his quaintness, his uncouth metaphors and comparisons, his squalid phraseology, his holy charades and pious riddles, his inspirations crystallized into ingenuities, and his general disposition to represent the divine through the exterior guise of the odd, are vitally connected with that essential beauty and sweetness of soul which give his poems their wild flavor and fragrance. Amateurs in sanctity, and men of fine religious taste, will tell you that genuine emotion can never find an outlet in such an elaborately fantastic form;

and the proposition, according, as it does, with the rules of Blair and Kames and Whately, commands your immediate assent; but still you feel that genuine emotion is there, and, if you watch sharply, you will find that Taste, entering holy George Herbert's "Temple," after a preliminary sniff of imbecile contempt, somehow slinks away abashed after the first verse at the "Church-porch" : —

"Thou whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:
A verse may find him whom a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

And that fine gentleman, Taste, having relieved us of his sweetly scented presence, redolent with the "balm of a thousand flowers," let us, in closing, quote one of the profoundest utterances of the Elizabethan age, George Herbert's lines on Man : —

"Man is all symmetric,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest, brother:
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moon and tides.

"Nothing hath got so farre,
But man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest starre:
He is in little all the sphere
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

"The starres have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws:
Musick and light attend our head.
All things unto our *flesh* are kinde
In their *descent* and *being*; to our minde
In their *ascent* and *cause*.

"More servants wait on Man
Than he'll take notice of; in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan,
O mightie love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

"Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit,
That as the world serves us we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be."

SOME CORAL ISLANDS AND ISLANDERS.

THE tropical Pacific is an ocean of many islands. Some of these are high volcanic peaks, others are low coral islets. Some lie crowded in archipelagoes, others in scattered groups of five or six, and a few are solitary specks of dry land or coral reef, the only objects in vast areas that break the monotony of sea and sky.

The "Union Group" is a little cluster of three low coral islands. It is about nine degrees of latitude south of the equator, and near the one hundred and seventy-second meridian. It is three or four hundred miles from any other important group, and the three islands composing it are about forty or fifty miles from each other.

At noon on the tenth day of March, 1860, we reckoned our little schooner to be eighteen miles to windward of Oatafu, the northwestern member of this group; and at three o'clock in the afternoon all on board were earnestly looking for the first signs of land ahead. We only knew of this island, that it was of coral formation. Whether it was inhabited or not we had never learned. Whether it was laid down on the chart correctly we could not tell, and this uncertainty, combined with the fear that we might be the victims of misplaced confidence in our chronometer, caused us to scan the horizon with uncommonly sharp eyes.

By four o'clock our anxiety was removed, and new interest aroused by the cry of "Land, ho!" Looking in the direction indicated by the lookout aloft, to whom belonged the honor of the discovery, we discerned an uneven line of tree-tops, — a kind of dotted line, a little raised above the water, and stretching along the horizon for a few miles. These dots gradually developed into a continuous line of verdure. Approaching still nearer, this line assumed a circular form, enclosing within its limits the quiet waters of a lagoon. Finally

the surf, rolling in heavily upon the reef, breaking into foam, dashing up the white coral beach, and contrasting strangely and beautifully with the green foliage above, became clearly visible.

A view from aloft revealed this still more to our admiration. The island, with its enclosed lagoon, appeared perhaps four or five miles long by two or three wide. A belt of reef and land, a hundred rods in width, encircled a lake. Without were the waters of the ocean, the long heavy swells breaking violently on the outer reef; within were the placid, delicately tinted waters of the lagoon, their surface scarcely ruffled by the wind, and dotted here and there with green islets.

An occasional break in the line of foliage marked the place where a narrow channel connected the waters of the ocean and the lake. The outer reef, which first broke the force of the ocean waves, was a level platform three or four hundred feet wide, about even with or very little below the surface of the sea, and over this the snowy breakers were chasing each other towards the shore. Then came the strip of elevated land, a gently rising, snow-white beach, crowned by a bright green belt of shrubbery and trees, the lofty plumes of the cocoanut towering above the whole. This belt of land seemed but a few hundred feet wide, and about ten feet high. On the inner shore, a smooth beach of finest sand was gently washed by the lagoon waters. It lay on the blue ocean before us like a green wreath, with a border of sparkling spray and foam.

All this we saw while approaching and sailing along the southern shore of the island; but in the mean time the wind had become so light, and our progress had been so slow, that when we were fairly under the lee of the land the sun had reached the horizon, and darkness would speedily follow the very

short tropical twilight. It was not only too late to land, but too late to look for anchorage; for the shores of a coral island or reef usually make off so precipitously that the sounding-lead may find a hundred fathoms of water within a ship's length of the breakers, and anchorage, when it exists, must be sought cautiously. Our captain, therefore, determined to test our patience by remaining under sail all night, standing off and on until morning; and in a very few minutes our little schooner found herself close hauled on the wind, and thereupon commenced pitching savagely into the waves, as though she shared our annoyance. Aggravating as this was to those of us who were impatient for a run ashore, there was no appeal, and so we quietly made the best of it. We watched the island from the deck, until it became indistinct in the darkness. Then we went down to tea, and tried, with poor success, to compensate ourselves for a slighted dinner. Then came the inevitable rubber of whist, in which the captain played atrociously, because, as he said, he never could play well when near the land. Finally, having arranged for an earlier breakfast than usual, we laid ourselves upon our respective shelves, and slept.

It is no wonder if our dreams that night were somewhat colored by the experience of the afternoon. The sight of a coral island, especially of the lagoon form, is very impressive. The origin of the material, the formation of the reef, and notably the remarkable annular structure of the island, suggest innumerable inquiries to any thoughtful observer.

No wonder the early voyagers were struck with surprise and admiration at their first view of such an island, with all its beauty of grove and lake, and that they marvelled at beholding an immense ring of rock and dry land, standing in mid-ocean, in almost unfathomable depths, an irresistible barrier to the waves, and enclosing a quiet lake, in whose undisturbed waters vast fields of growing corals flourish.

No wonder that they were puzzled to

explain this remarkable feature, and that their speculations gave rise to some strange theories, in which their fancy pictured the "coral worms" as skilful architects, building up reefs and islands as beavers build dams, and invested the animalculæ with truly wonderful instincts, supposed to be especially shown in their choice of the annular form of island, as best adapted to withstand the force of the waves, and provide a secure retreat for themselves and their young.

But Science, in later days, has set aside these vague and erroneous impressions, and given clear ideas of the nature and functions of the coral-making zoöphytes, and of the way in which the reefs are formed. And Mr. Darwin has shown that the annular form of island, instead of being due to the instinct of the polyp, is caused by the slow subsidence of the land on which the coral growth was based. That thus, in few words, a coral reef, beginning in the shallow waters on the shore of an island, and encircling it as a fringing reef, has gradually increased upward, while the land itself has been slowly depressed; and finally, the upward growth having kept pace with the depression, the reef appears as a ring of rock upon the surface, after the last peak of the island or mountain-top has disappeared.

In time the loose fragments of broken coral and shells, ground into sand, are swept together by the waves, and form a narrow strip of land a few feet above the ocean level.

Then floating cocoanuts or seeds, wafted by the winds, or brought by drifting logs, find their mysterious way to the newly made land. Trees spring up, and soon a luxuriant growth of vegetation converts the reef into a habitable islet. In process of time a canoe-load of voyagers, natives of some other island, perhaps drifted off by irresistible currents or violent gales, or, possibly, having set out from an over-populated island in search of a new home, find their way thither, and it becomes the abode of man.

Thus coral lagoons are souvenirs of

lands that have disappeared. They lie like garlands upon the waters, simple memorials of buried islands.

Oatafu, the island before us, on the following morning, wore nothing of a sombre or funereal aspect. The bright green colors of the foliage, the dazzling brilliancy of the snow-white beach, and the sparkling foam of the breakers, were too gay and joyous in their appearance to suggest regret for a departed continent. Moreover, the novelties of the present were too interesting to allow just then a thought of the past. Early in the morning, before we were fairly up and dressed, we had been surprised, and our curiosity excited, by the discovery of two canoes putting off from the lee side of the island towards us. In each canoe were two men, paddling vigorously. As we had no information concerning inhabitants, we were naturally very much interested in knowing what manner of men these might be who were about to pay us a visit. Our unconfiding captain jumped directly to the conclusion that the islanders were a race of man-eaters, and that the four representatives, now approaching us, were a sort of prospecting committee of the commissary department; but as there were only two men in each canoe, we who, with all hands told, were thrice that number, could have no hesitation in receiving them, however carnally minded they might be.

In a few minutes the canoes came alongside. These were each about twenty or twenty-five feet long, and two feet deep and wide, sharpened at both ends, and furnished with out-riggers. Though having at first the appearance of "dug-outs," they proved to be made of many parts, ingeniously fitted, and lashed together with fastenings of native twine. They seemed quite watertight, and behaved very well under the skilful management of the natives, who were paddling with all their force to keep up with the vessel.

The occupants of the two canoes were three men and one boy. They were good-looking fellows, well made, and in excellent condition. The boy

was quite naked, and the men wore nothing of enough importance to be described, having only a narrow strip of material, something like cloth, worn above the hips, and passing between the thighs. Their faces were very friendly, and they could hardly restrain their delight at seeing strangers. Although we could hardly understand a word they said, they talked unceasingly, with great earnestness and much gesticulation, occasionally breaking out into an irrepressible song, then a loud laugh, and finally paddling away with a good-humored fury.

Through the interpretation of one of our men, a native of the Sandwich Islands, who found that he could understand a little of their dialect, we made out that they gave us a warm welcome, and invited us to visit their village, which lay on the inner shore of the lagoon, just hidden by the cocoanut-trees. We deferred doing this, however, until after breakfast, and meantime our visitors paddled off for the island, to make their report.

About nine o'clock, as we were preparing to go ashore, we discovered another and much larger canoe coming towards us under sail. In it were seated fifteen or twenty men. As they neared the vessel, one old fellow stood up, and waved in the air over his head a large roll or bundle of matting, fringed at both ends. Exactly what this meant we were left to imagine, but it was doubtless the prerogative of royalty to have it and wave it; for, as soon as they came alongside, our acquaintance of the early morning presented himself, and, pointing to him who held the bundle, gave us to understand that he was the "ariki," or king.

His Coralline Majesty was a well-made man of about fifty years of age. His raiment was as simple as that worn by his ambassadors of the morning. As a mark of royalty, however, he wore a strip of a cocoanut leaf, two or three inches wide, split along the middle, which, being put on over his head, rested upon his shoulders. The upper part of his body, especially his breast,

was profusely tattooed. He was very dignified in manner, not talking much, nor manifesting the great curiosity which took possession of most of his followers. Withal he was a very fair specimen of royalty in the crude state. He sat down at once upon an offered deck chair, and, stretching out his legs, surveyed the assembly with a coolness which quite took me by surprise.

Presently a number of canoes came alongside, and the deck of our schooner was soon crowded by native men and boys. Evidently the arrival and presence among them of a vessel was a great and rare event, and was made the occasion of a general holiday. Many of them had got themselves up for the visit with great care, and were abundantly anointed with oil. Some wore head-dresses of shells, and necklaces of shells or beads; and one fellow put on a great many airs, parading about the deck with a brass button (probably a souvenir of some naval visit) hung round his neck by a piece of twine. But the most remarkable ornament of all, worn by a good-looking man, was nothing else than a common board nail stuck through his ear like an ear-ring. I observed that they all had their ears perforated, though more for utility than ornament, for, having no pockets, they find it convenient to carry small articles stuck through their ears. Some of the older ones had so stretched their ears by use, that the slits in them were larger than a large button-hole. The king, on being presented with two cigars, lit one of them, in imitation of his host, and stuck the other in his ear, to reserve for a future occasion.

Would not an island like this serve well as a kind of Botany Bay for pick-pockets?

Among those who claimed special attention was one who said that he was a native of the Navigators' (Samoan) Islands, and that he had been sent thence to Oatafu as a native missionary. He had, in evidence of this, a single copy of the Bible in the Samoan language. During the visit, however, I saw no other copy of this or any book;

and, though I was perhaps unable to judge fairly, it did not appear to me that he had gained much, if any, influence among the people.

We proposed a visit on shore to the chief, to which he earnestly expressed his assent, and, in spite of the captain's warning, three of us prepared to land. Immediately all the canoes started off in advance, as if to advise the remainder of the inhabitants of our coming; and we soon followed them, taking the chief and two other natives with us. Reaching the shore safely under the guidance of the chief, we walked towards the village, which was on the inner or lagoon side of the belt of land. Passing for some distance through a cocoanut grove, we presently came upon a collection of about fifty houses. They were arranged with considerable regularity along an avenue running parallel with the beach. In the middle of the street was a walk paved with smooth slabs of coral beach rock. The houses were of very simple construction, consisting of upright frames five or six feet high, covered by a high-peaked roof of cocoanut thatch. The eaves of the roof extended considerably beyond the sides, and lacked but two or three feet of reaching the ground. The sides of the houses were sometimes open, and in some cases thatched. As we passed along towards the chief's house, troops of young children made their appearance; but the women, none of whom had been on board, remained within their houses, though their manner indicated that their seclusion was not altogether a voluntary act.

The king's house only differed from the more common in being larger. The floor was made of evenly spread gravel or coral pebbles, covered with mats, for which the fibre of the cocoanut husk probably furnished the material. About the house were disposed many and various articles of use or ornament. Fish-hooks of shell and wood, nets, mats, calabashes, grass-rope, fish-lines, twine and cordage, generally were abundant.

On his Majesty's "what-not" was an

empty sardine-box, and a glass bottle marked "Batty and Company's Best Pickles." But we saw no clubs, bows, nor arrows, nor weapons of any kind, excepting two or three old hatchets and sheath-knives, evidently obtained from some visitors like ourselves. On one of the posts I saw a rude figure carved, which had the appearance of being an object of worship. Presently some lads came in, bringing some young cocoanuts and a string of small fish. The latter, by active wriggling and squirming, gave sufficient evidence of having been freshly caught. These were spread before the company, and we were invited to the repast. A draught of the cocoanut water was a luxury not to be despised, but the feast of raw fish was politely declined. Our backwardness, however, was not shared by our hosts; and the sight of the party as they sat upon the ground, each with a piece of cocoanut in one hand, and a nice little fish, held by the tail, in the opposite hand, taking first a mouthful of one and then of the other, was something long to be remembered.

This entertainment being over, we went out for a ramble under the guidance of several of the men. A few steps brought us to a house where many of the women and young children seemed to have congregated. Looking around upon the assembly, with an eye for feminine beauty, and curious to see if the gentler sex were as highly favored as their partners in form and feature, I was much disappointed to remark that most of those present were quite old, and that the very youngest woman in the party was old enough to have been the mother of the damsel of sweet sixteen for whom my eyes were vainly searching. Nevertheless, although pretty well seasoned, the better-looking gave some evidence to the fact that, with the charms of youth, they might have been quite attractive. They were well formed, and had rather pleasing features. Like the men, they were profusely tattooed, though more about the lips and lower part of the face than about the breast. Their only dress

was a kind of girdle, made of cocoanut-leaves, so arranged as to hang about the body like a skirt. It was fastened just above the hips; and, though quite short, — hardly more than a foot in length, — was very thick, and so made as to stand out in a bell-shaped form, resembling somewhat the upper part of a large crinoline skirt. As they moved about in this remarkable costume, they suggested the figure of a ballet-dancer with a widely spreading, but somewhat abbreviated, skirt. This suggestion must be understood to refer to ballet-dancers of the more modest sort; as such a comparison with some of the *artistes* of the present day would be a great injustice to the Oatafu ladies. The entire absence of young women from the company seemed quite remarkable, especially because among the men there was a due proportion of youths and young men; and it immediately occurred to us that some unpleasant experience with former visitors might have taught the lords of this part of creation the policy of keeping in seclusion the younger and more attractive members of the community. I was subsequently told, by one who had some means of knowing, that such was the truth; and, further, that, only a few years ago, the islanders had put to death a boat's crew of sailors, who had landed from a whale-ship, and given offence by unwelcome familiarity with the women. The account of the killing of these men was remarkable. Being unused to war, and having no weapons, the natives proceeded on this wise: A number of them, unobserved, climbed to the tops of several cocoanut-trees, that stood together, some sixty or seventy feet high. The white men, of course ignorant of the design, were then gradually led along by other natives until they were directly below those who had climbed the trees, when the men aloft threw down cocoanuts upon them with so great and such well-directed force, that they were at once overcome, and then finished by those on the ground. The natives then took the boat, laid the oars

and other appurtenances in it, shoved it off through the surf, and set it adrift within sight of the vessel to which it belonged. The ship captain — so says the story — understood what had happened; but, fearing to attempt revenge, picked up his boat, and sailed away with all haste.

Whatever of truth or fiction there may be in this story, the islanders evidently had no intention of cocoanutting us, — at least in the same way; for we soon discovered that the greater part of the men were engaged in loading up their canoes with fish, cocoanuts, and shells, and were setting off to the schooner with the desire of trading; and before long we were left with only a few men and several of the women, who joined us on our stroll about the village.

This little strip of coral-made land we found to be about six hundred feet wide, forming an irregularly shaped ring some ten or fifteen miles in circumference. It was composed simply of the accumulations of coral fragments heaped up by the waves on the reef, and was not over eight or ten feet high. In some places, a thin coral soil lay upon the surface; in others, only the blackened and weathered pieces of coral, slowly disintegrating, and forming a kind of gravel. Nevertheless, the whole surface, from the outer to the inner beach, bore a luxuriant growth of vegetation. Cocoanut-trees were very abundant. There seemed to be no sources of fresh water on the island. On some islands of this description fresh water may be obtained by digging down a few feet through the loosely accumulated material to the hard bottom, where a thin stratum of fresh water, the result of rains, is found, and may be scooped up without difficulty. But on this island I saw no evidences of such a supply. The natives showed us their method of collecting rain-water by cutting out an excavation in the trunk of an old cocoanut-tree just above the ground. As the tree stands slightly leaning in the direction of the trade-wind, the water falling upon it trickles

down the trunk upon the lower side, and collects at the bottom in the place so hollowed out for its reception. We saw a number of trees so prepared for catching water. Each excavation might have held four or five gallons. But the natives do not depend on this source of water for subsistence. The cocoanut-tree, which supplies them with food, gives them also drink. The young nuts are filled with a thin, watery liquid, which quenches thirst; while the older nuts are their chief resource for food. The uses of the cocoanut-tree are truly wonderful; and in its relations to human life it is certainly without a parallel among trees. Here it is both meat and drink, — and more. It furnishes all the material for the islanders' houses and canoes. Their scanty dress is from the same source. The nutshells are useful as containers and drinking-vessels, while calabashes and other utensils are made from the wood. The fibre of the husk supplies the material for cordage, matting, fish-nets, and lines. The oil, pressed from the ripe nuts, furnishes the evening light, besides supplying other wants. Thus the tree not only sustains the life, but is the source from which every physical need of the islander is supplied.

To these people this little coral island is all the known world. They probably possess less knowledge of other portions of this planet than we do of other planets. They knew, indeed, of the existence of a neighboring island, like their own, and whence they or their ancestors had probably come; but many of the living generation had never seen it. It is difficult clearly to conceive of the moral and intellectual condition of a people whose ideas have never expanded beyond the limits of a coral island; who have no conception of a mountain or a river, of a surface of land greater than their own little belt, or of a slope higher than their own beach; who have but a single mineral, — the coral limestone, — but very few plants, no quadrupeds excepting, perhaps, rats or mice; who live almost without labor, gathering cocoanuts,

without an idea of tilling the soil ; whose only arts are the taking of fish, and the making of houses, canoes, and their few utensils ; whose unwritten language is only adapted to the expression of the simplest ideas ; who have never gone beyond their island horizon and returned again ; and whose only intercourse with other human beings has been through the rare and brief visits of passing vessels. After a somewhat extended walk, we returned to the vicinity of the houses, where one or two more of the younger ladies favored us with their company. We, of course, considered this a pleasing indication that they were gradually overcoming the fear, or the restraint, that had kept them away at first. Some of the women prepared to cook a large fish for our benefit ; and, while this was going on, the young ones devoted themselves entirely to our entertainment by singing what, I dare say, was a very jolly song, and finally commencing a dance. How this would have ended, if no interruption had occurred, it is impossible to say. Quite likely, one after another, the hidden beauties would have slipped out from their places of concealment to join in the festivities ; and, when the canoes returned, the men might, perhaps, have found the whole troop of young things performing the "Black Crook," or some other equally impressive presentation of the Terpsichorean art ; but, unhappily, just as one of our new friends was in the midst of an extravagant *pas seul*, a party of a dozen men, who had come ashore unnoticed, suddenly arrived upon the ground, and put an injunction on further proceedings. Moreover, they brought a note from our nervous captain, saying that the vessel was overrun by the natives, who, he feared, would soon begin some mischief ; and imploring us, by all the regard we had for his comfort, to come off at once, and let him get under way. We therefore reluctantly took leave of our island friends ; and, launching our boat safely through the surf, soon regained the vessel. The captain had spent an un-

easy day. Unwilling to put the least trust in the natives, he would gladly have kept his vessel out of their reach, and so not permitted them to come on board ; but while we were ashore, he was equally desirous, for our sakes, to keep on good terms. However, as we were now ready to go, and had a good breeze, we gave them notice to clear the deck. The king, who remained to the last, went over the side, I am sorry to say, in quite an unamiable mood, because, having ground up an old hatchet for him, we firmly declined giving him the grindstone. But he recovered his good-nature before we got beyond hearing distance ; and we caught our last glimpse of him as he stood up in his canoe, waving the royal insignia with which he had welcomed us in the morning, and shouting, with his companions, an affectionate farewell.

Since the date of this visit I have met with some information that throws a little light on the previous history of the island and its neighbors of the same group. The island of Oatafu was discovered by Commodore Byron, during his voyage round the world, on June 24, 1765. He called it the Duke of York's Island. A party landed to gather cocoanuts, and returned with the report that there were no indications that the island had ever been inhabited. It would thus appear that there were no people there a century ago. He did not see the other islands of the group. These are Nunkunono, or the Duke of Clarence ; and Fakaafu, or Bowditch.

The Missionary Chronicle, the published record of the London Missionary Society, printed, in 1847, a letter from one of the resident missionaries at the port of Apia, Upolu, one of the Samoan (or Navigators') Group, dated December, 1846, relating that a whale-ship, just arrived at that place, had picked up, a few days before, a double canoe, containing eleven natives in a very exhausted condition. Their language proved to be somewhat similar to the Samoan, and from their account they were evidently natives of the Union

Group. They had started in their canoe, with twenty other canoes, to go from Nunkunono to Oatafu. A violent gale had blown this unfortunate party off, and they could not tell whether the others reached their destination safely or not. They had been drifting between two and three months, subsisting scantily on cocoanuts, and perhaps some fish, catching rain-water in their open mouths. The letter stated that they would be returned when opportunity offered, and that Samoan converts would accompany them as religious teachers. This statement accounts for the presence of the "missionary" referred to on a foregoing page.

We visited the other islands of the group, Nunkunono and Fakaafu; but our experience there was so much like that already related, that a detailed account would involve too much repetition. I prefer, therefore, to describe a visit to the island of Manihiki, or Humphrey's, which with its neighbor, Rakaanga, or Rierison's, lies some six or seven hundred miles east of the Union Group. These islands closely resemble those already described in natural features, but the combined influences of intercourse with foreigners and the teachings of Christian missionaries have wrought some strange and interesting effects among the people.

We sighted the island of Manihiki at daylight. It lay ten or fifteen miles distant, the broken line of tree-tops just skirting the horizon. Unfortunately the wind had died entirely away, and the flapping sails and lazily rocking vessel promised us a tedious day of waiting for a breeze. Discontented with this, we determined to set out at once in our boat for the island, and leave the captain and crew to bring the schooner up as soon after as possible. Accordingly, prepared with lunch and fresh water, we embarked, and, after three or four hours' rowing, reached the shore, and landed upon one of the little islets of the *atoll*.

We had no previous information concerning the island, and did not even know whether it was inhabited or not.

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men just setting off to meet us.

A few minutes later they were closely approaching us, and if we, at first, had any apprehensions of an unfriendly reception, they were removed as soon as the men came near enough to be distinctly visible. They were all dressed in shirts, pantaloons, and straw hats, and their amiable faces bespoke great pleasure at seeing visitors. As soon as we were within hail, they began to speak; and we were glad to discover that our interpreter could communicate much more readily with them than with the natives of the Union Group.

We also made another discovery, which not only enlightened us considerably regarding the people and their condition, but also helped to assure us of a kind welcome.

About a thousand miles from this island there is another large island called Fanning's, abounding in cocoanuts, and uninhabited until recently, when an Englishman took possession of it, and began the manufacture of cocoanut-oil. This we had known before, but we now learned that his necessary laborers were hired from this island and its neighbor; it being his custom to take up a party of men, women, and children once in a year, and then return to exchange them for a fresh lot. He pays their labor in calico and such clothing as they commonly wear,—pantaloons, shirts, and straw hats,—besides tobacco, knives, and other implements. As this had been in operation several years, most of the inhabitants had been engaged in the work at one time or another, and their employer's name had become a household word.

As we claimed acquaintance with the

gentleman, we were at once received as his "brothers." They gave us a hearty welcome, and pointed to the shore, where, they said, the missionary was waiting to receive us ; and a part of the company at once paddled off to precede us with a report.

On reaching the shore, we found nearly the whole population of the village, some two or three hundred people, assembled to receive us. Most of the grown people were dressed, — the men in shirts or pantaloons or both, and the women in loose calico robes or gowns. A few of the older and more conservative people, however, seemed to look upon such articles of dress as innovations of the rising and progressive generation, and such held fast to their old-fashioned cocoanut ideas. The young children generally were naked.

The "missionary" came forward to do the honors. He proved to be a native of Raratonga, a large and high island of the Hervey Group, some five or six hundred miles away, where the English missionaries have long been established, and under whose teachings he had become a convert. Having been qualified by them to teach others, he had come thence to Manihiki some ten years before, and had become a very important member of their society.

He received us with much dignity in the midst of the assembled people, all of whom pressed forward to shake hands ; and, when these greetings were over, we were invited to the king's house, where his Majesty was expecting us.

Led by the missionary, and followed by the people, we walked along a wide, well-shaded avenue which crossed the belt of land at a right angle to the two beaches. We soon reached the "Palace," — a house similar in construction to those already described, in which we found the king sitting on a high-backed bench, something like an old-fashioned settle. He was a good-natured old fellow, perhaps sixty years of age. He wore a blue woollen shirt and blue pantaloons, such as are common among us for "overalls." Before him was a

roughly made table, a specimen of native workmanship. He gave us places beside him on the "throne," and cocoanuts in all their various edible forms were set before us.

After a short interview, during which he invited us to spend the night ashore, as it was already too late to pull back to the vessel, we went out for a walk. To our surprise we came directly upon some stone buildings of very considerable dimensions, built of coral beach and reef rock, and plastered over with lime, made from burning the same rock. The doors and window-spaces were arched, and the latter furnished with roughly made blinds, though without sash. The first of these was pointed out as the church, and over the door was written "Ziona."

Opposite the church was another stone building, which proved to be the missionary's house. Farther on, a third was in process of construction, intended to be the school-house ; and opposite the last was a large building, not of stone, but of the primitive style, which served as a hall of assembly for public purposes, and also as a place of confinement for offenders. These four buildings formed the four corners of the two avenues of the village ; and at this point we found the cross street, running parallel to the sea-beach, and more than a quarter of a mile long, paved like the other in the middle, well shaded, and having on either side a long row of dwellings. These houses were of the simple native style of construction, and seemed to be neatly kept. About many of the houses were pigs and fowls, which had been introduced upon the island some time before. Before the doors the preparations for the evening meal, or rather the evening cocoanuts, were now going on, some of the people having satisfied their curiosity sufficiently to be able to resume their domestic duties.

During our walk we were taken to see some of their canoes of the larger, sea-going sort. Small canoes for ordinary uses were plenty enough ; but these larger ones, which are not often required, were hauled up, and put under

cover. They were between fifty and sixty feet long, made with much care and some attempt at ornamentation, certain parts of the woodwork being inlaid with pearl. They were double canoes, that is, two were joined together by stout cross-pieces of such length that the two canoes were several feet apart. The bow of either canoe was opposite the stern of the other. When used under sail, the sail is set on the lee canoe, while the passengers and freight are in the weather one; and, if it be necessary to tack ship, the masts and sails are shifted to the other canoe, and passengers and cargo transferred accordingly. The natives use these vessels for crossing from Manihiki to the neighboring island, some forty miles distant. This journey, I believe, is not often made, and only attempted under favorable winds, as these canoes are not adapted to beating to windward. It has happened twice within a few years that parties have been blown or currentted off while making this journey. Once, previous to the visit herein described, a party of men and women, unable to gain the land, were drifted off, and, after floating several weeks, landed upon an uninhabited island about one thousand miles distant. Here they subsisted on the few coconuts they found until they were taken off by a passing vessel, and carried to the Samoan Islands, whence they were, in time, returned to their native home. Some of these survivors we saw at the time of our visit.

Another party, in 1861, were currentted off in a similar manner; and, after eight weeks of untold suffering, those who survived landed upon an inhabited island fourteen hundred miles west of their own. There they remained five months, until taken off by the Missionary packet, a vessel devoted to the service of the London Missionary Society. The Chronicle, relating this, adds the interesting fact, that among the survivors of this party were several converts, one of them a deacon of the church on his native island. They had their Bibles with them. Finding that the in-

habitants of the island to which they had come had never received a Christian teacher, or any instruction whatever, they began at once to teach them to read, and to preach to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and so prepared the way for further missionary effort after their departure.

When we had finished our walk, the missionary took us to his own house. This was a large stone building, divided into three apartments, of which the middle one was the general reception-room. The floor was covered by mats, and several roughly made tables and seats composed the furniture. On one table was a number of books, chiefly Bibles, hymn-books, and primers. These books were, I believe, in the language of Raratonga, possibly modified to suit the dialect of the islanders. We were told that all the inhabitants could read, and many could write. All possess Bibles and hymn-books, slates and pencils. All the children attend school, and receive instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The church is regularly organized, and comprises more than a hundred members, and many, if not all, the remaining adults are what are termed "class members." The entire population may be said to have embraced Christianity. A report in the Chronicle of date subsequent to that of this visit states that the islanders of Manihiki had paid more than fifteen pounds for Bibles and books for their own use, and contributed more than ten pounds for missionary work elsewhere, and that four young men, natives of Manihiki, were going to Raratonga to study and qualify themselves as religious teachers among other islanders.

While still with the missionary, a messenger came from the king to invite us to supper with the "royal family." We obeyed immediately. We found our host seated alone behind his table, on which the feast was spread. Coconuts were of course in abundance, and flying-fish, partially baked, were not uninviting; but the glory of the occasion was a chicken that had been sacrificed for our good. The king did the honors

gracefully, and seemed much pleased with our expressions of satisfaction. Meantime the queen and princess royal sat on the floor, surrounded by many people of various degrees of distinction, and all much interested in watching the strangers.

This entertainment was scarcely over, when the missionary sent for us to return to his house, where, to our surprise, we found a second repast prepared in much the same style, and a larger congregation of natives assembled to witness our disposal of it. We did all that men of our capacity could, but, unhappily, failed to do full justice to our host's hospitality.

As the evening wore away, and we began to think of bed, we heard a remarkable noise in the street. It was the beating of the Rap Tap. This instrument, as I afterwards discovered, was a piece of wood twelve or fifteen inches long, and three or four thick, hollowed out like a trough, so that, when beaten, it gave a dull, ringing sound. One man, with two attendants, marched through the village, beating this at short intervals, and following the beating, first with a distressing screech, and then a short proclamation to the effect that bed-time had come, and warning all against being found out of doors or with lights burning thereafter. The missionary informed us that this was a very strict rule, and any one offending against it was liable to fine or punishment. He accordingly showed us places to sleep in an adjoining apartment, giving us very comfortable mats for beds, and then bade us good night. A few minutes later, quiet reigned throughout the entire community.

We had learned that the inhabitants of the island, numbering altogether four or five hundred, were divided into two communities, one of which lived in a village similar to this on the other side of the lagoon. We were also told that with this other community were living two white men, who had been on the island several months. A messenger had been sent to these foreigners to report our visit, and in the morn-

ing they both made their appearance. They were delighted to see us, and welcomed an opportunity to get away from the island; they lost no time in making known their desire to go with us under any conditions, and to be left anywhere, only asking to be taken away. The reason for this soon became apparent.

Of these two men, one was an Englishman, forty or fifty years of age, and the other an American not over twenty-five. The former had been left on the island about seven months before by a trading-vessel that had called in search of pearls. The American had belonged to the crew of a little vessel that had touched there four months before, on her way from San Francisco to Tahiti; and he, hoping to enjoy an indolent and lawless life among the islanders, had deserted the vessel.

The Englishman, it appeared, had lived for many years by vagrancy. He had wandered all over the Pacific Ocean, and had either visited or lived upon a large number of its islands. It is not improbable that he was an escaped convict, and so, partly from choice, partly from necessity, preferred to spend his life beyond the reach of law. In this way the vagabond had spent a few months, or possibly years, on one island, and then, having exhausted the novelties of the place, and made himself odious to the people, had succeeded, by means of some passing whaler or other vessel, in reaching another, and then another, and so on until he had brought up where we found him, in a very unhappy condition, and ready for still another island. The American was a stout and hearty but demoralized youth, who had chosen to enter upon the same career, but had made what he considered an unhappy beginning on an island and among a people where he felt the rigors of the law in a degree he had never before dreamed of.

They gave a long account of their experience among the people; and their statements, though necessarily to be taken with many grains of allowance, furnished some information concerning

the native character and social condition. The missionary, they said, had been there about ten years, and was not only the religious teacher, but had become the lawgiver. The king and chiefs, who were the ostensible rulers, were entirely under his influence, and did nothing without his approval. The laws, which were rigidly enforced, had been framed by the missionary; they were based generally upon the precepts taught by the English missionaries at Raratonga, and included what additional light he could get from the Mosaic code.

No wonder that a couple of first-class vagabonds, who had felt the inconvenience of law at home, and who were seeking a place where neither Law nor Gospel had ever been heard of, found themselves in very unpleasant circumstances under such an administration.

When they had first come, they were kindly and hospitably received. They were regarded as the representatives of a superior race, and hailed as residents with delight. Everybody was happy to do them a service. They were welcome guests in any house, and were provided with plenty of coconuts and fish without even the labor of helping themselves. But after a time the lustre of their superiority began to wear off. Their laziness and worthlessness were properly appreciated, and their various sins of omission and commission, which, at first, had been allowed to pass unnoticed, now gave offence, and the offenders were held responsible at law, precisely as any other member of the community. It was then they began to realize that the way of transgressors is hard.

Whether the missionary had given the islanders a regularly written code, or not, I cannot say; but a few of their regulations will indicate how far their daily walk and conversation were affected by the system of laws.

Absence from church, unless for a satisfactory reason, was a punishable offence. Men were forbidden to smoke on Sunday, and women at any time. Walking out on Sunday was against

law. Women were fined for appearing at church without bonnets. (And such bonnets! for some good Christian ladies in London, thinking perhaps, that, next to a new heart, a benighted woman would most need a new bonnet, had sent out a lot of the drollest-fashioned, high-peaked straw bonnets for the poor things to wear. And I will take advantage of this parenthesis to add, that the same considerate people had sent a full suit of black broadcloth, with a black cylinder hat, for the missionary to wear when discharging the duties of his office. As these clothes were wholly unlike those in common use, he had come to regard them somewhat as robes of office, and to put them on as a priest puts on the sacred vestments; and it is truly ludicrous to fancy him, as described by the white men, on *semi-official* occasions, when, in addition to his simple native garments, he would, according to his estimate of the importance of the event, wear now the coat, or the vest, or, perhaps, only the hat alone.) Anything like musical instruments were forbidden, because, I suppose, only associated with dancing. Singing songs which were not in the hymn-book was likewise forbidden. Every member of the community, from the king to the youngest child able to talk, was obliged to recite a verse of Scripture every Sunday, and, in default thereof, was held liable to a fine.

Fines are the usual punishment for offences; and, if their system of laws is peculiar, that of the fines is more so. It seems to have been based on the doctrine, that he that offends in one point of the law is guilty of all; and, further, that, as the second violation of a law is a greater crime than the first offence, the enormity of the sin is measured only by the number of times that the sinner has offended. Whatever the theory, the fact appeared to be, that the first violation of law was punished by a certain fine, the second offence by double the first fine, the third offence, no matter what, whether smoking, dancing, or adultery, by double the second fine, and so on in geometrical progression.

The fines were usually levied in calico, for, as the labor of the people is generally paid in that article, it has become the currency of the country. The unit is one fathom of calico, and is considered the equivalent of fifty cents. Values are expressed in fathoms, and a ten-dollar coin is accordingly a twenty-fathom piece. The fine for the first violation of law is five fathoms; and, according to the foregoing, that of the second, third, or fourth offence is ten, twenty, or forty fathoms. I was told that persons had been fined even one thousand fathoms and over. I naturally inquired what became of all the calico that must from time to time be forfeited by offenders, and was told that all fines were paid over to the "Council," consisting of the king, chief men, and the missionary, who made distribution thereof for the public good or their own; that sometimes fines were paid in pigs, fowls, or cocoanuts, and that this provision was appropriated for refreshments at the meetings of the "Council," and that, when the delinquents and their friends had no more wherewith to pay, the sentence was convertible into work upon the road or public buildings.

Now, as may readily be supposed, our two foreign friends had brought but a small supply of dry goods or any other goods to the island; and, when they became subject to law, a very brief career in vice brought them to the end of their calico. The very first fine exhausted their stock, and took their extra shirts and pants besides; and the Englishman could find no words to express his deep sense of the injustice done him, when the "Council," having taken everything else of the calico kind from him, finally laid out in one straight line his sea-chest, shot-gun, pocket-revolver, straw hat, tobacco-box, pipe, and other personal property, and took them *calico measure*, fathom per fathom, in payment of a fine.

This, at the moment, had been too much for him, and he had attempted resistance, but soon found that worse than useless, for it increased his punishment, which was now converted into

work upon the public way, and, at the time of our arrival, both men were under sentence to build an almost incredible number of fathoms of road. Truly the lines had fallen to them in unpleasant places. Much of the foregoing, it must be remembered, is given as the statement of the two white men, who could hardly be expected to be unprejudiced witnesses; but I subsequently had occasion to learn from an intelligent man, who, in connection with the business, before referred to, of making cocoanut-oil, had seen much of these people, that the statements were in the main correct, and, as far as they go, fairly indicate some of the first results of the influences of civilization and the teaching of Christian missionaries among this simplest of all simple folk.

The missionary, who was himself a convert from heathenism, himself instructed in and teaching them from a Bible which, owing to the extreme poverty of their language, must have been a very deficient translation, may have been able to give but very imperfect ideas of Christian doctrines, and of their application to the every-day life and conduct of believers; but he was, I think, a sincere and conscientious man, and honestly gave them such light as he had, imparting to them what he had himself received. Having been their first teacher, and having instructed them in the new religion, he was naturally looked to for guidance and direction in other matters, and so became their Lawgiver.

We spent the following day or two on the island. The schooner arrived, and came to anchor, opposite the village, though not until her apprehensive captain had positively assured himself that we had not been eaten up on the first night of our absence.

Trade for fowls and cocoanuts was opened, and was carried on in the presence of the king and missionary, their approval being necessary for each transaction. We found occasion to visit the village on the other side of the lagoon, where we found a state of affairs precisely similar to that with which we had

already become acquainted. We looked into the church, and found the interior furnished with rather roughly made benches or seats, arranged like pews in an ordinary meeting-house among us. At one end was a high pulpit, reached by steps. The wood-work was ornamented by inlaid pearl. Before the pulpit was a table, where, the white men said, the sacrament was administered monthly. What was used as a substitute for bread and wine in this service I could not learn; but if anything other than cocoanut and water, it must have been imported for the purpose.

On the evening of the second day I had an interesting experience. Among my first acquaintances on the island were two young men who had enjoyed unusual advantages for seeing the world. A year or two previous a whale-ship had called there in passing, whose captain had induced these two youths to join the vessel in a cruise for a year, with the condition that they should be returned at the end of the time. They had accordingly spent one year in the fore-castle of this ship, and had acquired a good deal of such knowledge as the associations of the place furnished and their limited capacity enabled them to receive. They came back as travelled men. They could speak a few words of English, and this accomplishment, combined with their comparatively wider experience, made them important members of society. One was called John Allen (possibly the name of the ship), the other was Jeremiah. The latter had married the king's daughter, and John was also connected with some of the first families on the island. John and Jeremiah lived together with their families. They invited me to spend our second night at their house, and I having promised to do so, they asked a number of their aristocratic connections to meet me there in the evening "very sociably." On arriving, I found fifteen or twenty people besides the usual members of the household. The first part of the entertainment was provided in the shape of a roasted chicken and two

boiled eggs, which I was desired to eat while the host and the other guests looked on. As the chicken was small and the eggs fresh, I found this a commendable arrangement. After the cloth was removed, the company found great entertainment in asking me as many and various questions as John and Jeremiah, with their small stock of words and ideas, could put into English. Then slates and pencils were introduced, and I was desired to write my name, the name of our vessel, where we came from, and so forth, all of which was very carefully imitated by my observers. They were desirous that I should sing for them, but I was obliged to excuse myself; and, on returning the compliment by asking them for a song, John replied that I should hear them "bime-by." This was soon explained. At eight o'clock the Rap Tap sounded, and immediately all guests left the house to go to their own. When quiet was restored, John took two hymn-books and a Bible from the shelf, and, giving one hymn-book to Jeremiah, the two led off in a hymn, the rest of the family following. The words, of course, were native; and such, I judge, may have been the music, as there was no semblance of a tune. When this was concluded, John read a chapter from the Bible; and then, all kneeling down, he offered up the evening prayer.

After this there was a brief interval, during which preparations for the night's rest were made. A wooden bench or couch, covered by a mat, was appropriated to my use. The rest of the people spread their mats on the floor. John's father and mother occupied one corner. The young children lay in another corner. John and his wife took the corner nearest to me, and Jeremiah and his wife were crowded out, and so lay on their mats just outside the house, under the projecting eaves. In a few minutes everybody was asleep.

As I lay down for the night, I could but think of the position of the two white men among these people. This quiet scene of family worship, and the social and religious conditions which

its observance implied, contrasted most strangely with what they, in their evil imaginations, had expected and hoped to find. Seeking only a country without law, where they could lead lives of indolence and licentiousness, and do the works of the flesh without restraint, they found themselves among a most exacting people, and subject to laws compared with which, in their view, a state-prison discipline appeared altogether lovely. I shall long remember poor Bill, the Englishman, who, stating his grievances, and warming up with the subject, said: "Why, sir, the people are good enough in their way. I've got nothing agin the people. But you see, sir, it's the *law* that I don't like. The *law*, that they pretend to take from the Bible, and that the missionary says is the same as in my country. Now, sir, it's true as how I 'ave n't read the Bible a great deal, but I never found no such laws as theirn in what little I 'ave read. And then, when I tell 'em there's no such laws in my country, in spite of what the missionary says, they just say, 'Fine him ag'in for disputin' the missionary'; and when I say there's no law for that in the Bible, they up and say, 'Ave 'im up ag'in for sayin' it's not in the Bible.' But it's plain their Bible can't be like ourn, for, as you well know, sir, there are four-and-twenty letters in our alphabet, while there are no more than twelve in theirn, and I should just like to know how a language of twenty-four letters can be turned into one of twelve. So it stands to reason that the Bibles can't be all the same." The following day we were to leave. The two men begged to be taken away, and landed on some other island. We told them our next point of destination was an uninhabited island known as Suwarrow's (or Souvoroff's), some hundreds of miles distant. Bill declared that he knew the island of old, and would rather be left there than remain where he was. The American seconded him in this, and we finally consented to take them and two women, who, they declared, were their wives, under condi-

tion that they should disembark at Suwarrow's Island. This, they said, was what they most desired; for there they would have an island to themselves, would make their own laws, and raise a colony after their own heart. Immediately they prepared to go, but were at once met by objections on the part of the "Council," who held that the men should work out their sentence on the road before taking their departure. This, however, was finally compromised, and the party came aboard the vessel. As soon as we had said good by to our friends ashore, and completed all other arrangements, we got under way; but just as the sails were filling, and the vessel beginning to move, a cry was heard alongside, and directly a woman was discovered clinging to a rope's end that hung over the gangway. As she not only begged to be taken on board, but refused to return ashore, she was hoisted in. Probably her coming had been previously arranged; but the men, fearing a refusal, had not ventured to ask transportation for a spare wife. So we set out with five colonists. In a few days we reached the designated island. We found it similar in character to the coral islands already described, but much greater in extent, the lagoon being hardly less than twenty miles in diameter. Leading into this lagoon we found a fine channel, through which we sailed, and came to anchor in the waters of the lake. A day or two were spent in examination, during which the colonists were busy in spying out the land with reference to their future happiness. Bill declared himself disappointed. Instead of finding cocoanut-trees in abundance, he had only counted fifty. He had looked for fresh water in vain; and as the time for our departure drew near, he began to realize that the pleasure of being his own law-giver would be attended by some sacrifices. Unwilling to leave the party there against their wish, especially as the island is very rarely visited by vessels, we finally gave them the alternative of returning whence we had

brought them. This decided the matter. Both men declared that, rather than return, they would struggle for existence where they were. Cocoanuts might be scarce, but fish and crabs would abound; and they would at least have their own way, and be happy. So they began at once to build their house. The men cut the wood, and put up a rough frame, while the women gathered branches and prepared the thatch; and before we left they were about ready to go to housekeeping. We gave them a cask of water, one or two barrels of bread, some tools, fish-lines, and hooks, and some other articles very desirable under their circumstances. They professed themselves contented, and well pleased with their prospects, and promised faithfully to preserve our names in their posterity. So we bade them good by, and on the following morning, at sunrise, we hoisted our sails to the breeze and sailed out of the lagoon, while the five colonists stood on the beach, waving hats and hands, and a little red, white, and blue flag, which Bill had somehow managed to conceal or to recover from the never-to-be-forgotten "Council." I have never since heard of them. For aught that I know they are still there. If so, I trust that they get on without the world as well as the world does without them.

The voyage of which the foregoing is a partial account was made in 1860. There is a melancholy item of the subsequent history of the islands referred to which must be added. In 1863 a number of slaving-vessels were fitted out at Callao, in Peru, to cruise among the islands of the Pacific in quest of coolies, or, more properly, slaves, for the Peruvian market. The very islands

herein described, and many like them, were visited, and their defenceless inhabitants kidnapped. From Manihiki many were taken; and from Oatafu, it is said, every able-bodied man and woman and the larger children were seized and hurried off, leaving only the aged and helpless behind. There is an additional interest given to the account of this deplorable affair, by the fact that the island of Oatafu had, but a short time before, become the scene of very successful missionary labors. Christian teachers had been sent there in 1861, and the entire population had become converts. They had learned to read and write, and the church and school were in a flourishing condition. The same is true of many of the other islands depopulated by the man-stealers.

The recital of the operations of these slavers, who, in order to secure the natives on board the vessels, used force where strategy failed, in some cases driving them at the point of the bayonet, firing upon and killing many in order to terrify and capture the rest,—of the fearful suffering of all the captives, and the death of many on the voyage, and, finally, of their miserable condition in Peru,—is truly distressing. The French government, on learning the facts, promptly called the Peruvian government to account for depredations committed on islands under French protection. Unfortunately the islands that suffered most are unprotected by any nation. An indignation meeting was held in Sydney, and a memorial addressed to the British government, praying for intervention in the matter; but I have never learned what measures, if any, were adopted by that government to seek redress for this diabolical outrage upon humanity.

THE POOR IN CITIES.

HOW to relieve the poor in our cities without wounding their self-respect, by insuring them employment at fair wages, is a problem that taxes the wits of economists and philanthropists. Private charity assists many over the hard places till they can plant their feet firmly once more, and have the certainty of bread for the day. But when trouble comes in financial circles, thousands of these poor people are thrown out of employment, and, having no bread for the day, are glad of the city's supply of soup. It is no new song of sorrow that we hear, of more seamstresses than shirts, more teachers than pupils, of starvation in attics, or its alternative, infamy in the streets. The intelligence-offices are crowded with applicants for all kinds of labor, and day after day the pressure continues.

This is in Boston, the capital of the State of Massachusetts. Three miles from Boston it is next to impossible to find a woman to do plain needle-work; and in the country, a hundred miles from Boston, everybody does his or her own drudgery, for the simple reason that nobody can be hired to do it. There is plenty of material out of place, and a great scarcity when and where you want it.

It would seem, at first, that the supply would seek the demand. In ordinary cases this would occur without effort or special care, and laborers would be dispersed in such directions as would be most desirable. But the poor in our cities have now become so great in number as to require more assistance than they have ever yet had, to enable them to work out the highest prosperity for themselves and the State. A large proportion of these people are Irish immigrants of a class too ignorant to plan for themselves. Swedes and Germans generally proceed at once to the West, and found or join commu-

nities there. The Irish usually stay in the cities where they first land. They seek at once the persons they have previously known in Ireland, and through them endeavor to obtain employment, either in factories or on railroads. Indeed, it can hardly be expected that men with families will voluntarily start off for the distant parts of the country, uncertain of their destination, and unable to do anything but dig. They leave Ireland with understandings almost as limited as their accomplishments, and they need guidance and assistance, as a general rule, from the time they come to this country.

In addition to the Irish element of our population, large numbers of native women and their children crowd in attics and cellars, living from day to day on the smallest means that will sustain life. The man who keeps the slop-shop gives these women only six cents for making a shirt, not because he is a hard-hearted wretch, but because plenty of women in the country will make shirts for six cents, in their leisure hours. It is a waste of breath to urge any of these seamstresses or their daughters to seek employment in the only avenue not already crowded, namely, domestic service. From false, but not the less inveterate, notions of respectability, they decline acting in what they consider a servile capacity. To starve is disagreeable, but to answer bells is dishonorable, and what no free-born American woman will descend to. They have always hopes of an improvement in their fate; they repel the insult of public aid; they feign cheerfulness and assurance to conceal the wasting fear for the morrow; and when the morrow brings death, they leave their children with an inheritance of the same courage, endurance, and false pride which has sustained themselves. It is not easy to see how such persons can be permanently helped, except by the indi-

rect influence of change of place. The circumstances and modes of living in remote country towns often offer pleasant and acceptable openings for industry, without wounding the sensitiveness and pride already spoken of. Many of these American families have hidden themselves in city garrets, rather than face a change from abundance to poverty among those who knew them in prosperity. An entire change of position is often the salvation of families of this description; and any one familiar with the characteristics of this portion of our people can understand how difficult it is for any permanent benefit to be secured to them without this entire change. The strength and the weakness are both useful under new circumstances.

These two classes—the ignorant but industrious emigrant, and the poor, proud American—should be cared for by an association so organized as constantly to command the opportunities they need to better their condition. The work is in different parts of the State. The men and women to do the work, packed close in the attics and cellars of the city, wait for the employment which is not to be had where they are.

It may be said that the State has no right to interfere with the liberty of individuals, by directing their motions, and removing them from place to place. But has not the State the right to protect itself against pauperism, and its consequence, heavy taxation? As things now are, the honest and industrious poor strain every nerve, and live on scanty fare, in order to pay their proportion of a tax to support the idle and profligate in houses of correction or in prisons. Whenever the unemployed poor who are crowded in cities come to utter want the State must take up the burden of their support. Has not the State a right to organize guardianship as well as punishment, prevention as well as cure?

Not to look at the moral or sentimental side of the subject, but only at what good policy requires, it would

seem the duty of the State to organize some method of permanent relief for the unemployed portion of its population. The means of relief exist. The right to employ them only is wanting.

A hundred miles from the city, and at a distance from any railway, are many towns where agriculture is carried on with great difficulty, from the impossibility of procuring labor of the commonest sort. In some towns, one man only is skilled in gardening; and when "Mr. Peck" is not to be had, each gentleman must dig his own strawberry-bed, as his wife has already found it necessary to do her own scrubbing. Persons in easy circumstances, who are ready to pay high wages for service, cannot command it. These facts are so familiar to every one, that it is not necessary to repeat them, or to add that the same remarks apply to towns only twenty miles away from large cities, if they are off the great railroad lines, and necessarily at a distance from a Catholic church.

Seeing this state of things, private charity has attempted relief on a small scale, and generally, it must be confessed, with poor success. A family removed from destitution in the city to a country village proves, sometimes, a worthless addition to a small community quick to observe shortcomings, and not over-eager to make allowances for faults. Sometimes the people are unwilling to take the risk of having possible paupers thrust upon them; and the more thrifty and able the community, the greater is the dread of poor hangers-on. Many obvious objections to schemes of private charity would disappear under organized and systematic public management. Much experience, however, would be necessary in order to bring about the greatest good to the parties to be benefited; for it is not too much to say, that the benefit would be as great to the employer as to the employed.

Within three miles of Vanity Fair lives a basket-maker and his wife, with ten children. Of course they are half

starved, and are clothed mostly by charity. Yet when urged to go to Beulah, where were willows enough, room enough, food enough, and probably quite as good a market for baskets, the basket-maker declined to fly to evils that he knew not of; while the inhabitants of Beulah declined, quite as decidedly, the possibilities of pauperism involved in the proposition. No guaranties could be offered on either side. But guaranties would be offered and secured in a public organization; while wise mediation and energetic management, on the part of officers experienced in dealing with the poor, would obviate the difficulties inevitably connected with private schemes of relief. If the basket-maker, who half lives on charity where he is, had his fare paid to Beulah, forty miles off, and if somebody was there ready to receive him, to guarantee his good behavior and his rent, the inhabitants would welcome to their delectable land twelve additions to their working community; while he and his family, being at last in their proper place, would cease to be a burden, and begin to feel that there is some blessedness in living.

Franklin says: "It has been computed that, if every man and woman would work four hours a day in something useful, that labor would produce sufficient to procure all the necessities and comforts of life. Want and misery would be banished from the world, and the rest of the twenty-four hours would be leisure and pleasure."

Two things hinder a state of universal contentment, it is said, — one, that labor is not equally shared by all; the other, that the labor of all is not equally rewarded. It is not supposed that any philanthropic or economic schemes will bring about a universal competence. While vice, idleness, and improvidence continue, it is not likely Utopia will come into fashion; but the State can defend itself, and promote the health and happiness of its citizens, by wise authority and effort in their behalf. It can place its redundant poor where they can at least have the chance of

working their four hours a day; and where they can supply a want which, of itself, retards the prosperity and progress of a large portion of the community. The impossibility of procuring labor to carry on the farm in New England exists, not because the laborers are not in the State, but because they are lounging in city streets, waiting for those better times that will give them a sewer to dig, or coal to heave, or else famishing in attics, their hearts sick with hope deferred.

Let there be an "Emigrant Agency," to which unemployed persons may go, — not to be sent to Illinois or Kansas, or any far-off place, but to some point on lines radiating from a capital city, and within the State. Let there be officers employed at each extremity of these radiating lines, and at all other points where occupation is secured for the applicants, to receive the families, or the individuals, who want work, and to see that they are housed and employed. Let the emigrants begin to feel at once that the eye of the State is upon them; that they are members of a self-respecting community, and are expected to grow up both useful and ornamental.

If it be objected, that such a plan is too vast, that it requires large means, and a multitude of officers, it may be answered, that the means required would not be equal to those annually employed in the present administration of private and public beneficence in the Northern States. As now made, our great outlay scantily, unequally, and, above all, unseasonably, meets the pressing wants described. The mischief is nearly done before any relief is applied. Destitution has already taken the form of vice, and has offended public opinion and public safety before public charity offers succor. A little care beforehand, and the police-station and house of reformation would not have been needed.

The organization of the Children's Mission presents many features desirable to be copied in any association on a large scale. This Mission is intended

to benefit destitute orphans or vagrants by sending them to homes in the far West, where agents are stationed, and where homes are ready to receive the children. When a sufficient number of the little ones is collected, clothed, and instructed, they make the Western journey under the care of an agent, who delivers them in the appointed places. Correspondence is constantly kept up between these children and the officers at this end of the line. The benefit is mutual. They are saved from vice and vagrancy here, and they are welcome where work is abundant and workers few.

But New England does not want to send away her laborers. On the contrary, she needs them all. There is room enough for all, and more than work enough. In fact, labor is a great deal too well paid, — that is to say, unskilled labor. Following the law of supply and demand, the ignorant housemaid in a country town, who scarcely knows the name of the commonest utensil, and who, in justice, does not earn the bread she eats, requires, and obtains, the same wages that an experienced and competent person in the city receives. The labor must be obtained somehow, at any cost. But if there were ten times as many laborers in the country, work would be ten times better done than it is now. So many of the young men of New England have emigrated to the West, that there is abundant room for the raw material from Ireland, if only the immigrants are wisely directed and apportioned.

As to the objection, that a very large number of officers is necessary to carry on a plan of this kind, it seems hardly worth considering. Perhaps the same men who so skilfully and humanely manage the houses of correction and reformation already mentioned might be employed in a work to supersede either. The foreign population thus brought more directly under purely American influences would be greatly benefited. The Yankee leaven leavens great lumps, and the natural position of employer

gives an advantage in requiring and encouraging improvement in habits and character. In Syracuse, New York, some years ago, the writer was shown a row of pretty, white cottages, built alike, and with trim gardens to each. It was a profound surprise to learn that these dwellings were a successful experiment on the part of a large railroad proprietor, and that the houses were all occupied by Irish laborers. They were rent free the first year, on condition that they should be kept in perfect order. The next year they were rented low, but always on the same condition; and for some time the occupants had now paid full rent, and had great pride in keeping their little places with order and neatness. This experiment would seem to prove that progress is possible, under favorable circumstances, even among the reckless and improvident Hibernians.

The late Governor Andrew, when he sent one hundred respectable, well-educated young women to the extreme West, where there were no such luxuries, and provided them with a suitable escort thither, and an assurance of employment at their journey's end, did the right thing in the right way, which might well be imitated on a large scale with the redundant poor who are unemployed in our cities. For these young women were educated to an employment which was already crowded. They were removed, at the expense of the State, to a place where they were needed, to a part of the country where their education would be useful to themselves and those about them. Who shall say what will be the difference between a community formed under such New England influences, and one grown up with casual and possibly barbarous influences? Such power has character that it is believed many hundreds of thousands of impressible Irish men and women might be made into excellent Yankees, if they were so dispersed as to receive fairly, and without prejudice, the unconscious education that would come from daily contact with our own people. There might be a mutual in-

fluence with advantage to both ; but the sterner characteristics would be the stronger ones, at least in this bracing climate, and we should see, in the next generation, the vivacious Irish temperament assimilated in outward gravity to that of the Yankee, while he, in his turn, might have possibly borrowed something of the other's hilarity. The unconscious missionaries acting daily at the heads of households are illustrations of this. An Irish girl who has been in an American family for a year will have so much changed her accent, that, when the rest of her family follow her from Ireland, as they generally do by that time, they scarcely recognize her speech.

If these people were generally dispersed through the country, and those gregarious habits broken up which are both the cause and effect of poverty, they would soon be visibly affected and changed by the direct social influences that would be brought to bear on them. For every reason, political and religious, it is desirable that the victims of poverty, ignorance, and vice now crowded together in cities, and totally incapable of making any feasible arrangements for their own advantage, should receive the systematic aid of the State in seeking a market for their labor, and the opportunity permanently to better their lot.

MY SHIP AT SEA.

O SAILOR, have you spoken her, and on what distant sea,
The ship, so long expected, that is coming home to me?
When shall I mark the sun and wave break into sparkling spray,
As, laden with my ventures, she comes sailing up the bay?

O sailor, if you have not hailed my ship by sea or shore,
Some word, mayhap, you bring of her, unheard by me before ;
For fairer far than all the fleets of India or Cathay
Is the craft that flies my colors, and that cruises far away!

Not Count Arnaldos' shining prow, that sailed with satin sails ;
Not Cleopatra's burnished barge, wooed by the lovesick gales ;
Nor that famed ship of old which bore the Argonauts from Greece,
By Orphean strains accompanied, to win the Golden Fleece, —

Great Cæsar and his fortunes not that classic bark which bore,
Nor that in which Queen Dido saw Æneas quit the shore ;
Nor that wherein, as Horace sings, one half his soul was penned,
Because among her passengers embarked his dearest friend, —

Not those proud galleons of Spain whose bulging hulls we know
Brought tribute to her conquering Crown the wealth of Mexico,
And rivalled all romance of the Old World in the New,
When Pizarro blazed upon her with the plunder of Peru, —

Not that sea-ranger bold whose fame will nevermore be hid,
Whilst 'tween decks sailor-yarns are spun of Captain Robert Kidd,
Nor those which even now excite the merchantman's grim fears
As o'er the Spanish Main he roves, where roved the buccaneers, —

Not that immortal vessel whose memory is as sweet
As was the blessed name she bore when first the Pilgrims' feet
In pious faith and holy zeal her narrow deckways trod,
Self-consecrate to liberty, to justice, and to God,—

Not all the storied stately helms of history or of song,
Not all whose war-set pennants gleam the martial waves along,
Not all the ships, in sooth, that sail, or ever sailed, the sea,—
Are half so fair as that which bears my signals floating free!

From truck to keelson, fore and aft from shapely stem to stern,
The sea reflects no line of hers my heart does not return;
And all my fondest hopes and prayers encircle her around,
As Xerxes' palm on every branch with chains of gold was bound.

More dear to me than silken bales, or wealth of Eastern zones,
Frankincense, myrrh, and ivory, rich gums and precious stones,
She carries for her cargo my life's uncounted years,
With all their hidden mysteries of future smiles and tears.

O speed her, every prospering gale, and every subject sea!
Those solemn stars by whom she steers, O guide her course to me!
For what care I for all the fleets of India or Cathay,
If the ship that bears my fortunes shall cruise so far away?

DE GREY: A ROMANCE.

IT was the year 1820, and Mrs. De Grey, by the same token, as they say in Ireland (and, for that matter, out of it), had reached her sixty-seventh spring. She was, nevertheless, still a handsome woman, and, what is better yet, still an amiable woman. The untroubled, unruffled course of her life had left as few wrinkles on her temper as on her face. She was tall and full of person, with dark eyes and abundant white hair, which she rolled back from her forehead over a cushion, or some such artifice. The freshness of youth and health had by no means faded out of her cheeks, nor had the smile of her imperturbable courtesy expired on her lips. She dressed, as became a woman of her age and a widow, in black garments, but relieved with a great deal of white, with a number of handsome rings on her fair hands. Frequently, in the

spring, she wore a little flower or a sprig of green leaves in the bosom of her gown. She had been accused of receiving these little floral ornaments from the hands of Mr. Herbert (of whom I shall have more to say); but the charge is unfounded, inasmuch as they were very carefully selected from a handful cut in the garden by her maid.

That Mrs. De Grey should have been just the placid and elegant old lady that she was, remained, in the eyes of the world at large, in spite of an abundance of a certain sort of evidence in favor of such a result, more or less of a puzzle and a problem. It is true, that every one who knew anything about her knew that she had enjoyed great material prosperity, and had suffered no misfortunes. She was mistress in her own right of a handsome

property and a handsome house; she had lost her husband, indeed, within a year after marriage; but, as the late George De Grey had been of a sullen and brooding humor, — to that degree, indeed, as to incur the suspicion of insanity, — her loss, leaving her well provided for, might in strictness have been accounted a gain. Her son, moreover, had never given her a moment's trouble; he had grown up a charming young man, handsome, witty, and wise; he was a model of filial devotion. The lady's health was good; she had half a dozen perfect servants; she had the perpetual company of the incomparable Mr. Herbert; she was as fine a figure of an elderly woman as any in town; she might, therefore, very well have been happy and have looked so. On the other hand, a dozen sensible women had been known to declare with emphasis, that not for all her treasures and her felicity would they have consented to be Mrs. De Grey. These ladies were, of course, unable to give a logical reason for so strong an aversion. But it is certain that there hung over Mrs. De Grey's history and circumstances a film, as it were, a shadow of mystery, which struck a chill upon imaginations which might easily have been kindled into envy of her good fortune. "She lives in the dark," some one had said of her. Close observers did her the honor to believe that there was a secret in her life, but of a wholly undefined character. Was she the victim of some lurking sorrow, or the mistress of some clandestine joy? These imputations, we may easily believe, are partially explained by the circumstance that she was a Catholic, and kept a priest in her house. The unexplained portion might very well, moreover, have been discredited by Mrs. De Grey's perfectly candid and complacent demeanor. It was certainly hard to conceive, in talking with her, to what part of her person one might pin a mystery, — whether on her clear, round eyes or her handsome, benevolent lips. Let us say, then, in defiance of the voice of society, that she was no tragedy queen.

She was a fine woman, a dull woman, a perfect gentlewoman. She had taken life, as she liked a cup of tea, — weak, with an exquisite aroma and plenty of cream and sugar. She had never lost her temper, for the excellent reason that she had none to lose. She was troubled with no fears, no doubts, no scruples, and blessed with no sacred certainties. She was fond of her son, of the church, of her garden, and of her toilet. She had the very best taste; but, morally, one may say that she had had no history.

Mrs. De Grey had always lived in seclusion; for a couple of years previous to the time of which I speak she had lived in solitude. Her son, on reaching his twenty-third year, had gone to Europe for a long visit, in pursuance of a plan discussed at intervals between his mother and Mr. Herbert during the whole course of his boyhood. They had made no attempt to forecast his future career, or to prepare him for a profession. Strictly, indeed, he was at liberty, like his late father, to dispense with a profession. Not that it was to be wished that he should take his father's life as an example. It was understood by the world at large, and, of course, by Mrs. De Grey and her companion in particular, that this gentleman's existence had been blighted, at an early period, by an unhappy love-affair; and it was notorious that, in consequence, he had spent the few years of his maturity in gloomy idleness and dissipation. Mrs. De Grey, whose own father was an Englishman, reduced to poverty, but with claims to high gentility, professed herself unable to understand why Paul should not live decently on his means. Mr. Herbert declared that in America, in any walk of life, idleness was indecent; and that he hoped the young man would — nominally at least — select a career. It was agreed on both sides, however, that there was no need for haste; and that it was proper, in the first place, he should see the world. The world, to Mrs. De Grey, was little more than a name; but to Mr. Herbert, priest as he was, it was

a vivid reality. Yet he felt that the generous and intelligent youth upon whose education he had lavished all the treasures of his tenderness and sagacity, was not unfitted, either by nature or culture, to measure his sinews against its trials and temptations; and that he should love him the better for coming home at twenty-five an accomplished gentleman and a good Catholic, sobered and seasoned by experience, sceptical in small matters, confident in great, and richly replete with good stories. When he came of age, Paul received his walking-ticket, as they say, in the shape of a letter of credit for a handsome sum on certain London bankers. But the young man pocketed the letter, and remained at home, poring over books, lounging in the garden, and scribbling heroic verses. At the end of a year, he plucked up a little ambition, and took a turn through the country, travelling much of the way on horseback. He came back an ardent American, and felt that he might go abroad without danger. During his absence in Europe he had written home innumerable long letters, — compositions so elaborate (in the taste of that day, recent as it is) and so delightful, that, between their pride in his epistolary talent, and their longing to see his face, his mother and his ex-tutor would have been at a loss to determine whether he gave them more satisfaction at home or abroad.

With his departure the household was plunged in unbroken repose. Mrs. De Grey neither went out nor entertained company. An occasional morning call was the only claim made upon her hospitality. Mr. Herbert, who was a great scholar, spent all his hours in study; and his patroness sat for the most part alone, arrayed with a perfection of neatness which there was no one to admire (unless it be her waiting-maid, to whom it remained a constant matter of awe), reading a pious book or knitting under-garments for the orthodox needy. At times, indeed, she wrote long letters to her son, — the contents of which Mr. Herbert found

it hard to divine. This was accounted a dull life forty years ago; now, doubtless, it would be considered no life at all. It is no matter of wonder, therefore, that finally, one April morning, in her sixty-seventh year, as I have said, Mrs. De Grey suddenly began to suspect that she was lonely. Another long year, at least, was to come and go before Paul's return. After meditating for a while in silence, Mrs. De Grey resolved to take counsel with Father Herbert.

This gentleman, an Englishman by birth, had been an intimate friend of George De Grey, who had made his acquaintance during a visit to Europe, before his marriage. Mr. Herbert was a younger son of an excellent Catholic family, and was at that time beginning, on small resources, the practice of the law. De Grey met him in London, and the two conceived a strong mutual sympathy. Herbert had neither taste for his profession nor apparent ambition of any sort. He was, moreover, in weak health; and his friend found no difficulty in persuading him to accept the place of travelling companion through France and Italy. De Grey carried a very long purse, and was a most liberal friend and patron; and the two young men accomplished their progress as far as Venice in the best spirits and on the best terms. But in Venice, for reasons best known to themselves, they bitterly and irretrievably quarrelled. Some persons said it was over a card-table, and some said it was about a woman. At all events, in consequence, De Grey returned to America, and Herbert repaired to Rome. He obtained admission into a monastery, studied theology, and finally was invested with priestly orders. In America, in his thirty-third year, De Grey married the lady whom I have described. A few weeks after his marriage he wrote to Herbert, expressing a vehement desire to be reconciled. Herbert felt that the letter was that of a most unhappy man; he had already forgiven him; he pitied him, and after a short delay succeeded in obtaining

an ecclesiastical mission to the United States. He reached New York and presented himself at his friend's house, which from this moment became his home. Mrs. De Grey had recently given birth to a son; her husband was confined to his room by illness, reduced to a shadow of his former self by repeated sensual excesses. He survived Herbert's arrival but a couple of months; and after his death the rumor went abroad that he had by his last will settled a handsome income upon the priest, on condition that he would continue to reside with his widow, and take the entire charge of his boy's education.

This rumor was confirmed by the event. For twenty-five years, at the time of which I write, Herbert had lived under Mrs. De Grey's roof as her friend and companion and counsellor, and as her son's tutor. Once reconciled to his friend, he had gradually dropped his priestly character. He was of an essentially devout temperament, but he craved neither parish nor pulpit. On the other hand, he had become an indefatigable student. His late friend had bequeathed to him a valuable library, which he gradually enlarged. His passion for study, however, appeared singularly disinterested, inasmuch as, for many years, his little friend Paul was the sole witness and receptacle of his learning. It is true that he composed a large portion of a History of the Catholic Church in America, which, although the manuscript exists, has never seen, and, I suppose, is never destined to see, the light. It is in the very best keeping, for it contains an immense array of facts. The work is written, not from a sympathetic, but from a strictly respectful point of view; but it has a fatal defect, — it lacks unction.

The same complaint might have been made of Father Herbert's personal character. He was the soul of politeness, but it was a cold and formal courtesy. When he smiled, it was, as the French say, with the end of his lips, and when he took your hand, with

the end of his fingers. He had had a charming face in his younger days, and, when gentlemen dressed their hair with powder, his fine black eyes must have produced the very best effect. But he had lost his hair, and he wore on his naked crown a little black silk cap. Round his neck he had a black cravat of many folds, without any collar. He was short and slight, with a stoop in his shoulders, and a handsome pair of hands.

"If it were not for a sad sign to the contrary," said Mrs. De Grey, in pursuance of her resolve to take counsel of her friend, "I should believe I am growing younger."

"What is the sign to the contrary?" asked Herbert.

"I'm losing my eyes. I can't see to read. Suppose I should become blind."

"And what makes you suspect that you are growing young again?"

"I feel lonely. I lack company. I miss Paul."

"You will have Paul back in a year."

"Yes; but in the mean while I shall be miserable. I wish I knew some nice person whom I might ask to stay with me."

"Why don't you take a companion, — some poor gentlewoman in search of a home? She would read to you, and talk to you."

"No; that would be dreadful. She would be sure to be old and ugly. I should like some one to take Paul's place, — some one young and fresh like him. We're all so terribly old, in the house. You're at least seventy; I'm sixty-five" (Mrs. De Grey was pleased to say); "Deborah is sixty, the cook and coachman are fifty-five apiece."

"You want a young girl then?"

"Yes, some nice, fresh young girl, who would laugh once in a while, and make a little music, — a little sound in the house."

"Well," said Herbert, after reflecting a moment, "you had better suit yourself before Paul comes home. You have only a year."

"Dear me," said Mrs. De Grey; "I

should n't feel myself obliged to turn her out on Paul's account."

Father Herbert looked at his companion with a penetrating glance. "Nevertheless, my dear lady," he said, "you know what I mean."

"O yes, I know what you mean, — and you, Father Herbert, know what I think."

"Yes, madam, and, allow me to add, that I don't greatly care. Why should I? I hope with all my heart that you'll never find yourself compelled to think otherwise."

"It is certain," said Mrs. De Grey; "that Paul has had time to play out his little tragedy a dozen times over."

"His father," rejoined Herbert, gravely, "was twenty-six years old."

At these words Mrs. De Grey looked at the priest with a slight frown and a flushed cheek. But he took no pains to meet her eyes, and in a few moments she had recovered, in silence, her habitual calmness.

Within a week after this conversation Mrs. De Grey observed at church two persons who appeared to be strangers in the congregation: an elderly woman, meanly clad, and evidently in ill health, but with a great refinement of person and manner; and a young girl whom Mrs. De Grey took for her daughter. On the following Sunday she again found them at their devotions, and was forcibly struck by a look of sadness and trouble in their faces and attitude. On the third Sunday they were absent; but it happened that during the walk, going to confession, she met the young girl, pale, alone, and dressed in mourning, apparently just leaving the confessional. Something in her gait and aspect assured Mrs. De Grey that she was alone in the world, friendless and helpless; and the good lady, who at times was acutely sensible of her own isolation in society, felt a strong and sympathetic prompting to speak to the stranger, and ask the secret of her sorrow. She stopped her before she left the church, and, addressing her with the utmost kindness, succeeded so speedily in winning her con-

fidence that in half an hour she was in possession of the young girl's entire history. She had just lost her mother, and she found herself in the great city penniless, and all but houseless. They were from the South; her father had been an officer in the navy, and had perished at sea, two years before. Her mother's health had failed, and they had come to New York, ill-advisedly enough, to consult an eminent physician. He had been very kind, he had taken no fees, but his skill had been applied in vain. Their money had melted away in other directions, — for food and lodging and clothing. There had been enough left to give the poor lady a decent burial; but no means of support save her own exertions remained for the young girl. She had no relatives to look to, but she professed herself abundantly willing to work. "I look weak," she said, "and pale, but I'm really strong. It's only that I'm tired, — and sad. I'm ready to do anything. But I don't know where to look." She had lost her color and the roundness and elasticity of youth; she was thin and ill-dressed; but Mrs. De Grey saw that at her best she must be properly a very pretty creature, and that she was evidently, by rights, a charming girl. She looked at the elder lady with lustrous, appealing blue eyes from under the hideous black bonnet in which her masses of soft light hair were tucked away. She assured her that she had received a very good education, and that she played on the piano-forte. Mrs. De Grey fancied her divested of her rusty weeds, and dressed in a white frock and a blue ribbon, reading aloud at an open window, or touching the keys of her old not unmelodious spinnet; for if she took her (as she mentally phrased it) Mrs. De Grey was resolved that she would not be harassed with the sight of her black garments. It was plain that, frightened and faint and nervous as she was, the poor child would take any service unconditionally. She kissed her then tenderly within the sacred precinct, and led her away to her carriage, quite

forgetting her business with her confessor. On the following day Margaret Aldis (such was the young girl's name) was transferred in the same vehicle to Mrs. De Grey's own residence.

This edifice was demolished some years ago, and the place where it stood forms at the present moment the very centre of a turbulent thoroughfare. But at the period of which I speak it stood on the outskirts of the town, with as vast a prospect of open country in one direction as in the other of close-built streets. It was an excellent old mansion, moreover, in the best taste of the time, with large square rooms and broad halls and deep windows, and, above all, a delightful great garden, hedged off from the road by walls of dense verdure. Here, steeped in repose and physical comfort, rescued from the turbid stream of common life, and placed apart in the glow of tempered sunshine, valued, esteemed, caressed, and yet feeling that she was not a mere passive object of charity, but that she was doing her simple utmost to requite her protectress, poor Miss Aldis bloomed and flowered afresh. With rest and luxury and leisure, her natural gayety and beauty came back to her. Her beauty was not dazzling, indeed, nor her gayety obtrusive; but, united, they were the flower of girlish grace. She still retained a certain tenuity and fragility of aspect, a lightness of tread, a softness of voice, a faintness of coloring, which suggested an intimate acquaintance with suffering. But there seemed to burn, nevertheless, in her deep blue eyes the light of an almost passionate vitality; and there sat on her firm, pale lips the utterance of a determined, devoted will. It seemed at times as if she gave herself up with a sensuous, reckless, half-thankless freedom to the mere consciousness of security. It was evident that she had an innate love of luxury. She would sometimes sit, motionless, for hours, with her head thrown back, and her eyes slowly wandering, in a silent ecstasy of content. At these times Father Herbert, who had ob-

served her attentively from the moment of her arrival (for, scholar and recluse as he was, he had not lost the faculty of appreciating feminine grace), — at these times the old priest would watch her covertly and marvel at the fantastic, soulless creature whom Mrs. De Grey had taken to her side. One evening, after a prolonged stupor of this sort, in which the young girl had neither moved nor spoken, sitting like one whose soul had detached itself and was wandering through space, she rose, on Mrs. De Grey's at last giving her an order, and moved forward as if in compliance; and then, suddenly rushing toward the old woman, she fell on her knees, and buried her head in her lap and burst into a paroxysm of sobs. Herbert, who had been standing by, went and laid one hand on her head, and with the other made over it the sign of the cross, in the manner of a benediction, — a consecration of the passionate gratitude which had finally broken out into utterance. From this moment he loved her.

Margaret read aloud to Mrs. De Grey, and on Sunday evenings sang in a clear, sweet voice the chants of their Church, and occupied herself constantly with fine needle-work, in which she possessed great skill. They spent the long summer mornings together, in reading and work and talk. Margaret told her companion the simple, sad details of the history of which she had already given her the outline; and Mrs. De Grey, who found it natural to look upon them as a kind of practical romance organized for her entertainment, made her repeat them over a dozen times. Mrs. De Grey, too, honored the young girl with a recital of her own biography, which, in its vast vacuity, produced upon Margaret's mind a vague impression of grandeur. The vacuity, indeed, was relieved by the figure of Paul, whom Mrs. De Grey never grew weary of describing, and of whom, finally, Margaret grew very fond of thinking. She listened most attentively to Mrs. De Grey's eulogies of her son; and thought it a great pity he was not at

home. And then she began to long for his return, and then, suddenly, she began to fear it. Perhaps he would dislike her being in the house, and turn her out of doors. It was evident that his mother was not prepared to contradict him. Perhaps—worse still—he would marry some foreign woman, and bring her home, and she would turn wickedly jealous of Margaret (in the manner of foreign women). De Grey, roaming through Europe, took for granted, piously enough, that he was never absent from his good mother's thoughts; but he remained superbly unconscious of the dignity which he had usurped in the meditations of her humble companion. Truly, we know where our lives begin, but who shall say where they end? Here was a careless young gentleman whose existence enjoyed a perpetual echo in the soul of a poor girl utterly unknown to him. Mrs. De Grey had two portraits of her son, which, of course, she lost no time in exhibiting to Margaret,—one taken in his boyhood, with brilliant red hair and cheeks, the lad's body encased in a bright blue jacket, and his neck encircled in a frill, open very low; the other, executed just before his departure, a handsome young man in a buff waistcoat, clean shaven, with an animated countenance, dark, close-curling auburn hair, and very fine eyes. The former of these designs Margaret thought a very pretty child; but to the other the poor girl straightway lost her heart,—the more easily that Mrs. De Grey assured her, that, although the picture was handsome enough, it conveyed but the faintest idea of her boy's adorable flesh and blood. In a couple of months arrived a long-expected letter from Paul, and with it another portrait,—a miniature, painted in Paris by a famous artist. Here Paul appeared a far more elegant figure than in the work of the American painter. In what the change consisted it was hard to tell; but his mother declared that it was easy to see that he had spent two years in the best company in Europe.

"O, the best company!" said Father

Herbert, who knew the force of this term. And, smiling a moment with in-offensive scorn, he relapsed into his wonted gravity.

"I think he looks very sad," said Margaret, timidly.

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Herbert, impatiently. "He looks like a coxcomb. Of course, it's the Frenchman's fault," he added, more gently. "Why on earth does he send us his picture at all? It's a great piece of impertinence. Does he think we've forgotten him? When I want to remember my boy, I have something better to look to than that flaunting bit of ivory."

At these words the two ladies went off, carrying the portrait with them, to read Paul's letter in private. It was in eight pages, and Margaret read it aloud. Then, when she had finished, she read it again; and in the evening she read it once more. The next day, Mrs. De Grey, taking the young girl quite into her confidence, brought out a large packet containing his earlier letters, and Margaret spent the whole morning in reading them over aloud. That evening she took a stroll in the garden alone,—the garden in which *he* had played as a boy, and lounged and dreamed as a young man. She found his name—his beautiful name—rudely cut on a wooden bench. Introduced, as it seemed to her that she had been by his letters, into the precincts of his personality, the mystery of his being, the magic circle of his feelings and opinions and fancies; wandering by his side, unseen, over Europe, and treading, unheard, the sounding pavements of famous churches and palaces, she felt that she tasted for the first time of the substance and sweetness of life. Margaret walked about for an hour in the starlight, among the dusky, perfumed alleys. Mrs. De Grey, feeling unwell, had gone to her room. The young girl heard the far-off hum of the city slowly decrease and expire, and then, when the stillness of the night was unbroken, she came back into the parlor across the long window, and lit one of the great silver candlesticks that decorated the ends of

the mantel. She carried it to the wall where Mrs. De Grey had suspended her son's miniature, having first inserted it in an immense gold frame, from which she had expelled a less valued picture. Margaret felt that she must see the portrait before she went to bed. There was a certain charm and ravishment in beholding it privately by candlelight. The wind had risen, — a warm west wind, — and the long white curtains of the open windows swayed and bulged in the gloom in a spectral fashion. Margaret guarded the flame of the candle with her hand, and gazed at the polished surface of the portrait, warm in the light, beneath its glittering plate of glass. What an immensity of life and passion was concentrated into those few square inches of artificial color! The young man's eyes seemed to gaze at her with a look of profound recognition. They held her fascinated; she lingered on the spot, unable to move. Suddenly the clock on the chimney-piece rang out a single clear stroke. Margaret started and turned about, at the thought that it was already half past ten. She raised her candle aloft to look at the dial-plate; and perceived three things: that it was one o'clock in the morning, that her candle was half burnt out, and that some one was watching her from the other side of the room. Setting down her light, she recognized Father Herbert.

"Well, Miss Aldis," he said, coming into the light, "what do you think of it?"

Margaret was startled and confused, but not abashed. "How long have I been here?" she asked, simply.

"I have no idea. I myself have been here half an hour."

"It was very kind of you not to disturb me," said Margaret, less simply.

"It was a very pretty picture," said Herbert.

"O, it's beautiful!" cried the young girl, casting another glance at the portrait over her shoulder.

The old man smiled sadly, and turned away, and then, coming back, "How do you like our young man, Miss Al-

dis?" he asked, apparently with a painful effort.

"I think he's very handsome," said Margaret, frankly.

"He's not so handsome as that," said Herbert.

"His mother says he's handsomer."

"A mother's testimony in such cases is worth very little. Paul is well enough, but he's no miracle."

"I think he looks sad," said Margaret. "His mother says he's very gay."

"He may have changed vastly within two years. Do you think," the old man added, after a pause, "that he looks like a man in love?"

"I don't know," said Margaret, in a low voice. "I never saw one."

"Never?" said the priest, with an earnestness which surprised the young girl.

She blushed a little. "Never, Father Herbert."

The priest's dark eyes were fixed on her with a strange intensity of expression. "I hope, my child, you never may," he said, solemnly.

The tone of his voice was not unkind, but it seemed to Margaret as if there were something cruel and chilling in the wish. "Why not I as well as another?" she asked.

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "O, it's a long story," he said.

The summer passed away and flushed into autumn, and the autumn slowly faded, and finally expired in the cold embrace of December. Mrs. De Grey had written to her son of her having taken Margaret into her service. At this time came a letter in which the young man was pleased to express his satisfaction at this measure. "Present my compliments to Miss Aldis," he wrote, "and assure her of my gratitude for the comfort she has given my dear mother, — of which, indeed, I hope before very long to inform her in person." In writing these good-natured words Paul De Grey little suspected the infinite reverberation they were to have in poor Margaret's heart. A month later arrived a letter, which was handed to Mrs. De Grey at breakfast. "You

will have received my letter of December 3d," it began (a letter which had miscarried and failed to arrive), "and will have formed your respective opinions of its contents." As Mrs. De Grey read these words, Father Herbert looked at Margaret; she had turned pale. "Favorable or not," the letter continued, "I am sorry to be obliged to bid you undo them again. But my engagement to Miss L. is broken off. It had become impossible. As I made no attempt to give you a history of it, or to set forth my motives, so I shall not now attempt to go into the logic of the rupture. But it's broken clean off, I assure you. Amen." And the letter passed to other matters, leaving our friends sadly perplexed. They awaited the arrival of the missing letter; but all in vain; it never came. Mrs. De Grey immediately wrote to her son, urgently requesting an explanation of the events to which he had referred. His next letter, however, contained none of the desired information. Mrs. De Grey repeated her request. Whereupon Paul wrote that he would tell her the story when he had reached home. He hated to talk about it. "Don't be uneasy, dear mother," he added; "Heaven has insured me against a relapse. Miss L. died three weeks ago at Naples." As Mrs. De Grey read these words, she laid down the letter and looked at Father Herbert, who had been called to hear it. His pale face turned ghastly white, and he returned the old woman's gaze with compressed lips and a stony immobility in his eyes. Then, suddenly, a fierce, inarticulate cry broke from his throat, and, doubling up his fist, he brought it down with a terrible blow on the table. Margaret sat watching him, amazed. He rose to his feet, seized her in his arms, and pressed her on his neck.

"My child! my child!" he cried, in a broken voice, "I have always loved you! I have been harsh and cold and crabbed. I was fearful. The thunder has fallen! Forgive me, child. I'm myself again." Margaret, frightened, disengaged herself, but he kept her

hand. "Poor boy!" he cried, with a tremulous sigh.

Mrs. De Grey sat smelling her vinaigrette, but not visibly discomposed. "Poor boy!" she repeated, but without a sigh,—which gave the words an ironical sound.—"He had ceased to care for her," she said.

"Ah, madam!" cried the priest, "don't blaspheme. Go down on your knees, and thank God that *we* have been spared that hideous sight!"

Mystified and horrified, Margaret drew her hand from his grasp, and looked with wondering eyes at Mrs. De Grey. She smiled faintly, touched her forefinger to her forehead, tapped it, raised her eyebrows, and shook her head.

From counting the months that were to elapse before Paul's return, our friends came to counting the weeks, and then the days. The month of May arrived; Paul had sailed from England. At this time Mrs. De Grey opened her son's room, and caused it to be prepared for occupation. The contents were just as he had left them; she bade Margaret come in and see it. Margaret looked at her face in his mirror, and sat down a moment on his sofa, and examined the books on his shelves. They seemed a prodigious array; they were in several languages, and gave a deep impression of their owner's attainments. Over the chimney hung a small sketch in pencil, which Margaret made haste to inspect,—a likeness of a young girl, skilfully enough drawn. The original had apparently been very handsome, in the dark style; and in the corner of the sketch was written the artist's name,—*De Grey*. Margaret looked at the portrait in silence, with quickened heart-beats.

"Is this Mr. Paul's?" she asked at last of her companion.

"It belongs to Paul," said Mrs. De Grey. "He used to be very fond of it, and insisted upon hanging it there. His father sketched it before our marriage."

Margaret drew a breath of relief. "And who is the lady?" she asked.

"I hardly know. Some foreign person, I think, that Mr. De Grey had been struck with. There's something about her in the other corner."

In effect, Margaret detected on the opposite side of the sketch, written in minute characters, the word "*obiit*, 1786."

"You don't know Latin, I take it, my dear," said Mrs. De Grey, as Margaret read the inscription. "It means that she died thirty-four good years ago."

"Poor girl!" said Margaret, softly. As they were leaving the room, she lingered on the threshold and looked about her, wishing that she might leave some little memento of her visit. "If we knew just when he would arrive," she said, "I would put some flowers on his table. But they might fade."

As Mrs. De Grey assured her that the moment of his arrival was quite uncertain, she left her fancied nosegay uncut, and spent the rest of the day in a delightful tremor of anticipation, ready to see the dazzling figure of a young man, equipped with strange foreign splendor, start up before her and look at her in cold surprise, and hurry past her in search of his mother. At every sound of footsteps or of an opening door she laid down her work, and listened curiously. In the evening, as if by a common instinct of expectancy, Father Herbert met Mrs. De Grey in the front drawing-room, — an apartment devoted exclusively to those festivities which never occurred in the annals of this tranquil household.

"A year ago to-day, madam," said Margaret, as they all sat silent among the gathering shadows, "I came into your house. To-day ends a very happy year."

"Let us hope," said Father Herbert, sententiously, "that to-morrow will begin another."

"Ah, my dear lady!" cried Margaret, with emotion; "my good father, — my only friends, — what harm can come to me with you? It was you who rescued me from harm." Her heart was swollen with gratitude, and her eyes

with rising tears. She gave a long shudder at the thought of the life that might have been her fate. But, feeling a natural indisposition to obtrude her peculiar sensations upon the attention of persons so devoutly absorbed in the thought of a coming joy, she left her place, and wandered away into the garden. Before many minutes, a little gate opened in the paling, not six yards from where she stood. A man came in, whom, in the dim light, she knew to be Paul De Grey. Approaching her rapidly, he made a movement as if to greet her, but stopped suddenly, and removed his hat.

"Ah, you're Miss — the young lady," he said.

He had forgotten her name. This was something other, something less felicitous, than the cold surprise of the figure in Margaret's vision. Nevertheless, she answered him, audibly enough: "They are in the drawing-room; they expect you."

He bounded along the path, and entered the house. She followed him slowly to the window, and stood without, listening. The silence of the young man's welcome told of its warmth.

Paul De Grey had made good use of his sojourn in Europe; he had lost none of his old merits, and had gained a number of new ones. He was by nature and culture an intelligent, amiable, accomplished fellow. It was his fortune to possess a peculiar, indefinable charm of person and manner. He was tall and slight of structure, but compact, firm, and active, with a clear, fair complexion, an open, prominent brow, crisp auburn hair, and eyes — a glance, a smile — radiant with youth and intellect. His address was frank, manly, and direct; and yet it seemed to Margaret that his bearing was marked by a certain dignity and elegance — at times even verging upon formalism — which distinguished it from that of other men. It was not, however, that she detected in his character any signs of that strange principle of melancholy which had exerted so powerful an action upon the other members of the house-

hold (and, from what she was able to gather, on his father). She fancied, on the contrary, that she had never known less levity associated with a more exquisite mirth. If Margaret had been of a more analytical turn of mind, she would have told herself that Paul De Grey's nature was eminently aristocratic. But the young girl contented herself with understanding it less, and secretly loving it more; and when she was in want of an epithet, she chose a simpler term. Paul was like a ray of splendid sunshine in the dull, colorless lives of the two women; he filled the house with light and heat and joy. He moved, to Margaret's fancy, in a circle of almost supernatural glory. His words, as they fell from his lips, seemed diamonds and pearls; and, in truth, his conversation, for a month after his return, was in the last degree delightful. Mrs. De Grey's house was *par excellence* the abode of leisure, — a castle of indolence; and Paul in talking, and his companions in listening, were conscious of no jealous stress of sordid duties. The summer days were long, and Paul's daily fund of loquacity was inexhaustible. A week after his arrival, after breakfast, Father Herbert contracted the habit of carrying him off to his study; and Margaret, passing the half-open door, would hear the changeful music of his voice. She begrudged the old man, at these times, the exclusive enjoyment of so much eloquence. She felt that with his tutor, Paul's talk was far wiser and richer than it was possible it should be with two simple-minded women; and the young girl had a pious longing to hear him, to see him, at his best. A brilliant best it was to Father Herbert's mind; for Paul had surpassed his fondest hopes. He had amassed such a store of knowledge; he had learned all the good that the old man had enjoined upon him; and, although he had not wholly ignored the evil against which the priest had warned him, he judged it so wisely and wittily! Women and priests, as a general thing, like a man none the less for not being ut-

terly innocent. Father Herbert took an unutterable satisfaction in the happy development of Paul's character. He was more than the son of his loins: he was the child of his intellect, his patience, and devotion.

The afternoons and evenings Paul was free to devote to his mother, who, out of her own room, never dispensed for an hour with Margaret's attendance. This, thanks to the young girl's delicate tact and sympathy, had now become an absolute necessity. Margaret sat by with her work, while Paul talked, and marvelled at his inexhaustible stock of gossip and anecdote and forcible, vivid description. He made cities and churches and galleries and playhouses swarm and shine before her enchanted senses, and reproduced the people he had met and the scenery through which he had travelled, until the young girl's head turned at the rapid succession of images and pictures. And then, at times, he would seem to grow weary, and would sink into silence; and Margaret, looking up askance from her work, would see his eyes absently fixed, and a faint smile on his face, or else a cold gravity, and she would wonder what far-off memory had called back his thoughts to that unknown European world. Sometimes, less frequently, when she raised her eyes, she found him watching her own figure, her bent head, and the busy movement of her hands. But (as yet, at least) he never turned away his glance in confusion; he let his eyes rest, and justified his scrutiny by some simple and natural remark.

But as the weeks passed by, and the summer grew to its fulness, Mrs. De Grey contracted the habit of going after dinner to her own room, where, we may respectfully conjecture, she passed the afternoon in dishabille and slumber. But De Grey and Miss Aldis tacitly agreed together that, in the prime and springtime of life, it was stupid folly to waste in any such fashion the longest and brightest hours of the year; and so they, on their side, contracted the habit of sitting in the darkened drawing-room,

and gossiping away the time until within an hour of tea. Sometimes, for a change, they went across the garden into a sort of summer-house, which occupied a central point in the enclosure, and stood with its face averted from the mansion, and looking to the north, and with its sides covered with dense, clustering vines. Within, against the wall, was a deep garden bench, and in the middle a table, upon which Margaret placed her work-basket, and the young man the book, which, under the pretence of meaning to read, he usually carried in his hand. Within was coolness and deep shade and silence, and without the broad glare of the immense summer sky. When I say there was silence, I mean that there was nothing to interrupt the conversation of these happy idlers. Their talk speedily assumed that desultory, volatile character, which is the sign of great intimacy. Margaret found occasion to ask Paul a great many questions which she had not felt at liberty to ask in the presence of his mother, and to demand additional light upon a variety of little points which Mrs. De Grey had been content to leave in obscurity. Paul was perfectly communicative. If Miss Aldis cared to hear, he was assuredly glad to talk. But suddenly it struck him that her attitude of mind was a singular provocation to egotism, and that for six weeks, in fact, he had done nothing but talk about himself,—his own adventures, sensations, and opinions.

"I declare, Miss Aldis," he cried, "you're making me a monstrous egotist. That's all you women are good for. I shall not say another word about Mr. Paul De Grey. Now it's your turn."

"To talk about Mr. Paul De Grey?" asked Margaret, with a smile.

"No, about Miss Margaret Aldis,—which, by the way, is a very pretty name."

"By the way, indeed!" said Margaret. "By the way for you, perhaps. But for me, my pretty name is all I have."

"If you mean, Miss Aldis," cried

Paul, "that your beauty is all in your name —"

"I'm sadly mistaken. Well, then, I don't. The rest is in my imagination."

"Very likely. It's certainly not in mine."

Margaret was, in fact, at this time, extremely pretty; a little pale with the heat, but rounded and developed by rest and prosperity, and animated—half inspired, I may call it—with tender gratitude. Looking at her as he said these words, De Grey was forcibly struck with the interesting character of her face. Yes, most assuredly, her beauty was a potent reality. The charm of her face was forever refreshed and quickened by the deep loveliness of her soul.

"I mean literally, Miss Aldis," said the young man, "that I wish you to talk about yourself. I want to hear *your* adventures. I demand it,—I need it."

"My adventures?" said Margaret. "I have never had any."

"Good!" cried Paul; "that in itself is an adventure."

In this way it was that Margaret came to relate to her companion the short story of her young life. The story was not all told, however, short as it was, in a single afternoon; that is, a whole week after she began, the young girl found herself setting Paul right with regard to a matter of which he had received a false impression.

"Nay, he is married," said Margaret; "I told you so."

"O, he is married?" said Paul.

"Yes; his wife's an immense fat woman."

"O, his wife's an immense fat woman?"

"Yes; and he thinks all the world of her."

"O, he thinks all the world of her!"

It was natural that, in this manner, with a running commentary supplied by Paul, the narrative should proceed slowly. But, in addition to the observations here quoted, the young man maintained another commentary, less

audible and more profound. As he listened to this frank and fair-haired maiden, and reflected that in the wide world she might turn in confidence and sympathy to other minds than his, — as he found her resting her candid thoughts and memories on his judgment, as she might lay her white hand on his arm, — it seemed to him that the pure intentions with which she believed his soul to be peopled took in her glance a graver and higher cast. All the gorgeous color faded out of his recent European reminiscences and regrets, and he was sensible only of Margaret's presence, and of the tender rosy radiance in which she sat and moved, as in a sort of earthly halo. Could it be, he asked himself, that while he was roaming about Europe, in a vague, restless search for his future, his end, his aim, these things were quietly awaiting him at his own deserted hearth-stone, gathered together in the immaculate person of the sweetest and fairest of women? Finally, one day, this view of the case struck him so forcibly, that he cried out in an ecstasy of belief and joy.

"Margaret," he said, "my mother found you in church, and there, before the altar, she kissed you and took you into her arms. I have often thought of that scene. It makes it no common adoption."

"I'm sure I have often thought of it," said Margaret.

"It makes it sacred and everlasting," said Paul. "On that blessed day you came to us for ever and ever."

Margaret looked at him with a face tremulous between smiles and tears. "For as long as you will keep me," she said. "Ah, Paul!" For in an instant the young man had expressed all his longing and his passion.

With the greatest affection and esteem for his mother, Paul had always found it natural to give precedence to Father Herbert in matters of appeal and confidence. The old man possessed a delicacy of intellectual tact which made his sympathy and his counsel alike delightful. Some days after the conversation upon a few of the salient

points of which I have lightly touched, Paul and Margaret renewed their mutual vows in the summer-house. They now possessed that deep faith in the sincerity of their own feelings, and that undoubting delight in each other's reiterated protests, which left them nothing to do but to take their elders into their confidence. They came through the garden together, and on reaching the threshold Margaret found that she had left her scissors in the garden hut; whereupon Paul went back in search of them. The young girl came into the house, reached the foot of the staircase, and waited for her lover. At this moment Father Herbert appeared in the open doorway of his study, and looked at Margaret with a melancholy smile. He stood, passing one hand slowly over another, and gazing at her with kindly, darksome looks.

"It seems to me, Mistress Margaret," he said, "that you keep all this a marvellous secret from your poor old Doctor Herbert."

In the presence of this gentle and venerable scholar, Margaret felt that she had no need of vulgar blushing and simpering and negation. "Dear Father Herbert," she said, with heavenly simpleness, "I have just been begging Paul to tell you."

"Ah, my daughter," — and the old man but half stifled a sigh, — "it's all a strange and terrible mystery."

Paul came in and crossed the hall with the light step of a lover.

"Paul," said Margaret, "Father Herbert knows."

"Father Herbert knows!" repeated the priest, — "Father Herbert knows everything. You're very innocent for lovers."

"You're very wise, sir, for a priest," said Paul, blushing.

"I knew it a week ago," said the old man, gravely.

"Well, sir," said Paul, "we love you none the less for loving each other so much more. I hope you'll not love us the less."

"Father Herbert thinks it's 'terrible,'" said Margaret, smiling.

"O Lord!" cried Herbert, raising his hand to his head as if in pain. He turned about, and went into his room.

Paul drew Margaret's hand through his arm and followed the priest. "You suffer, sir," he said, "at the thought of losing us,—of our leaving you. That certainly need n't trouble you. Where should we go? As long as you live, as long as my mother lives, we shall all make but a single household."

The old man appeared to have recovered his composure. "Ah!" he said; "be happy, no matter where, and I shall be happy. You're very young."

"Not so young," said Paul, laughing, but with a natural disinclination to be placed in too boyish a light. "I'm six-and-twenty. *J'ai vécu*,—I've lived."

"He's been through everything," said Margaret, leaning on his arm.

"Not quite everything." And Paul, bending his eyes, with a sober smile, met her upward glance.

"O, he's modest," murmured Father Herbert.

"Paul's been all but married already," said Margaret.

The young man made a gesture of impatience. Herbert stood with his eyes fixed on his face.

"Why do you speak of that poor girl?" said Paul. Whatever satisfaction he may have given Margaret on the subject of his projected marriage in Europe, he had since his return declined, on the plea that it was extremely painful, to discuss the matter either with his mother or with his old tutor.

"Miss Aldis is perhaps jealous," said Herbert, cunningly.

"O Father Herbert!" cried Margaret.

"There is little enough to be jealous of," said Paul.

"There's a fine young man!" cried Herbert. "One would think he had never cared for her."

"It's perfectly true."

"Oh!" said Herbert, in a tone of deep reproach, laying his hand on the young man's arm. "Don't say that."

"Nay, sir, I shall say it. I never said anything less to her. She enchanted me, she entangled me, but, before Heaven, I never loved her!"

"O, God help you!" cried the priest. He sat down, and buried his face in his hands.

Margaret turned deadly pale, and recalled the scene which had occurred on the receipt of Paul's letter, announcing the rupture of his engagement. "Father Herbert," she cried, "what horrible, hideous mystery do you keep locked up in your bosom? If it concerns me,—if it concerns Paul,—I demand of you to tell us."

Moved apparently by the young girl's tone of agony to a sense of the needfulness of self-control, Herbert uncovered his face, and directed to Margaret a rapid glance of entreaty. She perceived that it meant that, at any cost, she should be silent. Then, with a sublime attempt at dissimulation, he put out his hands, and laid one on each of his companions' shoulders. "Excuse me, Paul," he said, "I'm a foolish old man. Old scholars are a sentimental, a superstitious race. We believe still that all women are angels, and that all men—"

"That all men are fools," said Paul, smiling.

"Exactly. Whereas, you see," whispered Father Herbert, "there are no fools but ourselves."

Margaret listened to this fantastic bit of dialogue with a beating heart, fully determined not to content herself with any such flimsy explanation of the old man's tragical allusions. Meanwhile, Herbert urgently besought Paul to defer for a few days making known his engagement to his mother.

The next day but one was Sunday, the last in August. The heat for a week had been oppressive, and the air was now sullen and brooding, as if with an approaching storm. As she left the breakfast-table, Margaret felt her arm touched by Father Herbert.

"Don't go to church," he said, in a low voice. "Make a pretext, and stay at home."

"A pretext? —"

"Say you've letters to write."

"Letters?" and Margaret smiled half bitterly. "To whom should I write letters?"

"Dear me, then say you're ill. I give you absolution. When they're gone, come to me."

At church-time, accordingly, Margaret feigned a slight indisposition; and Mrs. De Grey, taking her son's arm, mounted into her ancient deep-seated coach, and rolled away from the door. Margaret immediately betook herself to Father Herbert's apartment. She saw in the old man's face the portent of some dreadful avowal. His whole figure betrayed the weight of an inexorable necessity.

"My daughter," said the priest, "you are a brave, pious girl —"

"Ah!" cried Margaret, "it's something horrible, or you would n't say that. Tell me at once!"

"You need all your courage."

"Does n't he love me? — Ah, in Heaven's name, speak!"

"If he did n't love you with a damning passion, I should have nothing to say."

"O, then, say what you please!" said Margaret.

"Well then, — you must leave this house."

"Why? — when? — where must I go?"

"This moment, if possible. You must go anywhere, — the further the better, — the further from *him*. Listen, my child," said the old man, his bosom wrung by the stunned, bewildered look of Margaret's face; "it's useless to protest, to weep, to resist. It's the voice of fate!"

"And pray, sir," said Margaret, "of what do you accuse me?"

"I accuse no one. I don't even accuse Heaven."

"But there's a reason, — there's a motive —"

Herbert laid his hand on his lips, pointed to a seat, and, turning to an ancient chest on the table, unlocked it, and drew from it a small volume, bound in vellum, apparently an old illuminated

missal. "There's nothing for it," he said, "but to tell you the whole story."

He sat down before the young girl, who held herself rigid and expectant. The room grew dark with the gathering storm-clouds, and the distant thunder muttered.

"Let me read you ten words," said the priest, opening at a fly-leaf of the volume, on which a memorandum or register had been inscribed in a great variety of hands, all minute and some barely legible. "God be with you!" and the old man crossed himself. Involuntarily, Margaret did the same. "'George De Grey,'" he read, "'met and loved, September, 1786, Antonietta Gambini, of Milan. She died October 9th, same year. John De Grey married, April 4th, 1749, Henrietta Spencer. She died May 7th. George De Grey engaged himself October, 1710, to Mary Fortescue. She died October 31st. Paul De Grey, aged nineteen, betrothed June, 1672, at Bristol, England, to Lucretia Lefevre, aged thirty-one, of that place. She died July 27th. John De Grey, affianced January 10th, 1649, to Blanche Ferrars, of Castle Ferrars, Cumberland. She died, by her lover's hand, January 12th. Stephen De Grey offered his hand to Isabel Stirling, October, 1619. She died within the month. Paul De Grey exchanged pledges with Magdalen Scrope, August, 1586. She died in childbirth, September, 1587.'" Father Herbert paused. "Is it enough?" he asked, looking up with glowing eyes. "There are two pages more. The De Greys are an ancient line; they keep their records."

Margaret had listened with a look of deepening, fierce, passionate horror, — a look more of anger and of wounded pride than of terror. She sprang towards the priest with the lightness of a young cat, and dashed the hideous record from his hand.

"What abominable nonsense is this!" she cried. "What does it mean? I barely heard it; I despise it; I laugh at it!"

The old man seized her arm with a

firm grasp. "Paul De Grey," he said, in an awful voice, "exchanged pledges with Margaret Aldis, August, 1821. She died—with the falling leaves."

Poor Margaret looked about her for help, inspiration, comfort of some kind. The room contained nothing but serried lines of old parchment-covered books, each seeming a grim repetition of the volume at her feet. A vast peal of thunder resounded through the noon-day stillness. Suddenly her strength deserted her; she felt her weakness and loneliness, the grasp of the hand of fate. Father Herbert put out his arms, she flung herself on his neck, and burst into tears.

"Do you still refuse to leave him?" asked the priest. "If you leave him, you're saved."

"Saved?" cried Margaret, raising her head; "and Paul?"

"Ah, there it is.—He'll forget you."

The young girl pondered a moment. "To have him do that," she said, "I should apparently have to die." Then wringing her hands with a fresh burst of grief, "Is it certain," she cried, "that there are no exceptions?"

"None, my child"; and he picked up the volume. "You see it's the first love, the first passion. After that, they're innocent. Look at Mrs. De Grey. The race is accursed. It's an awful, inscrutable mystery. I fancied that you were safe, my daughter, and that that poor Miss L. had borne the brunt. But Paul was at pains to undeceive me. I've searched his life, I've probed his conscience: it's a virgin heart. Ah, my child, I dreaded it from the first. I trembled when you came into the house. I wanted Mrs. De Grey to turn you off. But she laughs at it,—she calls it an old-wife's tale. *She* was safe enough; her husband didn't care two straws for her. But there's a little dark-eyed maiden buried in Italian soil who could tell her another story. She withered, my child. She was life itself,—an incarnate ray of her own Southern sun. She died of De Grey's kisses. Don't ask me how it began, it's always been so. It goes

back to the night of time. One of the race, they say, came home from the East, from the crusades, infected with the germs of the plague. He had pledged his love-faith to a young girl before his departure, and it had been arranged that the wedding should immediately succeed his return. Feeling unwell, he consulted an elder brother of the bride, a man versed in fantastic medical lore, and supposed to be gifted with magical skill. By him he was assured that he was plague-stricken, and that he was in duty bound to defer the marriage. The young knight refused to comply, and the physician, infuriated, pronounced a curse upon his race. The marriage took place; within a week the bride expired, in horrible agony; the young man, after a slight illness, recovered; the curse took effect."

Margaret took the quaint old missal into her hand, and turned to the grisly register of death. Her heart grew cold as she thought of her own sad sisterhood with all those miserable women of the past. Miserable women, but ah! tenfold more miserable men,—helpless victims of their own baleful hearts. She remained silent, with her eyes fixed on the book, abstractedly; mechanically, as it were, she turned to another page, and read a familiar orison to the blessed Virgin. Then raising her head, with her deep-blue eyes shining with the cold light of an immense resolve,—a prodigious act of volition,—"Father Herbert," she said, in low, solemn accents, "I revoke the curse. I undo it. *I curse it!*"

From this moment, nothing would induce her to bestow a moment's thought on salvation by flight. It was too late, she declared. If she was destined to die, she had already imbibed the fatal contagion. But they should see. She cast no discredit on the existence or the potency of the dreadful charm; she simply assumed, with deep self-confidence which filled the old priest with mingled wonder and anguish, that it would vainly expend its mystic force once and forever upon her own devoted, impas-

sioned life. Father Herbert folded his trembling hands resignedly. He had done his duty; the rest was with God. At times, living as he had done for years in dread of the moment which had now arrived, with his whole life darkened by its shadow, it seemed to him among the strange possibilities of nature that this frail and pure young girl might indeed have sprung, at the command of outraged love, to the rescue of the unhappy line to which he had dedicated his manhood. And then at other moments it seemed as if she were joyously casting herself into the dark gulf. At all events, the sense of peril had filled Margaret herself with fresh energy and charm. Paul, if he had not been too enchanted with her feverish gayety and grace to trouble himself about their motive and origin, would have been at loss to explain their sudden morbid intensity. Forthwith, at her request, he announced his engagement to his mother, who put on a very gracious face, and honored Margaret with a sort of official kiss.

"Ah me!" muttered Father Herbert, "and now she thinks she has bound them fast." And later, the next day, when Mrs. De Grey, talking of the matter, avowed that it really did cost her a little to accept as a daughter a girl to whom she had paid a salary,—"A salary, madam!" cried the priest with a bitter laugh; "upon my word, I think it was the least you could do."

"*Nous verrons*," said Mrs. De Grey, composedly.

A week passed by, without ill omens. Paul was in a manly ecstasy of bliss. At moments he was almost bewildered by the fulness with which his love and faith had been requited. Margaret was transfigured, glorified, by the passion which burned in her heart. "Give a plain girl, a common girl, a lover," thought Paul, "and she grows pretty, charming. Give a charming girl a lover—" and if Margaret was present, his eloquent eyes uttered the conclusion; if she was absent, his restless steps wandered in search of her. Her

beauty within the past ten days seemed to have acquired an unprecedented warmth and richness. Paul went so far as to fancy that her voice had grown more deep and mellow. She looked older; she seemed in an instant to have overleaped a year of her development, and to have arrived at the perfect maturity of her youth. One might have imagined that, instead of the further, she stood just on the hither verge of marriage. Meanwhile Paul grew conscious of he hardly knew what delicate change in his own emotions. The exquisite feeling of pity, the sense of her appealing weakness, her heavenly dependence, which had lent its tender strain to swell the concert of his affections, had died away, and given place to a vague, profound instinct of respect. Margaret was, after all, no such simple body; her nature, too, had its mysteries. In truth, thought Paul, tenderness, gentleness, is its own reward. He had bent to pluck this pallid flower of sunless household growth; he had dipped its slender stem in the living waters of his love, and lo! it had lifted its head, and spread its petals, and brightened into splendid purple and green. This glowing potency of loveliness filled him with a tremor which was almost a foreboding. He longed to possess her; he watched her with covetous eyes; he wished to call her utterly his own.

"Margaret," he said to her, "you fill me with a dreadful delight. You grow more beautiful every day. We must be married immediately, or, at this rate, by our wedding-day, I shall have grown mortally afraid of you. By the soul of my father, I did n't bargain for this! Look at yourself in that glass." And he turned her about to a long mirror; it was in his mother's dressing-room; Mrs. De Grey had gone into the adjoining chamber.

Margaret saw herself reflected from head to foot in the glassy depths, and perceived the change in her appearance. Her head rose with a sort of proud serenity from the full curve of her shoulders; her eyes were brilliant,

her lips trembled, her bosom rose and fell with all the insolence of her deep devotion. "Blanche Ferrars, of Castle Ferrars," she silently repeated, "Isabel Stirling, Magdalen Scrope, — poor foolish women! You were not women, you were children. It's your fault, Paul," she cried, aloud, "if I look other than I should! Why is there such a love between us?" And then, seeing the young man's face beside her own, she fancied he looked pale. "My Paul," she said, taking his hands, "you're pale. What a face for a happy lover! You're impatient. Well-a-day, sir! it shall be when you please."

The marriage was fixed for the last of September; and the two women immediately began to occupy themselves with the purchase of the bridal garments. Margaret, out of her salary, had saved a sufficient sum to buy a handsome wedding gown; but, for the other articles of her wardrobe, she was obliged to be indebted to the liberality of Mrs. De Grey. She made no scruple, indeed, of expending large sums of money, and, when they were expended, of asking for more. She took an active, violent delight in procuring quantities of the richest stuffs. It seemed to her that, for the time, she had parted with all flimsy dignity and conventional reticence and coyness, as if she had flung away her conscience to be picked up by vulgar, happy, unimperilled women. She gathered her marriage finery together in a sort of fierce defiance of impending calamity. She felt excited to outstrip it, to confound it, to stare it out of countenance.

One day she was crossing the hall, with a piece of stuff just sent from the shop. It was a long morsel of vivid pink satin, and, as she held it, a portion of it fell over her arm to her feet. Father Herbert's door stood ajar; she stopped, and went in.

"Excuse me, reverend sir," said Margaret; "but I thought it a pity not to show you this beautiful bit of satin. Is n't it a lovely pink? — it's almost red, — it's carnation. It's the color of our love, — of my death. Father Her-

bert," she cried, with a shrill, resounding laugh, "*it's my shroud!* Don't you think it would be a pretty shroud? — pink satin, and blond-lace, and pearls?"

The old man looked at her with a haggard face. "My daughter," he said, "Paul will have an incomparable wife."

"Most assuredly, if you compare me with those ladies in your prayer-book. Ah! Paul shall have a wife, at least. That's very certain."

"Well," said the old man, "you're braver than I. You frighten me."

"Dear Father Herbert, didn't you once frighten me?"

The old man looked at Margaret with mingled tenderness and horror. "Tell me, child," he said, "in the midst of all this, do you ever pray?"

"God forbid!" cried the poor creature. "I have no heart for prayer."

She had long talks with Paul about their future pleasures, and the happy life they should lead. He declared that he would set their habits to quite another tune, and that the family should no longer be buried in silence and gloom. It was an absurd state of things, and he marvelled that it should ever have come about. They should begin to live like other people, and occupy their proper place in society. They should entertain company, and travel, and go to the play of an evening. Margaret had never seen a play; after their marriage, if she wished, she should see one every week for a year. "Have no fears, my dear," cried Paul, "I don't mean to bury you alive; I'm not digging your grave. If I expected you to be content to live as my poor mother lives, we might as well be married by the funeral service."

When Paul talked with this buoyant energy, looking with a firm, undoubting gaze on the long, blissful future, Margaret drew from his words fortitude and joy, and scorn of all danger. Father Herbert's secret seemed a vision, a fantasy, a dream, until, after a while, she found herself again face to face with the old man, and read in his haggard features that to him, at least, it was a deep reality. Nevertheless,

among all her feverish transitions from hope to fear, from exaltation to despair, she never, for a moment, ceased to keep a cunning watch upon her physical sensations, and to lie in wait for morbid symptoms. She wondered that, with this ghastly burden on her consciousness, she had not long since been goaded to insanity, or crushed into utter idiocy. She fancied that, sad as it would have been to rest in ignorance of the mystery in which her life had been involved, it was yet more terrible to know it. During the week after her interview with Father Herbert, she had not slept half an hour of the daily twenty-four; and yet, far from missing her sleep, she felt, as I have attempted to show, intoxicated, electrified, by the unbroken vigilance and tension of her will. But she well knew that this could not last forever. One afternoon, a couple of days after Paul had uttered those brilliant promises, he mounted his horse for a ride. Margaret stood at the gate, watching him regretfully, and, as he galloped away, he kissed her his hand. An hour before tea she came out of her room, and entered the parlor, where Mrs. De Grey had established herself for the evening. A moment later, Father Herbert, who was in the act of lighting his study-lamp, heard a piercing shriek resound through the house.

His heart stood still. "The hour is come," he said. "It would be a pity to miss it." He hurried to the drawing-room, together with the servants, also startled by the cry. Margaret lay stretched on the sofa, pale, motionless, panting, with her eyes closed and her hand pressed to her side. Herbert exchanged a rapid glance with Mrs. De Grey, who was bending over the young girl, holding her other hand.

"Let us at least have no scandal," she said, with dignity, and straightway dismissed the servants. Margaret gradually revived, declared that it was nothing, — a mere sudden pain, — that she felt better, and begged her companions to make no commotion. Mrs. De Grey went to her room, in search

of a phial of smelling-salts, leaving Herbert alone with Margaret. He was on his knees on the floor, holding her other hand. She raised herself to a sitting posture.

"I know what you are going to say," she cried, "but it's false. Where's Paul?"

"Do you mean to tell him?" asked Herbert.

"Tell him?" and Margaret started to her feet. "If I were to die, I should wring his heart; if I were to tell him, I should break it."

She started up, I say; she had heard and recognized her lover's rapid step in the passage. Paul opened the door and came in precipitately, out of breath and deadly pale. Margaret came towards him with her hand still pressed to her side, while Father Herbert mechanically rose from his kneeling posture. "What has happened?" cried the young man. "You've been ill!"

"Who told you that anything has happened?" said Margaret.

"What is Herbert doing on his knees?"

"I was praying, sir," said Herbert.

"Margaret," repeated Paul, "in Heaven's name, what *is* the matter?"

"What's the matter with you, Paul? It seems to me that I should ask the question."

De Grey fixed a dark, searching look on the young girl, and then closed his eyes, and grasped at the back of a chair, as if his head were turning. "Ten minutes ago," he said, speaking slowly, "I was riding along by the river-side; suddenly I heard in the air the sound of a distant cry, which I knew to be yours. I turned and galloped. I made three miles in eight minutes."

"A cry, dear Paul? what should I cry about? and to be heard three miles! A pretty compliment to my lungs."

"Well," said the young man, "I suppose, then, it was my fancy. But my horse heard it too; he lifted his ears, and plunged and started."

"It must have been his fancy too!"

It proves you an excellent rider, — you and your horse feeling as one man !”

“Ah, Margaret, don’t trifle !”

“As one horse, then !”

“Well, whatever it may have been, I’m not ashamed to confess that I’m thoroughly shaken. I don’t know what has become of my nerves.”

“For pity’s sake, then, don’t stand there shivering and staggering like a man in an ague-fit. Come, sit down on the sofa.” She took hold of his arm, and led him to the couch. He, in turn, clasped her arm in his own hand, and drew her down beside him. Father Herbert silently made his exit, unheeded. Outside of the door he met Mrs. De Grey, with her smelling-salts.

“I don’t think she needs them now,” he said. “She has Paul.” And the two adjourned together to the tea-table. When the meal was half finished, Margaret came in with Paul.

“How do you feel, dear ?” said Mrs. De Grey.

“He feels much better,” said Margaret, hastily.

Mrs. De Grey smiled complacently. “Assuredly,” she thought, “my future daughter-in-law has a very pretty way of saying things.”

The next day, going into Mrs. De Grey’s room, Margaret found Paul and his mother together. The latter’s eyes were red, as if she had been weeping ; and Paul’s face wore an excited look, as if he had been making some painful confession. When Margaret came in, he walked to the window and looked out, without speaking to her. She feigned to have come in search of a piece of needle-work, obtained it, and retired. Nevertheless, she felt deeply wounded. What had Paul been doing, saying ? Why had he not spoken to her ? Why had he turned his back upon her ? It was only the evening before, when they were alone in the drawing-room, that he had been so unutterably tender. It was a cruel mystery ; she would have no rest until she learned it, — although, in truth, she had little enough as it was. In the afternoon, Paul again ordered his horse,

and dressed himself for a ride. She waylaid him as he came down stairs, booted and spurred ; and, as his horse was not yet at the door, she made him go with her into the garden.

“Paul,” she said, suddenly, “what were you telling your mother this morning ? Yes,” she continued, trying to smile, but without success, “I confess it, — I’m jealous.”

“O my soul !” cried the young man, wearily, putting both his hands to his face.

“Dear Paul,” said Margaret, taking his arm, “that’s very beautiful, but it’s not an answer.”

Paul stopped in the path, took the young girl’s hands and looked steadfastly into her face, with an expression that was in truth a look of weariness, — of worse than weariness, of despair. “Jealous, you say ?”

“Ah, not now !” she cried, pressing his hands.

“It’s the first foolish thing I have heard you say.”

“Well, it was foolish to be jealous of your mother ; but I’m still jealous of your solitude, — of these pleasures in which I have no share, — of your horse, — your long rides.”

“You wish me to give up my ride ?”

“Dear Paul, where are your wits ? To wish it is — to wish it. To say I wish it is to make a fool of myself.”

“My wits are with — with something that’s forever gone !” And he closed his eyes and contracted his forehead as if in pain. “My youth, my hope, — what shall I call it ? — my happiness.”

“Ah !” said Margaret, reproachfully, “you have to shut your eyes to say that.”

“Nay, what is happiness without youth ?”

“Upon my word, one would think I was forty,” cried Margaret.

“Well, so long as I’m sixty !”

The young girl perceived that behind these light words there was something very grave. “Paul,” she said, “the trouble simply is that you’re unwell.”

He nodded assent, and with his assent it seemed to her that an unseen

hand had smitten the life out of her heart.

"That is what you told your mother?"

He nodded again.

"And what you were unwilling to tell me?"

He blushed deeply. "Naturally," he said.

She dropped his hands and sat down, for very faintness, on a garden bench. Then rising suddenly, "Go, and take your ride," she rejoined. "But, before you go, kiss me once."

And Paul kissed her, and mounted his horse. As she went into the house, she met Father Herbert, who had been watching the young man ride away, from beneath the porch, and who was returning to his study.

"My dear child," said the priest, "Paul is very ill. God grant that, if you manage not to die, it may not be at his expense!"

For all answer, Margaret turned on him, in her passage, a face so cold, ghastly, and agonized, that it seemed a vivid response to his heart-shaking fears. When she reached her room, she sat down on her little bed, and strove to think clearly and deliberately. The old man's words had aroused a deep-sounding echo in the vast spiritual solitudes of her being. She was to find, then, after her long passion, that the curse was absolute, inevitable, eternal. It could be shifted, but not eluded; in spite of the utmost strivings of human agony, it insatiably claimed its victim. Her own strength was exhausted; what was she to do? All her borrowed splendor of brilliancy and bravery suddenly deserted her, and she sat alone, shivering in her weakness. Deluded fool that she was, for a day, for an hour, to have concealed her sorrow from her lover! The greater her burden, the greater should have been her confidence. What neither might endure alone, they might have surely endured together. But she blindly, senselessly, remorselessly drained the life from his being. As she bloomed and prospered, he drooped and lan-

guished. While she was living for him, he was dying of her. Execrable, infernal comedy! What would help her now? She thought of suicide, and she thought of flight;—they were about equivalent. If it were certain that by the sudden extinction of her own life she might liberate, exonerate Paul, it would cost her but an instant's delay to plunge a knife into her heart. But who should say that, enfeebled, undermined as he was, the shock of her death might not give him his own quietus? Worse than all was the suspicion that he had begun to dislike her, and that a dim perception of her noxious influence had already taken possession of his senses. He was cold and distant. Why else, when he had begun really to feel ill, had he not spoken first to her? She was distasteful, loathsome. Nevertheless, Margaret still grasped, with all the avidity of despair, at the idea that it was still not too late to take him into her counsels, and to reveal to him all the horrors of her secret. Then at least, whatever came, death or freedom, they should meet it together.

Now that the enchantment of her fancied triumph had been taken from her, she felt utterly exhausted and overwhelmed. Her whole organism ached with the desire for sleep and forgetfulness. She closed her eyes, and sank into the very stupor of repose. When she came to her senses, her room was dark. She rose, and went to her window, and saw the stars. Lighting a candle, she found that her little clock indicated nine. She had slept five hours. She hastily dressed herself, and went down stairs.

In the drawing-room, by an open window, wrapped in a shawl, with a lighted candle, sat Mrs. De Grey.

"You're happy, my dear," she cried, "to be able to sleep so soundly, when we are all in such a state."

"What state, dear lady?"

"Paul has not come in."

Margaret made no reply; she was listening intently to the distant sound of a horse's steps. She hurried out of the room, to the front door, and across

the court-yard to the gate. There, in the dark starlight, she saw a figure advancing, and the rapid ring of hoofs. The poor girl suffered but a moment's suspense. Paul's horse came dashing along the road—riderless. Margaret, with a cry, plunged forward, grasping at his bridle; but he swerved, with a loud neigh, and, scarcely slackening his pace, swept into the enclosure at a lower entrance, where Margaret heard him clattering over the stones on the road to the stable, greeted by shouts and ejaculations from the hostler.

Madly, precipitately, Margaret rushed out into the darkness, along the road, calling upon Paul's name. She had not gone a quarter of a mile, when she heard an answering voice. Repeating her cry, she recognized her lover's accents.

He was upright, leaning against a tree, and apparently uninjured, but with his face gleaming through the darkness like a mask of reproach, white with the phosphorescent dews of death. He had suddenly felt weak and dizzy, and in the effort to keep himself in the saddle had frightened his horse, who had fiercely plunged, and unseated him. He leaned on Margaret's shoulder for support, and spoke with a faltering voice.

"I have been riding," he said, "like a madman. I felt ill when I went out, but without the shadow of a cause. I was determined to work it off by motion and the open air." And he stopped, gasping.

"And you feel better, dearest?" murmured Margaret.

"No, I feel worse. I'm a dead man."

Margaret clasped her lover in her arms with a long, piercing moan, which resounded through the night.

"I'm yours no longer, dear unhappy soul,—I belong, by I don't know what fatal, inexorable ties, to darkness and death and nothingness. They stifle me. Do you hear my voice?"

"Ah, senseless clod that I am, I have killed you!"

"I believe it's true. But it's strange.

What is it, Margaret?—you're enchanted, baleful, fatal!" He spoke barely above a whisper, as if his voice were leaving him; his breath was cold on her cheek, and his arm heavy on her neck.

"Nay," she cried, "in Heaven's name, go on! Say something that will kill me."

"Farewell, farewell!" said Paul, collapsing.

Margaret's cry had been, for the startled household she had left behind her, an index to her halting-place. Father Herbert drew near hastily, with servants and lights. They found Margaret sitting by the roadside, with her feet in a ditch, clasping her lover's inanimate head in her arms, and covering it with kisses, wildly moaning. The sense had left her mind as completely as his body, and it was likely to come back to one as little as to the other.

A great many months naturally elapsed before Mrs. De Grey found herself in the humor to allude directly to the immense calamity which had overwhelmed her house; and when she did so, Father Herbert was surprised to find that she still refused to accept the idea of a supernatural pressure upon her son's life, and that she quietly cherished the belief that he had died of the fall from his horse.

"And suppose Margaret had died? Would to Heaven she had!" said the priest.

"Ah, suppose!" said Mrs. De Grey. "Do you make that wish for the sake of your theory?"

"Suppose that Margaret had had a lover,—a passionate lover,—who had offered her his heart before Paul had ever seen her; and then that Paul had come, bearing love and death."

"Well, what then?"

"Which of the three, think you, would have had most cause for sadness?"

"It's always the survivors of a calamity who are to be pitied," said Mrs. De Grey.

"Yes, madam, it's the survivors, —even after fifty years."

STAGE-STUCK.

"Though this may be play to you,
'Tis death to us."

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

DURING the early part of the last century the society of an English town was spared the homilies that the then uncared-for Province of Maine was one day to incarnate in the person of Neal Dow. Worthy people got drunk every night, and were not thought the worse for it, as Dr. Johnson tells us of the Lichfieldians; indeed, his townsmen were esteemed the decentest people in the kingdom; and, when they could talk without a lisp, spoke, as the great lexicographer declared, the purest English. The ecclesiastics of the Chapter were a most pious body, and it was not their fault if the neighboring gentry courted their learning and warmed their eloquence upon occasions. Farquhar, in the opening scenes of his "Beaux' Stratagem," seems to leave us to infer that the good people of Lichfield had something of a fame for strong drink. The Registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court was the finest gentleman among them; he set a bountiful table, liked to see its places well filled, was politely deferential to all, could talk like a learned Pundit, or be as volatile as Mercutio, over his port. Gilbert Walmsley was too well-bred to be exclusive, too humane to be exacting; and the attractions of an accomplished wife — when he abandoned in ripe years his bachelorhood — added to the zest of his hospitality.

Quite a different sort of man was Master Hunter, who kept the free school at Lichfield in the low, dingy building, where the doors, likely enough, showed the marks of the *barrings-out* which Addison, some years before, had been concerned in. A severe, stern-eyed, pompous man was Master Hunter. He plied the birch with a most complacent air, and, as he strutted into school, arrayed in gown and cassock and full-dressed

wig, a titter of mirth, despite the fear he engendered, would sibilate along the benches. Yet, as such men sometimes do, he beat no small share of learning into his pupils, and filled up the pauses with depicting the gallows they were all coming to. We do not read that any of his scholars ever came nearer to it than the seven who, as luck would have it, became contemporary justices of Westminster, and laughed together very injudicially at the thoughts of the floggings he had given them every one.

There never yet was a master so brutal but some lucky little fellow knew how to bring a smile upon his harsh features, and give the school a moment for a good long breath. Master Hunter had such a boy in his forms, — a merry, black-eyed urchin, quick as a flash to catch the very minute, and as nimble as a squirrel zigzagging the thither side of a tree, and keeping it between himself and danger. Among other things, Master Hunter had a liking for partridges; and cunning little Davy knew well enough where to disclose his secret, when he had, perchance, discovered a covey. Some small favor always followed. His fellows saw that their merry little companion could "miss" with impunity; and if Master Hunter bethought him of a new book that old Michael Johnson was to procure for him from London, Davy was sure to be despatched to go and fetch it. As it happened, the staid old bibliopole had a son of his own in Master Hunter's forms. A gross, misshapen, lubberly boy was Sam, and, as he was some seven years the elder of the other, Davy held only a sort of deferential intimacy with him. Sam had a forbidding aspect, except to those who knew him well; and Master Hunter, who had many a time whipped him for idleness,

held his pupil, nevertheless, in a forced esteem. The boy's face was scarred with the scrofula, and ceaselessly twitched into wry contortions; yet he was an oracle among the youngsters, and his word had an impressiveness that made it law. Strange was he, too, at times; and the good women of the town talked darkly of Sam Johnson's going off so much by himself, and wandering about the fields. Yet this lazy, uncouth fellow and the agile, laughing little Davy formed a companionship that was not thought so strangely of, in view of their being considered lads of wonderful ability, and each a sort of half-prodigy.

Gilbert Walmesley was a man of the true Mæcenas stamp, and Sam and Davy were both welcome visitors at his hospitable home. He liked to see this strange commingling of spirits. Sam delivered his opinions with such a judicial shake of the head, and could even, at fit moments, bow to the addresses of the ladies of his household with so much complaisance, that you would never think him the youth old Michael, his father, sometimes found so refractory. Gilbert Walmesley knew the true provocative of the most genial converse, and yielded to the gathering faculties of his young guest with a hearty relish for his talk. Little Davy was too cunning not to be cautious, but he accompanied the graver dissertations of his elder with such a buzz of comment and merry sport as served only to appease the listeners, without impeding the humor of the steadier Sam.

The strolling players frequently set up their booths in the Lichfield marketplace, to the great consternation of sundry of the good townfolk, who placed on different sides of the dividing line between innocence and sin the sleep that was disturbed with visions of tragic situations and that which was too heavy with Staffordshire strong drink. The tent of the players, and the *bruit* of their accomplishments which went through the town, had already before this made a stir in the family of a certain half-pay officer, whose rank, and marriage

with a daughter of one of the vicars of the cathedral, made their position in society one of the best. Their income, however, was very moderate; and their study, as Sam Johnson had afterwards to say of them, was to make fourpence do what others did with fourpence half-penny. Davy's curiosity — he was one of this household — was excited to the highest pitch by recitals of the other boys, who had seen other companies of strollers; and he doubtless importuned his elder brother, Peter, to intercede with their mother for permission to see the play. Peter's disposition was very different. He was graver, and seemed to inherit the soberer qualities of his mother. Davy was more like his father, whose looks did not belie the French origin that was ascribed to the family. He was a small, sprightly, dark-eyed man, and Davy was very plainly his likeness. It would not have been so natural for him to refuse the indulgence; and, the mother's hesitancy giving way before an appeal to her good-nature, Davy was allowed to run off to the market-place.

There is little in boyish experiences so indelibly put in our memory as the impressions from seeing our first play. We know how genially the essayist Elia has depicted all those fresh sensations. Many an autobiographer has dwelt lovingly on the recital. Had we a diary of Shakespeare, we might read of his flushed exultation in his first play at Kenilworth. Scott recounts with delight the story of his earliest acquaintance with the scene. Southey tells us how rapturously he doubted the fictitiousness of the action. Leigh Hunt looks back upon it, and exclaims, "Then I was not critical, and could enjoy." The elder Mathews tells of the glorious two shillings' worth of stealthy disobedience of that first night. Hans Andersen, just from the delineation of Lear, fashions in his joy some little puppets, and, dressing them in costume, reproduces the mimic scene; while, as he cuts and sews their dresses, his mother, good soul! having destined him to a tailor's stool, rejoices at his precocious snip-

ping! The theatre of Ludwigsburg opened to the rapturous Schiller, a boy of nine, a vision of his future glory. In the memoirs of Iffland and Kotzebue, of Henderson, of Frederic Reynolds and George Frederic Cooke, we have the same tale of heated joy and a determinate future.

The talk at Walmesley's fireside often turned on the theatrical experiences of our friends. Sam criticised the play, but Davy dwelt upon the acting. Any little irregularity of the plot or flattening of the dialogue was sure to receive the censure of the elder, who had a way of mouthing through a passage with his own substitutions. Davy's bright eye glimmered at this, and a droll look at see-sawing Sam would not escape the notice of their host; but what was more remarkable was the way in which the younger lad would accompany the other's recital with a pantomimic action.

One day, in bringing up such matters in this circle, Davy related how he had prevailed upon his mother to grant him liberty to perform a play on his own account, and how all that was wanted to complete the arrangements was a prologue from a friendly hand; and as Samuel not long before had come to the assistance of some young ladies in a like emergency, the boyish manager intimated that the poet might now show his friendship, if not his gallantry. Sam, however, for some reason not to us known, refused the assistance, and Davy had no other resource but patching up an old prologue to his liking. A room was procured and arranged; and, perhaps because it reminded him of occasional duties of his father, "The Recruiting Officer" of Farquhar was selected, and the parts distributed among his mates and his sisters with managerial tact. The little actor reserved for himself the part of the recruiting sergeant Kite, and, we are assured, plied his crafty intrigues with approved sprightliness; and soon everybody in the town had heard the rumor of the capital acting of little Davy Garrick. We are not told if lazy Samuel witnessed the triumph of his companion.

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Walmesley was a near friend to the family, and was doubtless there, to enjoy in the highest degree the vivacious bluster of his young friend. Davy's well-wishers could have no reason to fear that this was opening a vista to the future of a great actor. To play plays in boyhood is too natural an excitement. It is the precocity, and not the inclination, that surprises us in Pope, at twelve, turning the siege of Troy into a play, making his school-fellows the actors, and summoning the gardener for his Ajax. That Ariosto fashioned the story of Pyramus and Thisbe into a drama, and drilled his brothers and sisters to the performance of it, could not alone point to Ariosto's future. The young Cumberland, when he was mulcted in a translation from Juvenal, for stealthily assisting at a representation of Cato, thought of the penalty, and not of the augury. These first triumphs of a boy-actor have a flush of delight that no subsequent success can thoroughly equal. Barton Booth felt himself to be without a rival—as he was—in the Latin comedy of his school-days. Some theatricals got up in his neighborhood were a prophecy for Macklin. Kean was a garret Richard in his childish revels. Talma's paroxysms of acted grief began in his school-days. Elliston was the boast of his mates. Edwin ranted in Alexander, and Cooke was the tragic hero, while they were yet in their jackets.

Davy was accordingly a frequent attendant on the strollers' performances, without exciting any solicitude among his good relatives in the Church. He, not unfrequently, was accompanied by Samuel; and we can imagine his hilarity, tempered with something of awe, as he heard the rather gruffly whispered comments of his neighbor. One night it was Colley Cibber's roistering farce of "Hob in a Well" they were sitting before. A certain actress played Flora in such a way that she bewitched Samuel, and Davy never forgot his companion's uncouth symptoms of devotion. Again, some Sir Harry Wildair sported his gay hour

on the stage. "What courtly vivacity!" exclaimed Samuel; but Davy laid it up in his memory, and years afterwards he whispered it about that Johnson's courtier was as vulgar a ruffian as ever trod the boards. However Sam's visual or mental perceptions may have been at fault, those long, sinewy limbs of his could make certain amends for their ungainliness. It was not the folio alone that in after life knocked down Osborne, nor the oaken staff that would have done the same office by Foote, but an indomitable will that never brooked an insult or suffered any interference. The youth Samuel foreshadowed the man. Davy long afterwards was wont to recall a certain evening, when he and Johnson had taken stools upon the player's platform, and Sam had left his for a moment, when it was occupied by another. Remonstrance produced no effect on the interloper, and so the redoubtable bookseller's son took stool and man, and tossed both into the pit!

The years went on, and Johnson was at Oxford. Davy, now thirteen or fourteen years old, must fix upon some destined avocation. The stage could not, of course, be thought of,—that was on the wrong side of the dividing line between innocence and sin. On the other side of it, an uncle of his, a wine-merchant in Lisbon, had acquired a fortune that looked splendid in the eyes of the family of our half-pay officer. He had heard what a promising nephew he had at Lichfield, and, several years before this, he had written to have him sent out, to be trained in so lucrative a business. So Davy went. The rich uncle was a good liver, entertained great company, and Davy was not long in discovering that he enjoyed life much more mounted on the table after desert, and gaining the plaudits of the guests by his declamations and drolleries, than by any drilling of the counting-house. His uncle soon discovered the same thing for himself; and Davy, after a year's trial, was sent home, to seek another sphere for his life's business.

This brought him back again to the charge of Master Hunter. But a change was coming to his father's house. An increasing family had made the half-pay officer of late see the necessity of resuming the active duties of his rank to meet the increased expenditures of his household; and he had accordingly been ordered to Gibraltar, leaving his family to the pursuit of their accustomed economical shifts. Davy became the filial correspondent of the soldier abroad. There is a kind of humorous sadness in the boy's epistles to his absent father. He writes of the shabby wardrobe of the family, of his sick mother, and the cost of buying her wine, of the laces that sisters Magdalene and Jane, poor souls! ought to have for their head-dresses. Then again, he tells of some new silver buckles, a present he had had, and declares how admirable they would look if he only had a pair of velvet breeches. "They tell me," he adds, slyly, "velvet is very cheap at Gibraltar. Amen, and so be it!" Then again—the little actor that he was—the next post takes the far-away soldier a rhapsody about a certain miniature painted by Le Grout, which he declares a better feast to look at than anything of Apelles could be. "It is a figure of a gentleman," he adds, "and I suppose military by the dress. I think Le Grout told me his name was one Captain Peter Garrick; perhaps, as you are in the army, you may know him; he is pretty jolly, and I believe not very tall." Not a word about the velvet breeches; but a wager that he got them! Davy, the boy, and David Garrick, Esq., the man, had a wonderful luck in getting through life more than a mortal's share of everything he wanted. There was a certain grand house in the neighborhood, but to visit a grand house then one must have a purse in hand, or the servants ignored their vocation, much to the guest's discomfiture. This neglect was something that even velvet breeches and silver buckles could not protect one from; but Gilbert Walmesley could, and when he had

slipped a couple of half-crowns in the boy's hands, off started the dapper little Davy, and lavished his fees with as genteel an air as the best of them.

Not many of the lads of Lichfield in those days could go up to London town as Davy did. Captain Garrick was a man of many friends; and Master David knew their accessible sides; and so if business called them to the metropolis, ten to one they assured Madam Garrick that Davy was a good boy, that they should be gone but a few days, and that it would delight them very much to take Davy along. The playhouses of London opened new visions to the boy. He could see Quin, who then upheld the reputation of the stage with a good voice and a majestic mien, and whose Falstaff and Cato posterity is taught to believe it were a difficult matter to excel. Unfortunately, Othello had but a few years before quitted the scene in Barton Booth; but Colley Cibber still occasionally returned to a stage he had formally left, to be the most exquisite fop the theatre has perhaps ever seen. The laureate's worthless son had just taken to wife the daughter of an upholsterer, and old Colley himself was drilling her for the stage. In the rooms of Aaron Hill in Villiers Street, Davy may have seen the early performances of "Zara"; but as he saw the grace and dignity of its heroine, this new actress, he little thought of the triumphs in this same play that were to join the names of Garrick and Mrs. Cibber.

Meanwhile the gossips of Lichfield had a subject to their liking. Johnson, leaving Oxford, had had sundry hard experiences as a bookseller's hack, and usher; but he had found a widow, during his absence, double his own age, who was wofully ugly to all eyes but his own, and who had decided that Samuel was the most sensible man she ever knew. He, on his part, had determined on making Tetty his wife; and, in consideration of the little property she had, he hurried to Lichfield to tell his mother, and make arrangements for setting up a boarding-school. His old mentor

and Davy's, Walmesley, now prevailed on Mrs. Garrick to put her son at Edial Hall, as the new seminary was called; and there young Garrick passed a half-year, till his father's return from Gibraltar, — and a half-year of curious experiences it was! We can picture Samuel Johnson more readily in any other light than as a teacher of youth. The condition is quite as anomalous as his adulatory caresses of his Tetty of sixty, — fat, painted, patched, fantastic, as she was. Keyhole observations afforded for his four or five scholars a world of fun, and if the scene of love-making was genuine within, the mock reproduction without raised a titter that sent the lads scampering to their rooms. This could not last long. Davy's compositions were sure to be farces, in a double sense; and the master had his head full of "Irene," and of a future in London. Walmesley again arranged matters. He approved of Johnson's tragedy, and told Captain Garrick he could pave the way for Davy's study of the law, to which his good father, thankful the boy had not gone into the army, as he at one time inclined to do, destined him. A university course was beyond the means of the Garricks, but Walmesley had bethought him of a friend at Rochester, the Rev. Mr. Colson; and so the post takes this gentleman a letter, commendatory of David, and, arrangements apparently being made, Walmesley, under date of March 2, 1737, again writes: "David and another friend of mine, one Mr. Johnson, set out this morning for London together, — Davy to be with you early next week, and Mr. Johnson to try his fate with a tragedy." Thus was heralded the advent of one Johnson and the favorite Davy to London! And never before among

"The brave spirits who go up to woo
That terrible city, whose neglect is death,
Whose smile is fame,"

was there a pair whose future was of more significance. To become a sovereign in literature and a monarch of the stage was a fulfilment not granted before to twain adventurers!

Douglas Jerrold has exclaimed about the golden volume to be written of the first struggles of forlorn genius in that great metropolis. Brilliant essayists have pictured the deplorable prospects of a new man of letters, at that time particularly. And Johnson came as such to London almost without a friend. St. John's Gate bounded his aspirations. His companion looked with hardly better hopes to the future. Their pockets were so empty that they had almost immediately to give their joint note for five pounds to a bookseller in the Strand, who kindly forewarned the man with a tragedy in his pocket, that a porter's knot was a surer dependence than letters, in London. Perhaps, too, Johnson saw in the print-shop windows the sketch of "The Distressed Poet," which Hogarth had just published,—a pitiable but too true prophecy, alas! There is an awkward whimsicality in Johnson's attempt to note the advantages of living in a garret, years afterwards, when he had not forgotten these first years in London. It was a time when the sponging-house and the King's Bench were the haunts of genius; and it was deemed most consistent for an author to be reckless and eccentric, and to pass for a bully or a blood, who took, but never gave, the wall. There was scarcely one of the craft that the bailiffs had not measured wits and legs with, if we except Lillo, who had just produced his best play, and who cut jewels in his shop, that his shop might not cut him; and Richardson, who was wise enough to be his own publisher.

To Garrick, too, came disappointments. Colson's terms proved beyond his means, and, in a week's time after his arrival in London, we find his name entered with the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn. He was not the first of his profession who had been consigned originally to the dry study of the law. It is not long since a Lord Chancellor of England thought it worth while to show the probability of Shakespeare's having been articled to an attorney. We read of a certain novice of

the courts, Jean Baptiste Poquelin, who could not appease the offended dignity of a father, even by assuming the disguise of "Molière" and making it immortal. And we have further instances of an importunity in the drama superior to that of the pandects and the codes in the lives of Ariosto and Lessing, of Congreve, Wycherley, and Rowe, of Quin, Foote, King, Colman, and Macready.

But a change was at hand. The Lisbon uncle returned to England, died, and left David a thousand pounds, which warranted the acceptance of Colson's terms, and to him the law student now went. During the first weeks in London, David had lost his father, who left a numerous family slenderly provided for; and, in view of the sacred charge imposed on the elder sons, he gave up all hopes of the bar, and, after a year's time, joined his brother in London, and, hiring vaults in Durham Yard, the two commenced partnership as wine-merchants,—still on the side of innocence. Their transactions were probably small enough to give color to the smart insinuation of Foote, long afterwards, that he remembered the great actor living in Durham Yard with three quarts of vinegar in his cellar, and calling himself a wine-merchant! Somehow Foote always himself forgot his days of partnership as a small-beer brewer.

The stalls of the play-venders had intercepted David's walks from the Temple. The clubs and coffee-houses, haunts of the poets and players, were now in his immediate vicinity. The young vintner soon made himself the centre of their circles. He could bandy wit with the sharpest, and print in the journals as good a criticism on the players as the deftest penman of them all.

The power of the coffee-houses was an acknowledged estate of the realm. Scandal and news here acquired a potency. Faction ran high in so motley a crowd, made up of notables, invulnerables, bravoos, and critics. The wits made the poor devil of an author wince beneath his incognito. Tom Puzzles

were abundant, with knowledge enough to raise a doubt, but not to clear one. The liar met the truth-stickler at a tilt, and the fashionable booby looked on with a *haw*, tapped his red-heeled shoes, and twisted his gold-embroidered hose. Here, too, was the spruce young Templar, —

“Deep in the drama, shallow in the law.”

But it was the circles of The Bedford that held oracular sway over everything pertaining to the drama. The actors and playwrights made this tavern their great resort, and with them David was not long in establishing terms of intimacy, — much, however, to the dislike of his elder brother, who had a very keen perception of the line of respectability and innocence running between their cellars and the green-rooms. David was good at propitiatory manœuvres, and he induced Giffard, the manager of Goodman’s Field, to persuade the proprietors of The Bedford to supply themselves from the new vintners. Peter Garrick rejoiced at the increased run of custom, but he still kept a wary eye on the bodeful line. He had a horror of brother Davy’s being stage-struck! He felt himself, in view of such an event, the embodiment of a most eminent respectability. He felt for the memory of his father, for the sensibility of his mother, for the happiness of himself. Meanwhile, David preserved the most discreet silence about such reprehensible intentions; but, when Peter lost him from under his eye, he could most surely find him over at The Bedford.

Prominent at this place was to be seen the strong, rugged face of Charles Macklin, then in the vigor of mature life, and, by a change in the style of acting, preparing the way for a greater. David soon was fixed in his good graces. Here, too, came Havard and Woodward, both comedians of mark, — the one destined to be commemorated in an epitaph from the great manager’s pen, and the other to dispute his claim to a universal supremacy by his admirable Bobadil. Here, too, came a man

of established reputation in a kindred art, — likely enough to sketch a caricature on his thumb-nail, — whose name was Hogarth. Another noted man came from the Inns of Court; a clever playwright he was accounted, — for the name of Fielding was not yet associated with his novels. A gentleman by birth, he had commanded distinguished patrons; and he had possessed an easy disposition to make the best of life, although his plays were often damned as easily as he wrote them. A handsome, stalwart fellow he was; but a life of dissipation, to which he had added the trials of managing a company of players and editing a magazine, had already marked him with disease, although he was hardly turned of thirty. He had taken a wife, however, who incited him to study, and his student’s gown, at this time, was no incongruity. Yet he could not resist mixing occasionally with his old companions of the playhouse; and as Macklin was his next friend, and Garrick’s also, the playwright and the vintner were thus brought into terms of a like relationship. Perhaps still more noticeable was a certain short, stout fellow, who spent his mornings lounging at The Grecian, but was sure to saunter in at The Bedford as the evening came, and startle all ears with the laugh he raised. It was said he also had chambers in the Temple, and was quite the madcap Ranger a gownsman was afterwards dramatically represented to be by Hoadley; and he did not much depart from the standard of a Templar which Fielding had already portrayed in one of his pieces. He had a broad and rather vulgar face, only redeemed by a flexible mouth and a sparkling eye. This was Samuel Foote; and people had little doubt he studied the chances of the gaming-table more than the abstrusities of the law.

Such was the assembly of wits that made The Bedford the centre of dramatic interest. Here each new play was canvassed, and every innovation of the managers criticised. The talk was now of Quin, — how he had done this in Lear,

or that in Julius Cæsar; — now of old Cibber, who had again resumed the sock, in Shallow to Quin's Falstaff; and who, it was rumored one night, when he played in Richard, had found his old vigor gone, and had declared, behind the scenes, that he would give fifty guineas to be at home in his easy-chair. Faction was exasperated when it was reported that the Lord Chamberlain had stopped the rehearsal of Brook's "*Gustavus Vasa*," at Drury Lane, because there were words in it that had an ugly meaning for the government; and the question ran round, where now are Pope, Pitt, and Lyttelton, who have heretofore befriended this man? Then there came out a new tragedy, written, as the bills gave out, "in imitation of Shakespeare"; and Billy Havard, as the good soul was called familiarly, was forced to acknowledge the paternity of "*Charles the First*." There was, too, a new actress, just from Dublin, young and handsome, announced for Sylvia in "*The Recruiting Officer*," and all the town was wild about her, — the merry young vintner not the least so, — and the excitement only increased when, a few nights after, she dashed upon them in "*Sir Harry Wildair*." Garrick was not long in making himself one of the most favored of Peg Woffington's admiring circle. He had likewise, by this time, aspired to be an author, and the frequenters of the coffee-houses knew that the lively little wine-merchant of Durham Yard had written the unique after-piece of *Lethe*, which Giffard had brought out for his benefit; though Peter did not know a word of it, but was only troubled with vague surmises. Then, again, Walmesley sends down from Lichfield a patriotic song, to which David adds a verse; and it is sung one night at Drury Lane, after a benefit play for an English crew who had fought the Spaniards. But the event that was causing most comment and misgivings was the promised *Shylock* of Macklin. For forty years the town had had nothing but a farcical alteration of Shakespeare's play, in which the Jew was laboriously comic, and played all sorts of

fooleries; and yet the club-rooms rang with a laugh when it was announced that Macklin was to make *Shylock* a serious part. The manager was frightened, and begged his actor to desist; but Macklin was not a man to retreat. He paid, in those days, an unwonted attention to costume, and caused a stare and winks in the green-room when he appeared for the stage, arrayed in a loose black gown, a peaked beard, and a red hat. "I was Charles the Great for that night," he cried, when narrating his success afterwards; and whether Pope really did or did not compliment him in the celebrated distich,

"This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew,"

it is certain he commended his pains in the appointments of the play; and, for that and many subsequent seasons, to see Macklin in *Shylock* was one of the sights of the metropolis.

While Garrick was living in this round of excitement, his old friend Johnson was drudging for the booksellers, dating time from his clean-shirt day, and now and then getting a lift through Walmesley's influence, but knowing London as he wrote about it in his poem of that name. He had managed to make his approach to Cave, the potentate of St. John's Gate and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, — taciturn, distant, but good-hearted man as he was, — dispenser of all the bounty a poor hackney writer hoped for. It was at his table that Johnson told of the inimitable powers of mirth in his townsman who kept the wine-vaults in Durham Yard, and the magnanimous Cave resolved to see for himself. In the room over the arch a stage was hastily prepared, and, with such decorations and dresses as could be easily improvised, Garrick assumed a manager's direction, with an audience of the literary handicraftsmen of the magazine. There was much of a likeness among these dangleling hirelings, — needy poets, improvident wits, skulking essayists, — hunted of the bailiffs, all. A long, thin face, upon whose coarse features gravity sat as in mockery, told the miserable life that

was led by Richard Savage. Johnson and he had but lately walked St. James Square all night for want of means to hire a lodging. Too profligate to hold his friends, he was to find the only two vindicators of his memory in this company, — Johnson was to write his life; and Garrick, when its author was long dead, was to befriend a straggling tragedy that about this very time in his despondency its author had sold to Cave. There was another among this audience whom the transient manager may have liked to propitiate; for it was thought a certain slovenly, near-sighted fellow present had a talent for the drama, and it was nothing incongruous that his lodging was too often in a sponging-house. This was Samuel Boyse, whose poem of "The Deity," published soon after, is not rightfully forgotten, if we have faith in the judgment of the author of "Tom Jones."

On the night in question it was Fielding's farce of "The Mock Doctor" they were to play; and Garrick, taking Gregory to himself, distributed the parts among the journeyman printers of the establishment. He could not have had a better vehicle for broad farcical humor; and the applause he gained only sent him back to his wine-vaults more dissatisfied than ever, and open to the admonitions of Peter, still persistent in his reproofs.

It was not long before his constancy was put to another test. The Eton boys got up "The Orphan" at the little York-building theatre; and Garrick, being cast with them for Chamont, so fascinated the ladies who attended, that they offered him their purses and trinkets from the boxes. This attempt led to another. One night manager Giffard was distressed because his harlequin was suddenly taken ill, and the flushed amateur quickly donned the jacket, and nobody in the house ever suspected the change; and Peter, too, was for a long time spared the mortification of knowing it.

David was thus fast making up his mind that he must openly cross the fatal boundary of respectability, and

rely upon his powers to retrieve his good name. He dared not break the matter to his brother. Peter had already frowned dreadfully at the mere surmise; and he could but now mark that a cloud was over his brother's spirits, when in his presence. He spoke to him of their good family name, and portrayed the sure displeasure which their parents, if surviving, would manifest. His mother, David often acknowledged, had fortunately been so dear to him, that the thought of her restrained him at many a critical moment. He lived to account it a great advantage that this restraint gave his powers time to ripen. He was in his twenty-fifth year when restraint was no longer effectual. It is not within the scope of this paper to picture the realization of his long-indulged hopes. He went through a brief probationary incognito at a provincial theatre, and came back to London, reassured, and undertook that most remarkable first season, which began a long career without a parallel in the history of the stage, proving for thirty-five successive years that he had not in vain been stage-struck!

That life has been often told, but never yet as it should be. Tom Davies, the actor, — whose relations with his manager were not always the happiest, and whose shop, when he became, after Churchill's "Rosciad" stung him, a bookseller, was the rendezvous of a set of men fond of saying savage things about the Drury Lane potentate, — was the first to tell the story of the great actor. He published it the year after Garrick's death; and, though he is supposed to have had Johnson's countenance and aid, he received no assistance from the actor's widow and the guardians of his papers. His book is lively, and cannot be overlooked by any subsequent biographer, though Davies's memory was not exact, and he trusted to it too freely. The next attempt was made by Arthur Murphy, when Garrick had been dead twenty-one years; and the interval had not been long enough for Murphy to forget how he had practised the

astutest arts a disappointed playwright could summon to harass the most sensitive of managers. His book is dull, full of errors, and affords but little that is complementary to the earlier life. Next came Boaden, who, ten years later, and thirty-six years ago, presented in two plethoric quartos, a large mass of Garrick's correspondence, very carelessly arranged and heedlessly selected, and, for the first time, in the rather meagre memoir prefixed, gave something of authority to the recital of this busy life.

It has been for some years known that there was still a considerable portion of Garrick's papers not used by Boaden, particularly letters illustrating his Lichfield life; and Forster gave us in the second edition of his admirable "Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith," a chapter on this part of the actor's career that made some new revelations. Those who fancied there had been an equal reservation of papers regarding Garrick's riper years, had hopes of much additional illustration, when it was announced that Mr. Percy

Fitzgerald would have access to the inedited manuscripts in writing a new biography. These hopes have not been fully met, and a thorough life of Garrick is still to be written. The new biographer casts a slur upon Boaden's editorial labors, but he does not make good his assertion that there was much of the best in reservation, beyond what Mr. Forster had already eliminated. His "Life of Garrick" has two grand faults. It is carelessly, and sometimes awkwardly, put together; and it slights many points of the first importance in understanding Garrick, because the author could not find much to add to what was currently known, while passages of inferior interest are dilated. To such, then, as are not previously versed in the story of that wonderful theatrical and social career, this last narrative will seem disjointed and out of perspective; although much has been done in the bringing together of data and memoranda to make the book an entertaining one for the general reader, and a useful one for the student of English social history of the last century.

MODERN FRENCH PAINTING.

A GOOD model, badly posed, lends itself to very awkward studies, and does not instruct the eye as it should. French art is a subject that for a long time has been badly posed before Americans. Those of us who have been infatuated with it have not been very respectful to native talent; those who have derided it as superficial have only considered it as it appears in its most recent form.

French art is made of a great many diverse things. It is one thing in Ingres, and another in Delacroix; it is one thing in Gérôme, and another in Flandrin; it is one thing in Hamon, and another in Millet; it is one thing

in Théodore Rousseau, and another in Corot.

The only common ground for a characterization under the general head "French Art," presenting itself to my judgment, is that each of these painters has a style which adequately corresponds with his subject; that the short-coming of his work is never in a bad understanding of his means of expression, as is so often the case with the work of our painters, whose average power of representation is lower than the average value of their subject, — lower than that of the painters who make Paris the centre of arts.

Any generalization about French art,

either for or against its ascendancy, must be considered simply as a hasty dash of the mind to cover a vast and varied subject, without due consideration of the meaning and value of its parts. I do not believe it judicious, and it is not very instructive.

At the present hour French art is not maintained at its highest level. It has lost its great representative men. The ebb is so great at this moment, that all the barrenness of the French mind, when not fed from the fecund, outlying, elemental forces, is revealed; the present is the thin and shallow and corrupt hour of French art. It is beginning to correspond very well with the epoch of the Regency, which gave to France the art and literature and sentiment of courtesans. We may admire France very much, but we must admit that France is very barren in great things when it is dominated by the Parisian sentiment, and does not derive its ideas from the Continent and England, rather than from its own characteristic life. The characteristic life of France is in action and in pleasure.

But yesterday France held the great representative painters of the nineteenth century, — men who were fed by all the great springs of intellectual and moral life outside of France; to-day she has a group of figure-painters, who represent the pleasures and tragedies of Roman civilization, and seek to make France repeat the cruel, arbitrary, centralized life of the ancient imperial world.

Yesterday, France had Delacroix exercising his genius in the highest realms of imagination, and dedicating his art to the suffering of humanity; she had Ingres, in the reasoned, restrained, monotonous, and classic world; she had Flandrin, devout and elevated in sentiment, thorough in his work, positive in his style; she had Scheffer, in poetry and religious sentiment; she had Delaroche, in the historical and literary; she had Decamps, in the picturesque of subject, the caprice of effect, the vivid of natural color; — then Troyon, the great,

simple, natural colorist; Rousseau, the landscapist, rich and subtle in his color; and to-day, last members of the same group, Corot, the dreamy poet; and Millet, the profoundly impressive and simple painter of the peasants of France.

The decadence of French art — save where it is checked by such men as the landscapists of France, and Courbet in his best efforts — has been rapid since the death of Troyon. For the most part, the landscape painters are outside of imperial France.

I propose that we go back a few years, to the time when society was in ferment, and the forces of life were not suppressed by the imperial *régime*. The splendid outburst of thirty years ago in France was a reaction against authority; it was the substitution of the will or caprice of the individual for the fixed law of a school; it was a revolt. It was a revolt that had Victor Hugo, Dumas, George Sand, Delacroix, Géricault, and Decamps, and all the succeeding landscape and genre painters for its leaders and supporters. They resisted the Academy of Beaux-Arts and the Academy of Belles-Lettres.

To-day France is again quiet, — the last wave of revolt has nearly spent itself, the tide is low, the shore barren. To-day France is again contented with authority, and accepts tradition. The Institute and Tuileries are well guarded; both have succeeded in convincing the cultivated classes that a nation is best when its people are kept as minors, not recognized as lords of the estate. Victor Hugo is in exile; the forms of constitutional government are maintained only as so many tribunes from which the hireling deputies throw a dust of words between the people and the arbitrary acts of a ruler, who closes his hand tighter and tighter on the nation.

Understand well, that the epoch of constitutional government and of revolution in France is represented in painting by Géricault, Delacroix, Scheffer, Delaroche, Decamps, and the overrated Vernet. The Second Empire is represented by Gérôme, Meissonier, Caba-

nel, Baudry, Chaplin, Diaz, and Hamon; in literature, by Gautier, Houssaye, Féval, Feydeau, Baudelaire, and Dumas *filis*. These men illustrate art detached from the moral,—the artistic emancipated from ideas of morality and ideas of democracy. They represent the cruelty, the corruption, and sometimes the splendor, of the purely artistic; but, on the whole, they may be taken as illustrations of the artistic in excess.

The epoch of revolution and constitutional government had a group of writers of greater reach, nobler purpose, and more profound genius. It had Guizot, Lamartine, Béranger, George Sand, Auguste Comte, Victor Hugo, Balzac, and De Musset,—the great names of modern France. De Musset, however, did not hold either the revolutionary or republican spirit. He was simply an unhappy soul with a rare artistic sense.

Men like Sainte-Beuve and Ingres, who exalted authority and tradition in letters and in arts as opposed to the individual genius or wilfulness, easily found their place, cushioned, under the Empire. So true it is that the mind which relies upon an external fact is always consistent, always ready for a master. Sainte-Beuve, who never had any convictions; and Ingres, who only had one,—that is, that Phidias and Raphael fixed, for all time, the one perfect form of art,—gravitated towards the paternal government; and both have given *éclat* to art and letters under the imperial régime.

If my thought is true, I have indicated the place which the leading masters of painting, in France, hold in the scale of its political development. But we must go still nearer to the great masters who came after the first revolution.

No modern nation has a group of men comparable to the French painters of the last thirty years. In the art of painting, as understood by painters, they have no peers, save in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Their science of art is French; their ideas are universal,—do not belong exclusively to the French mind. To-

day, French art is more local, less universal; therefore, not great. It has again fallen to the level of the average French mind. The average French mind—or genius—is exact like Gérôme, light like Chaplin, pagan and sensual like Cabanel, full of exaggeration like Doré, bold and prosaic like Vernet, whose popularity “is the accusation of a whole nation.” But, back of all these traits, which are so characteristic of the French, there is a genuine love of out-of-door life; and the modern French landscape painters are the artistic correspondence of that love. That love is universal; therefore the French landscapists have a public outside of France. They are not localized. Great men are not local. They do not correspond with the average men of their nation; they correspond with the superior men of the world.

The average of French art, like the average of French literature, is exclusively a matter of expression, which is generally attractive, and disengages the mind from the subject to please it with the execution. The average work of the French painter is too artistic, and outside of reality; the average work of the English painter is not in the least artistic, but awkward, yet holding a certain fixed relation to the domestic sentiment and poetic feeling of the English people.

But in arts and in letters we are not concerned with the average power of a people. We ask to know the highest or characteristic development reached by the genius of a people. It is Shakespeare, Milton, and Shelley; it is Hogarth, Reynolds, and Turner; in France, it is Molière, Voltaire, and George Sand; it is Claude Lorraine, Delacroix, Goussier.

None of Delacroix's works have any value as studies of manners, or as realistic renderings of the subject. If you are in the habit of occupying your mind with details; if you follow the contemporary method in art,—in which the observation is everything, and the dream nothing,—in a word, if Balzac and Thackeray are your best types, you

will not understand, much less appreciate, Delacroix.

Delacroix is properly the subject of a special study; it is not within my purpose to write a commentary on his genius. I notice his work only so far as is necessary to make apparent that his is the first name in my classification of French painters. Delacroix and Géricault are the *first*, among Frenchmen, who treated things with the brush of the Venetians, and in the large epic style that to-day is without any illustration in the works of living painters.

It has been Delacroix's glory and reproach, that he spontaneously gave being to purely personal impressions, lifted the subject out of a cold, lifeless, artistic form, and hurled it, as it were, palpitating with all the emotions of his heart, to an inert public.

The aggressive Proudhon, who opposes the whole spirit and fact of French art as being anti-democratic and anti-realistic, says: "Delacroix has a lining of Lord Byron, of Lamartine, of Victor Hugo, of George Sand; he is also the illustrator of Shakespeare and Goethe." And then he asks: "But what do I care for all these declaimers and weepers?"

No doubt these are appropriate and expressive words in the mouth of a democrat. No doubt the man occupied with the question of labor and emancipation has no respect for the romantic dreams, the spiritual and moral disorders of men and women whom excess of sensibility and passion for the ideal forbid to mix in the hurly-burly of life, but place before the spectacle of the human soul, in its body of flesh, enacting the perpetual drama of its desires and its debasements.

Proudhon's book is a running, aggressive, democratic commentary on art. It is the only book that I know which is a brave and sturdy effort to refute the artistic idea as it is understood by the artists; it aims to substitute a purely democratic idea of the painter's function. The only art that can hold a place in Proudhon's emancipated society is the modern land-

scapist's; or the art of the painter who flatly outrages the classic ideal and the studied form,—like Courbet.

If I should speak from Proudhon's book about French art in the nineteenth century, I should be perfectly well understood by every American; and the average reader would recognize good sense, and wonder why he ever admitted the metaphysical talk about "art" and "beauty" and "the ideal" to impose itself upon his mind and convict him of ignorance. I should be thought sensible and convincing with Proudhon's thought on my lips; but, let me hasten to add, I should be at once outside of the idea of art as it is understood by artists. I should be speaking from the very lapse of the artistic sense. I should be honoring common sense, which in Proudhon, as never before, does its iconoclastic work upon the beautiful world, cherished at the cost of the comfort of the people.

Proudhon's book is the gospel of modern art as it must be developed in America; that is, free from tradition, free from the voluptuous, based wholly on the common life of the democratic man, who develops his being on a free soil, and in the midst of a vast country.

At this moment the national galleries of France contain the most perfect examples of the art of painting that have been produced in the world since 1789; at this moment they contain works the most varied in style and subject, and the most illustrative of the resources of the palette of any modern art save that of Turner; at this moment French art is most universal in its influence, and the most expressive of art as art. But at this moment the leading men of the French school—Gérôme, Meissonier, Cabanel—do not entertain universal ideas and elevated sentiments corresponding with the ideas and sentiments of Delacroix, Scheffer, and Delaroche.

French art has become Parisian, and in becoming Parisian it has fallen to the level of a corrupt and luxurious world,—a world in which taste and voluptuousness are exacted in the work

of every figure-painter. It still remains true to the idea of art for art. Need we say it gained its ascendancy over the modern world when it was less local, and at a time when art was not pursued for its own sake, but because it was believed to be a beautiful and special means of expressing the sentiments and passions, and depicting the noblest and most beautiful parts of nature and the life of man?

When France was thrown open by the Revolution, and was accessible to foreign influences, she was greater than to-day; now she is shut within herself by imperialism. When her literary and artistic genius was fed with Shakespeare, with Oriental dreams, with mediæval imaginations, it was enriched by external things. To-day France has become more Parisian,—that is, local,—and, in becoming more Parisian, she has fallen in the scale of greatness.

So far we can generalize and render truthfully the leading facts of French art, and therefore of France itself. But we have reached our limit, and we must look more closely at the actual men of the hour, and ask in what manner they sustain the glory made for French art by the splendid group of artists whom I have so often named.

I have said that they are not imbued with the large spirit, and do not show the general aim of their great predecessors; that the ablest and simplest men who yet live are a part of that great outburst of artistic power that began with Géricault, and seems now almost spent. Who are these men? Certainly not the fashionable painters. Meissonier is not of them, nor Gérôme, nor Cabanel, nor even the elegant and delicate Fromentin.

Gérôme, who is the most exact and intellectual, and the most reasonable,—the man whose pictures have all the dignity that mind can give to a work of art,—is well known; and likewise so known is Meissonier; and Cabanel, who paints to charm the senses just as they are charmed at the Jardin Mabille or the Porte Saint Martin.

Properly speaking, Gérôme and Meis-

sonier are not painters. They are simply draughtsmen or designers, who have acquired all of the art of painting that can be taught. Their limitations are limitations of organization. And yet their method of characterizing their work by the line and the design, and limiting the play of the brush and the flow of color, is in keeping with the exact and positive ideas that have taken the first place in current criticism. But the masters of painting have always made less of the refinements of the line or the form, and more of the splendid and fleeting impression of color and effect.

I have to speak of Théodore Rousseau, Diaz, Millet, Fromentin, Corot, Jules Duprez, Daubigny, and Courbet. These men represent the most healthful phase of French art, and show that, however much they may be below the epic greatness of Delacroix and Géricault, they carry forward the work so splendidly begun by those two great dramatic painters. They react against tradition, and give the ascendancy to individual genius, rather than train it in classic or academic forms, according to the example of Flandrin, Ingres, and even Gérôme.

Rousseau, who died but yesterday in the poetical village of Barbison, on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, represents the richest and strongest genius in landscape art. His work has strength, force, and luxuriance, and all these traits and qualities are held in a rich and solid style of painting. He was varied in his subjects, and had two distinct manners; but his proper style was solid, rich, and close. The landscapes of our own Inness, without being as firmly designed as Rousseau's, without having the same depth and clearness of tone, yet are not unlike those of the great French landscapist.

Another painter is Corot, an old man now, and an old favorite. He paints—in a manner just the reverse of Rousseau—with a light, quick, loose touch, and makes a vague, floating, dreamy effect. He paints like no one else, because he finds in nature everything but

the obvious and positive forms that we know by experience. His pictures are to me the most charming reveries, — all light and air, fresh like the morning, and, suggesting I know not what pensive and veiled idyllic beings to correspond with his fresh and idyllic nature. Corot is one of the most disputed talents in France. I suppose precisely because he is not commonplace, — precisely because he has a way of seeing and rendering nature not cognizable to the vulgar. The man is charming, sincere, *naïf*. The studios are full of delightful stories about him. He is a man of sensibility; say, just like his pictures, — all tender and fresh and floating.

One day, standing before a picture by Delacroix, he said: "He is an eagle; I am but a lark, throwing my little song into my gray clouds." What a charming way of saying his thought! One of those delightful words that open a window, and let fresh air into the stale atmosphere of our academic or hospital life!

Corot is reproached for being vague and sketchy. I consider the criticism shallow; and generally it is the outflow of a common mind. But it is worth while to make apparent, that he may be both vague and sketchy, and yet a true and uncommon landscape painter. Corot understands that nature is an influence; most landscapists have not gone beyond the idea that she is a form. Corot understands that nature is a depth lighted by a sun; most landscapists understand her as a surface against which objects are not only inevitably defined, but "made out," like so many pieces of needle-work. Corot understands that nature, to the eye, is not a fixed fact, but a fleeting impression; most landscapists understand nature as a vast piece of still-life which they must imitate, and an agglomeration of facts that they are to photograph. But Corot, being a poet, understands nature as a *life*, as one thing, and he aims to express it. Without being a man of great reach or varied power, he is sympathetic and true; he

is penetrated with the quality and the spirit of his subject. He never delineates; he expresses. The depth of air, the fulness of light, the penetrability of masses of foliage, the loosening of the wind, and the scattered aspect of vegetation on his canvases, are rendered with a free and light brush which gives to his work an indescribable charm.

Like a man who always looks at the distance and the floating clouds, his eye is not filled with the vivid color of the grass close to him, nor does he notice the plants that lift themselves, each after their own fashion, by his feet. No; Corot is a dreamer who sometimes even forgets the soil on which he stands, but never the look of the remote country at the horizon, or the low clouds that float over the water. Happily he is *one man* who has not the pretension to exhaust nature on his canvas; he has not the pedantry implied in the so-called complete, systematic, detailed, in the midst of wonderful and inexhaustible and infinite nature! Who can help loving his delightful suggestions of the aspect of things, his breathing harmony of color? He is the good gray landscape painter of France.

François Millet is a grand and simple painter, with something of Rembrandt and everything else of himself, — the one man in France among the artists who has made the despised peasant — broken with labor, and brown like the soil — look on the full impressiveness of his humanity in the midst of his silent and laborious life.

I cannot express to you the profound spirit, the simple and large form, of Millet's pictures. He makes you feel the common and mysterious unity of the universal life that is in man. Millet is the poet of the peasant. He aggrandizes the traits of his subject, but never seeks for, rather avoids, the feminine graces, and the pretty parts that painters love to find even in the homeliest conditions of life. Millet is a *man*, not a dainty lover of the pretty. He disengages his subject from the prosaic

without destroying its real character. He is more than Jules Breton, because of the trait of grandeur, because of the simpler form of his art, and because he is more profound; and, finally, he first devoted himself to paint the peasant as he is. He is the sincerest and most truly poet of any living figure-painter in France. He alone is a protest against the false, dazzling, polished, and sensual art of the *salons* of Paris to-day. But I am too hasty; the sturdy and prosaic and unequal Courbet is also a protest against the corrupt and the classic art patronized by the officials of the Second Empire.

Last we are to speak of Diaz, who is an extraordinary colorist, a maker of rose-dreams, and creamy-tinted, flower-soft women, and also a painter of the deep, dark forest. He renders a rich and vagabond vegetation,—woods sturdy and dense,—the very home of silence and solitude.

Without defining or drawing a line, by mere combination of lights and darks, warmed and enriched with the colors of his Spanish palette, on which all soft, pulpy, juicy, mellow things have been crushed,—in one word, the palette of Keats,—he makes his canvas glow and shine, and you behold, in brown or golden shadows, Cupids and Nymphs and Fauns, or the light ladies of the Decameron; loose, falling robes, the dazzle of shoulders; a luminous group of beautiful nude beings, neither Greek nor Parisian, belonging wholly to the ideal,—perhaps the bastard ideal,—which gave us Shakespeare's fairies and Keats's Endymion. His is an art that gives pleasure to the ordinary artistic sense; it is the other side of the cold, exact, passionless, serious sensualities that have so much place in the work of a man so dignified and able as Gérôme.

Another positive talent is that of Eugène Fromentin,—a writer who, as such, has won from Sainte-Beuve, George Sand, and Théophile Gautier alike, carefully chosen words expressive of the superiority of his talent, and a painter to whom all current criticism

gives a first rank. His picture of *La Smala en Voyage* is a beautiful example of all the finest and most elegant artistic traits proper to the subject; the color is clear and brilliant, the touch neat and rapid, the form delicate and pure. The tribe of the Smala are just crossing a shallow stream, and ascending a spur of the mountain in front of them,—the chiefs, in advance, mounted on supple and fiery Arab horses, of varied and lovely colors, with manes silken and combed like the hair of women. Negroes laden with baggage, women and children in picturesque disorder, cross the ford. The white haiks and colored bernouses of the chiefs, blown apart, reveal their sleeves and vests embroidered with jewels and gold sparkling in the light. The haughty and noble grace and grave aspect of the chiefs, the movement and character of the people of the tribe, are rendered in a vivid and picturesque, and also in an elegant manner. It is one of the many pictures that confirms Fromentin as a master in his art. In some of his earlier works I noticed a manifest artificiality of color which detracted from their value. But his is a superior and special talent, and he has as many imitators as Decamps or Gérôme.

The remaining actual workers who hold a first rank in the French school are Couture, Gustave Moreau, Isabey, Zeim, Emile Breton, and Jules Breton. They are of the first rank in power of execution, and they complete the remarkable group of French artists of the nineteenth century; they have no living superiors in mastery of the resources of the palette. They illustrate every phase of art save that of the vast and grand in landscape art of which Turner is the unrivalled master. Not one painter in France among the landscapists has ever reached the height of power that characterizes Turner's pictures; by the subject and the composition, they occupy a place above all contemporary landscape art. The French landscapists have rendered certain simple phases of color and effect with a brush more fed and a hand

more vigorous than Turner's. But Turner excels them by his Shakespearian imagination, and the Shakespearian correspondence with fact at the same time that he exercises a most extraordinary imagination. He has no peer among the French landscapists.

It is among the figure-painters that we must go to find the peer of Turner. Delacroix and Turner are the two great epic poets of the nineteenth century; the one French, the other English. Both correspond with the national genius, while they rise above its purely local character. Delacroix seems like the last effort of the genius of painting, while Turner is the magician who covers the whole future of art: from Turner dates the gradual but inevitable ascendancy of nature over humanity in the *painter's* world. The immense fund of human passion, the invention, the unrestrained force, the fecundity of Delacroix's genius is without a modern parallel. He is brother of Tintoret in energy, and a colorist like Velasquez.

Judge; then, how it becomes us to speak carelessly or irreverently of French art; judge, then, if we dare depreciate the work of that versatile, often superficial, but sometimes grand people, who riot in Paris and are ambitious to make themselves the *gendarmes* of all Europe!

No; that feminine race has the genius of art; and although its average work belongs wholly to the domain of *taste*, and is meant only to flatter the eye, it has given us great examples, made in its great days, when, nourished by Continental genius, open on every side, it appropriated and aggrandized the ideas that belong to our common humanity; then it produced works that match the best of the great masters of the great age of painting.

Liberate France from imperialism, — which shuts her from the play of foreign minds, — inundate her with the revolutionary spirit, and she gives us Mirabeau, George Sand, and Delacroix. Imprison her within the bounds of the

Parisian idea, which is Cæsarism, — an organizing, centralizing, arbitrary spirit, — and she is only capable of producing works especially French. Gérôme, Baudry, Cabanel, to-day; in the past, Watteau, Boucher, and Mignard.

It is because England and America have always been so open-minded that their productive force has been so noble and great. Place the French people in the same condition, and their artistic and literary forms must embody ideas and thoughts and sentiments that appeal to the human race, instead of the local taste of the Parisian public, and the luxurious rich corresponding with that public who exist in all large cities.

At this moment we are misled by the mechanical dexterities of a Meissonier, or the delicate sensualities of a Cabanel, or the cruel, passionless, polished nudités of Gérôme, — or perhaps we fall down to the tiresome level of Frère. But these are not the masters of French art in the nineteenth century, they are simply the able men of the hour. When you say French art, base your thought upon Delacroix, Millet, Rousseau, and Corot, — for they are not local, or Parisian, but French, that is, Continental, universal. When you wish to know Parisian art, you should ask about Cabanel, Baudry, Dejonghe, and, as at its highest intellectual level, Gérôme.

The traditional or classic of French art remains in the works of David, Ingres, Gleyre; and, at its best, in Flandrin's frescos. We must respect it because it is venerable; we must respect it, because, like a graveyard, it holds a great many dead bodies and a great many melancholy epitaphs. But it would be folly to expect to see it exercising any marked influence upon the modern or democratic form of art. The people do not even sympathize with, much less understand, its frigid, abstract forms, sometimes beautiful, but always disengaged from the passionate, suffering, actual life of men and women in the nineteenth century. It is the official, and therefore false, side of modern French art.

TONELLI'S MARRIAGE.

THERE was no richer man in Venice than Tommaso Tonelli, who had enough on his florin a day; and none younger than he, who owned himself forty-seven years old. He led the cheerfullest life in the world, and was quite a monster of content; but, when I come to sum up his pleasures, I fear that I shall appear to the readers of this magazine to be celebrating a very insipid and monotonous existence. I doubt if even a summary of his duties could be made attractive to the conscientious imagination of hard-working people; for Tonelli's labors were not killing, nor, for that matter, were those of any Venetian that I ever knew. He had a stated employment in the office of the notary Cenarotti; and he passed there so much of every working-day as lies between nine and five o'clock, writing upon deeds and conveyances and petitions, and other legal instruments, for the notary, who sat in an adjoining room, secluded from nearly everything in this world but snuff. He called Tonelli by the sound of a little bell; and, when he turned to take a paper from his safe, he seemed to be abstracting some secret from long-lapsed centuries, which he restored again, and locked back among the dead ages, when his clerk replaced the document in his hands. These hands were very soft and pale, and their owner was a colorless old man, whose silvery hair fell down a face nearly as white; but, as he has almost nothing to do with the present affair, I shall merely say that, having been compromised in the last revolution, he had been obliged to live ever since in perfect retirement, and that he seemed to have been blanched in this social darkness as a plant is blanched by growth in a cellar. His enemies said that he was naturally a timid man, but they could not deny that he had seen things to make the brave afraid, or that he had now every reason from the police to be secret and

cautious in his life. He could hardly be called company for Tonelli, who must have found the day intolerably long but for the visit which the notary's pretty granddaughter contrived to pay every morning in the cheerless *mezzà*. She commonly appeared on some errand from her mother, but her chief business seemed to be to share with Tonelli the modest feast of rumor and hearsay which he loved to furnish forth for her, and from which doubtless she carried back some fragments of gossip to the family apartments. Tonelli called her, with that mingled archness and tenderness of the Venetians, his *Paronsina*; and, as he had seen her grow up from the smallest possible of Little Mistresses, there was no shyness between them, and they were fully privileged to each other's society by her mother. When she flitted away again, Tonelli was left to a stillness broken only by the soft breathing of the old man in the next room, and by the shrill discourse of his own loquacious pen, so that he was commonly glad enough when it came five o'clock. At this hour he put on his black coat, that shone with constant use, and his faithful silk hat, worn down to the pasteboard with assiduous brushing, and caught up a very jaunty cane in his hand. Then, saluting the notary, he took his way to the little restaurant where it was his custom to dine, and had his tripe soup, and his *risotto*, or dish of fried liver, in the austere silence imposed by the presence of a few poor Austrian captains and lieutenants. It was not that the Italians feared to be overheard by these enemies; but it was good *dimostrazione* to be silent before the oppressor, and not let him know that they even enjoyed their dinners well enough, under his government, to chat sociably over them. To tell the truth, this duty was an irksome one to Tonelli, who liked far better to dine, as he sometimes did,

at a cook-shop, where he met the folk of the people (*gente del popolo*), as he called them; and where, though himself a person of civil condition, he discoursed freely with the other guests, and ate of their humble but relishing fare. He was known among them as Sior Tommaso; and they paid him a homage, which they enjoyed equally with him, as a person not only learned in the law, but a poet of gift enough to write wedding and funeral verses, and a veteran who had fought for the dead Republic of Forty-eight. They honored him as a most travelled gentleman, who had been in the Tyrol, and who could have spoken German, if he had not despised that tongue as the language of the ugly Croats, like one born to it. Who, for example, spoke Venetian more elegantly than Sior Tommaso? or Tuscan, when he chose? And yet he was poor,—a man of that genius! Patience! When Garibaldi came, we should see! The *facchini* and gondoliers, who had been wagging their tongues all day at the church-corners and ferries, were never tired of talking of this gifted friend of theirs, when, having ended some impressive discourse or some dramatic story, he left them with a sudden adieu, and walked quickly away toward the Riva degli Schiavoni.

Here, whether he had dined at the cook-shop, or at his more genteel and gloomy restaurant of the Bronze Horses, it was his custom to lounge an hour or two over a cup of coffee, and a Virginia cigar, at one of the many *caffè*, and to watch all the world as it passed to and fro on the quay. Tonelli was gray, he did not disown it; but he always maintained that his heart was still young, and that there was, moreover, a great difference in persons as to age, which told in his favor. So he loved to sit there, and look at the ladies; and he amused himself by inventing a pet name for every face he saw, which he used to teach to certain friends of his, when they joined him over his coffee. These friends were all young enough to be his sons, and wise enough to be his fathers; but they were always

glad to be with him, for he had so cheery a wit and so good a heart that neither his years nor his follies could make any one sad. His kind face beamed with smiles; when Pennellini, chief among the youngsters in his affections, appeared on the top of the nearest bridge, and thence descended directly towards his little table. Then it was that he drew out the straw which ran through the centre of his long Virginia, and lighted the pleasant weed, and gave himself up to the delight of making aloud those comments on the ladies which he had hitherto stifled in his breast. Sometimes he would feign himself too deeply taken with a passing beauty to remain quiet, and would make his friend follow with him in chase of her to the Public Gardens. But he was a fickle lover, and wanted presently to get back to his *caffè*, where at decent intervals of days or weeks he would indulge himself in discovering a spy in some harmless stranger, who, in going out, looked curiously at the scar Tonelli's cheek had brought from the battle of Vicenza in 1848.

"Something of a spy, no?" he asked at these times of the waiter, who, flattered by the penetration of a frequenter of his *caffè*, and the implication that it was thought seditious enough to be watched by the police, assumed a pensive importance, and answered, "Something of a spy, certainly."

Upon this Tonelli was commonly encouraged to proceed: "Did I ever tell you how I once sent one of those ugly muzzles out of a *caffè*? I knew him as soon as I saw him,—I am never mistaken in a spy,—and I went with my newspaper, and sat down close at his side. Then I whispered to him across the sheet, 'We are two.' 'Eh?' says he. 'It is a very small *caffè*, and there is no need of more than one,' and then I stared at him, and frowned. He looks at me fixedly a moment, then gathers up his hat and gloves, and takes his pestilency off."

The waiter, who had heard this story, man and boy, a hundred times, made a quite successful show of enjoying it, as

he walked away with Tonelli's fee of half a cent in his pocket. Tonelli then had left from his day's salary enough to pay for the ice which he ate at ten o'clock, but which he would sometimes forego, in order to give the money in charity, though more commonly he indulged himself, and put off the beggar with, "Another time, my dear. I have no leisure now to discuss those matters with thee."

On holidays this routine of Tonelli's life was varied. In the forenoon he went to mass at St. Mark's, to see the beauty and fashion of the city; and then he took a walk with his four or five young friends, or went with them to play at bowls, or even made an excursion to the main-land, where they hired a carriage, and all those Venetians got into it, like so many seamen, and drove the horse with as little mercy as if he had been a sail-boat. At seven o'clock Tonelli dined with the notary, next whom he sat at table, and for whom his quaint pleasantries had a zest that inspired the Paronsina and her mother to shout them into his dull ears, that he might lose none of them. He laughed a kind of faded laugh at them, and, rubbing his pale hands together, showed by his act that he did not think his best wine too good for his kindly guest. The signora feigned to take the same delight shown by her father and daughter in Tonelli's drolleries; but I doubt if she had a great sense of his humor, or, indeed, cared anything for it save as she perceived that it gave pleasure to those she loved. Otherwise, however, she had a sincere regard for him, for he was most useful and devoted to her in her quality of widowed mother; and if she could not feel wit, she could feel gratitude, which is perhaps the rarer gift, if not the more respectable.

The Little Mistress was dependant upon him for nearly all the pleasures, and for the only excitements, of her life. As a young girl she was at best a sort of caged bird, who had to be guarded against the youth of the other sex as if they, on their part, were so many marauding and ravening cats. During

most days of the year the Paronsina's parrot had almost as much freedom as she. He could leave his gilded prison when he chose, and promenade the notary's house as far down as the marble well in the sunless court, and the Paronsina could do little more. The signora would as soon have thought of letting the parrot walk across their campo alone as her daughter, though the local dangers, either to bird or beauty, could not have been very great. The green-grocer of that sequestered campo was an old woman, the apothecary was gray, and his shop was haunted by none but superannuated physicians; the baker, the butcher, the waiters at the caffè, were all professionally, and as purveyors to her family, out of the question; the sacristan, who sometimes appeared at the perruquier's to get a coal from under the curling-tongs to kindle his censer, had but one eye, which he kept single to the service of the Church, and his perquisite of candle-drippings; and I hazard little in saying that the Paronsina might have danced a polka around Campo San Giuseppe without jeopardy so far as concerned the handsome wood-carver, for his wife always sat in the shop beside him. Nevertheless, a custom is not idly handed down by mother to daughter from the dawn of Christianity to the middle of the nineteenth century; and I cannot deny that the local perruquier, though stricken in years, was still so far kept fresh by the immortal youth of the wax beads in his window as to have something beauish about him; or that, just at the moment the Paronsina chanced to go into the campo alone, a *leone* from Florian's, might not have been passing through it, when he would certainly have looked boldly at her, perhaps spoken to her, and possibly pounced at once upon her fluttering heart. So by day the Paronsina rarely went out, and she never emerged unattended from the silence and shadow of her grandfather's house.

If I were here telling a story of the Paronsina, or indeed any story at all, I might suffer myself to enlarge some-

what upon the daily order of her secluded life, and show how the seclusion of other Venetian girls was the widest liberty as compared with hers; but I have no right to play with the reader's patience in a performance that can promise no excitement of incident, no charm of invention. Let him figure to himself, if he will, the ancient and half-ruined palace in which the notary dwelt, with a gallery running along one side of its inner court, the slender pillars supporting upon the corroded sculpture of their capitals a clinging vine, that dappled the floor with palpitant light and shadow in the afternoon sun. The gate, whose exquisite Saracenic arch grew into a carven flame, was surmounted by the armorial bearings of a family that died of its sins against the Serenest Republic long ago; the marble cistern which stood in the middle of the court had still a ducal rosé upon either of its four sides, and little lions of stone perched upon the posts at the head of the marble stairway climbing to the gallery, — their fierce aspects worn smooth and amiable by the contact of hands that for many ages had mouldered in tombs. Toward the canal the palace windows had been immemorially bricked up for some reason or caprice, and no morning sunlight, save such as shone from the bright eyes of the Paronsina, ever looked into the dim halls. It was a fit abode for such a man as the notary, exiled in the heart of his native city, and it was not unfriendly in its influences to a quiet vegetation like the signora's; but to the Paronsina it was sad as Venice itself, where, in some moods, I have wondered that any sort of youth could have the courage to exist. Nevertheless, the Paronsina had contrived to grow up here a child of the gayest and archest spirit, and to lead a life of due content, till after her return home from the comparative freedom and society of Madame Prateux's school, where she spent three years in learning all polite accomplishments, and whence she came with brilliant hopes, and romances ready imagined for any possible exigency of the future. She adored

all the modern Italian poets, and read their verse with that stately and rhythmical fulness of voice which often made it sublime and always pleasing. She was a relentless patriot, an Italianissima of the vividest green, white, and red; and she could interpret the historical novels of her countrymen in their subtlest application to the modern enemies of Italy. But all the Paronsina's gifts and accomplishments were to poor purpose, if they brought no young men a-wooing under her balcony; and it was to no effect that her fervid fancy peopled the palace's empty halls with stately and gallant company out of Marco Visconti, Nicolò de' Lapi, Margherita Pusterla, and the other romances, since she could not hope to receive any practicable offer of marriage from the heroes thus assembled. Her grandfather invited no guests of more substantial presence to his house. In fact, the police watched him too narrowly to permit him to receive society, even had he been so minded, and for kindred reasons his family paid few visits in the city. To leave Venice, except for the autumnal *villeggiatura*, was almost out of the question; repeated applications at the Luogotenenza won the two ladies but a tardy and scanty grace; and the use of the passport allowing them to spend a few weeks in Florence was attended with so much vexation, in coming and going, upon the imperial confines, — and when they returned home they were subject to so great fear of perquisition from the police, — that it was after all rather a mortification than a pleasure that the government had given them. The signora received her few acquaintances once a week; but the Paronsina found the old ladies tedious over their cups of coffee or tumblers of lemonade, and declared that her mamma's reception-days were a martyrdom, actually a martyrdom, to her. She was full of life and the beautiful and tender longing of youth; she had a warm heart and a sprightly wit; but she led an existence scarce livelier than a ghost's, and she was so poor in friends and resources that she shud-

dered to think what must become of her if Tonelli should die. It was not possible, thanks to God! that he should marry.

The signora herself seldom cared to go out, for the reason that it was too cold in winter and too hot in summer. In the one season she clung all day to her wadded arm-chair, with her *scaldino* in her lap; and in the other season she found it a sufficient diversion to sit in the great hall of the palace, and be fanned by the salt breeze that came from the Adriatic through the vine-garlanded gallery. But besides this habitual inclemency of the weather, which forbade out-door exercise nearly the whole year, it was a displeasure to walk in Venice on account of the stairways of the bridges; and the signora much preferred to wait till they went to the country in the autumn, when she always rode to take the air. The exceptions to her custom were formed by those after-dinner promenades which she sometimes made on holidays, in summer. Then she put on her richest black, and the Paronsina dressed herself in her best, and they both went to walk on the Molo, before the pillars of the lion and the saint, under the escort of Tonelli.

It often happened that, at the hour of their arrival on the Molo, the moon was coming up over the low bank of the Lido in the east, and all that prospect of ship-bordered quay, island, and lagoon, which, at its worst, is everything that heart can wish, was then at its best, and far beyond words to paint. On the right stretched the long Giudecca, with the domes and towers of its Palladian church, and the swelling foliage of its gardens, and its line of warehouses — painted pink, as if even Business, grateful to be tolerated amid such lovely scenes, had striven to adorn herself. In front lay San Giorgio, picturesque with its church, and pathetic with its political prisons; and, farther away to the east again, the gloomy mass of the madhouse at San Servolo, and then the slender campanili of the Armenian Convent rose over the gleaming and tremulous water. Tonelli took in the

beauty of the scene with no more consciousness than a bird; but the Paronsina had learnt from her romantic poets and novelists to be complimentary to prospects, and her heart gurgled out in rapturous praises of this. The unwonted freedom exhilarated her; there was intoxication in the encounter of faces on the promenade, in the dazzle and glimmer of the lights, and even in the music of the Austrian band, playing in the Piazza, as it came purified to her patriotic ear by the distance. There were none but Italians upon the Molo, and one might walk there without so much as touching an officer with the hem of one's garment; and, a little later, when the band ceased playing, she should go with the other Italians and possess the Piazza for one blessed hour. In the mean time, the Paronsina had a sharp little tongue; and, after she had flattered the landscape, and had, from her true heart, once for all, saluted the promenaders as brothers and sisters in Italy, she did not mind making fun of their peculiarities of dress and person. She was signally sarcastic upon such ladies as Tonelli chanced to admire, and often so stung him with her jests, that he was glad when Pennellini appeared, as he always did exactly at nine o'clock, and joined the ladies in their promenade, asking and answering all those questions of ceremony which form Venetian greeting. He was a youth of the most methodical exactness in his whole life, and could no more have arrived on the Molo a moment before or after nine than the bronze giants on the clock-tower could have hastened or lingered in striking the hour. Nature, which had made him thus punctual and precise, gave him also good looks, and a most amiable kindness of heart. The Paronsina cared nothing at all for him in his quality of handsome young fellow; but she prized him as an acquaintance whom she might salute, and be saluted by, in a city where her grandfather's isolation kept her strange to nearly all the faces she saw. Sometimes her evenings on the Molo wasted away without the ex-

change of a word save with Tonelli, for her mother seldom talked; and then it was quite possible her teasing was greater than his patience, and that he grew taciturn under her tongue. At such times she hailed Pennellini's appearance with a double delight; for, if he never joined in her attacks upon Tonelli's favorites, he always enjoyed them, and politely applauded them. If his friend reproached him for this treason, he made him every amend in answering, "She is jealous, Tonelli,"—a wily compliment which had the most intense effect in coming from lips ordinarily so sincere as his.

The signora was weary of the promenade long before the Austrian music ceased in the Piazza, and was very glad when it came time for them to leave the Molo, and go and sit down to an ice at the Caffè Florian. This was the supreme hour to the Paronsina, the one heavenly excess of her restrained and eventless life. All about her were scattered tranquil Italian idlers, listening to the music of the strolling minstrels who had succeeded the military band; on either hand sat her friends, and she had thus the image of that tender devotion without which a young girl is said not to be perfectly happy; while the very heart of adventure seemed to bound in her exchange of glances with a handsome foreigner at a neighboring table. On the other side of the Piazza a few officers still lingered at the Caffè Quadri; and at the Specchi sundry groups of citizens in their dark dress contrasted well with these white uniforms; but, for the most part, the moon and gas-jets shone upon the broad, empty space of the Piazza, whose loneliness the presence of a few belated promenaders only served to render conspicuous. As the giants hammered eleven upon the great bell, the Austrian sentinel under the Ducal Palace uttered a long, reverberating cry; and soon after a patrol of soldiers clanked across the Piazza, and passed with echoing feet through the arcade into the narrow and devious streets beyond. The young girl found it hard to rend herself from

the dreamy pleasure of the scene, or even to turn from the fine impersonal pain which the presence of the Austrians in the spectacle inflicted. All gave an impression something like that of the theatre, with the advantage that here one was one's self part of the pantomime; and in those days, when nearly everything but the puppet-shows was forbidden to patriots, it was altogether the greatest enjoyment possible to the Paronsina. The pensive charm of the place imbued all the little company so deeply that they scarcely broke it, as they loitered slowly homeward through the deserted Merceria. When they reached the Campo San Salvatore, on many a lovely summer's midnight, their footsteps seemed to waken a nightingale whose cage hung from a lofty balcony there; for suddenly, at their coming, the bird broke into a wild and thrilling song, that touched them all, and suffused the tender heart of the Paronsina with an inexpressible pathos.

Alas! she had so often returned thus from the Piazza, and no stealthy footstep had followed hers homeward with love's persistence and diffidence! She was young, she knew, and she thought not quite dull or hideous; but her spirit was as sole in that melancholy city as if there were no youth but hers in the world. And a little later than this, when she had her first affair, it did not originate in the Piazza, nor at all respond to her expectations in a love-affair. In fact, it was altogether a business affair, and was managed chiefly by Tonelli, who, having met a young doctor laurelled the year before at Padua, had heard him express so pungent a curiosity to know what the Paronsina would have to her dower, that he perceived he must be madly in love with her. So with the consent of the signora he had arranged a correspondence between the young people; and all went on well at first,—the letters from both passing through his hands. But his office was anything but a sinecure, for while the Doctor was on his part of a cold temperament, and

disposed to regard the affair merely as a proper way of providing for the natural affections, the Paronsina cared nothing for him personally, and only viewed him favorably as abstract matrimony, — as the means of escaping from the bondage of her girlhood and the sad seclusion of her life into the world outside her grandfather's house. So presently the correspondence fell almost wholly upon Tonelli, who worked up to the point of betrothal with an expense of finesse and sentiment that would have made his fortune in diplomacy or poetry. What should he say now? that stupid young Doctor would cry in a desperation, when Tonelli delicately reminded him that it was time to answer the Paronsina's last note. Say this, that, and the other, Tonelli would answer, giving him the heads of a proper letter, which the Doctor took down on square bits of paper, neatly fashioned for writing prescriptions. "And for God's sake, caro Dottore, put a little warmth into it!" The poor Doctor would try, but it must always end in Tonelli's suggesting and almost dictating every sentence; and then the letter, being carried to the Paronsina, made her laugh: "This is very pretty, my poor Tonelli, but it was never my onoratissimo dottore, who thought of these tender compliments. Ah! that allusion to my mouth and eyes could only have come from the heart of a great poet. It is yours, Tonelli, don't deny it." And Tonelli, taken in his weak point of literature, could make but a feeble pretence of disclaiming the child of his fancy, while the Paronsina, being in this reckless humor, more than once responded to the Doctor in such fashion that in the end the inspiration of her altered and amended letter was Tonelli's. Even after the betrothal, the love-making languished, and the Doctor was indecently patient of the late day fixed for the marriage by the notary. In fact, the Doctor was very busy; and, as his practice grew, the dower of the Paronsina dwindled in his fancy, till one day he treated the whole question of their marriage with such

coldness and uncertainty in his talk with Tonelli, that the latter saw whither his thoughts were drifting, and went home with an indignant heart to the Paronsina, who joyfully sat down and wrote her first sincere letter to the Doctor, dismissing him.

"It is finished," she said, "and I am glad. After all, perhaps I don't want to be any freer than I am; and while I have you, Tonelli, I don't want a younger lover. Younger? Diana! You are in the flower of youth, and I believe you will never wither. Did that rogue of a Doctor, then, really give you the elixir of youth for writing him those letters? Tell me, Tonelli, as a true friend, how long have you been forty-seven? Ever since your fiftieth birthday? Listen! I have been more afraid of losing you than my sweetest Doctor. I thought you would be so much in love with love-making that you would go break-neck and court some one in earnest on your own account!"

Thus the Paronsina made a jest of the loss she had sustained, but it was not pleasant to her, except as it dissolved a tie which love had done nothing to form. Her life seemed colder and vaguer after it, and the hour very far away when the handsome officers of her King (all good Venetians in those days called Victor Emanuel "our king") should come to drive out the Austrians, and marry their victims. She scarcely enjoyed the prodigious privilege, offered her at this time in consideration of her bereavement, of going to the comedy, under Tonelli's protection and along with Pennellini and his sister, while the poor signora afterwards had real qualms of patriotism concerning the breach of public duty involved in this distraction of her daughter. She hoped that no one had recognized her at the theatre, otherwise they might have a warning from the Venetian Committee. "Thou knowest," she said to the Paronsina, "that they have even admonished the old Conte Tradonico, who loves the comedy better than his soul, and who used to go every evening? Thy aunt told

me, and that the old rogue, when people ask him why he does n't go to the play, answers, 'My mistress won't let me.' But fie! I am saying what young girls ought not to hear."

After the affair with the Doctor, I say, life refused to return exactly to its old expression, and I suppose that, if what presently happened was ever to happen, it could not have occurred at a more appropriate time for a disaster, or at a time when its victims were less able to bear it. I do not know whether I have yet sufficiently indicated the fact, but the truth is, both the Paronsina and her mother had from long use come to regard Tonelli as a kind of property of theirs, which had no right in any way to alienate itself. They would have felt an attempt of this sort to be not only very absurd, but very wicked, in view of their affection for him and dependence upon him; and while the Paronsina thanked God that he would never marry, she had a deep conviction that he ought not to marry, even if he desired. It was at the same time perfectly natural, nay, filial, that she should herself be ready to desert this old friend, whom she felt so strictly bound to be faithful to her loneliness. As matters fell out, she had herself primarily to blame for Tonelli's loss; for, in that interval of disgust and ennui following the Doctor's dismissal, she had suffered him to seek his own pleasure on holiday evenings; and he had thus wandered alone to the Piazza, and so, one night, had seen a lady eating an ice there, and fallen in love without more ado than another man should drink a lemonade.

This facility came of habit, for Tonelli had now been falling in love every other day for some forty years; and in that time had broken the hearts of innumerable women of all nations and classes. The prettiest water-carriers in his neighborhood were in love with him, as their mothers had been before them, and ladies of noble condition were believed to cherish passions for him. Especially, gay and beautiful foreigners, as they sat at Florian's, were taken with hopeless

love of him; and he could tell stories of very romantic adventure in which he figured as hero, though nearly always with moral effect. For example, there was the countess from the mainland, — she merited the sad distinction of being chief among those who had vainly loved him, if you could believe the poet who both inspired and sang her passion. When she took a palace in Venice, he had been summoned to her on the pretended business of a secretary; but when she presented herself with those idle accounts of her factor and tenants on the mainland, her household expenses and her correspondence with her advocate, Tonelli perceived at once that it was upon a wholly different affair that she had desired to see him. She was a rich widow of forty, of a beauty preternaturally conserved and very great. "This is no place for thee, Tonelli mine," the secretary had said to himself, after a week had passed, and he had understood all the wickedness of that unhappy lady's intentions; "thou art not too old, but thou art too wise, for these follies, though no saint"; and so had gathered up his personal effects, and secretly quitted the palace. But such was the countess's fury at his escape, that she never paid him his week's salary; nor did she manifest the least gratitude that Tonelli, out of regard for her son, a very honest young man, refused in any way to identify her, but, to all except his closest friends, pretended that he had passed those terrible eight days on a visit to the country village where he was born. It showed Pennellini's ignorance of life that he should laugh at this history; and I prefer to treat it seriously, and to use it in explaining the precipitation with which Tonelli's latest innamorata returned his love.

Though, indeed, why should a lady of thirty, and from an obscure country town, hesitate to be enamored of any eligible suitor who presented himself in Venice? It is not my duty to enter upon a detail or summary of Carlotta's character or condition, or to

do more than indicate that, while she did not greatly excel in youth, good looks, or worldly gear, she had yet a little property, and was of that soft prettiness which is often more effective than downright beauty. There was, indeed, something very charming about her; and, if she was a blonde, I have no reason to think she was as fickle as the Venetian proverb paints that complexion of woman; or that she had not every quality which would have excused any one but Tonelli for thinking of marrying her.

After their first mute interview in the Piazza, the two lost no time in making each other's acquaintance; but though the affair was vigorously conducted, no one could say that it was not perfectly in order. Tonelli on the following day, which chanced to be Sunday, repaired to St. Mark's at the hour of the fashionable mass, where he gazed steadfastly at the lady during her orisons, and whence, at a discreet distance, he followed her home to the house of the friends whom she was visiting. Somewhat to his discomfiture at first, these proved to be old acquaintances of his; and when he came at night to walk up and down under their balconies, as bound in true love to do, they made nothing of asking him indoors, and presenting him to his lady. But the pair were not to be entirely balked of their romance, and they still arranged stolen interviews at church, where one furtively whispered word had the value of whole hours of unrestricted converse under the roof of their friends. They quite refused to take advantage of their anomalously easy relations, beyond inquiry on his part as to the amount of the lady's dower, and on hers as to the permanence of Tonelli's employment. He in due form had Pennellini to his confidant, and Carlotta unbosomed herself to her hostess; and the affair was thus conducted with such secrecy that not more than two thirds of Tonelli's acquaintance knew anything about it when their engagement was announced.

There were now no circumstances to

prevent their early union, yet the happy conclusion was one to which Tonelli urged himself after many secret and bitter displeasures of spirit. I am persuaded that his love for Carlotta must have been most ardent and sincere, for there was everything in his history and reason against marriage. He could not disown that he had hitherto led a joyous and careless life, or that he was exactly fitted for the modest delights, the discreet variety, of his present state, — for his daily routine at the notary's, his dinner at the Bronze Horses or the cook-shop, his hour at the caffè, his walks and excursions, for his holiday banquet with the Cénarotti, and his formal promenade with the ladies of that family upon the Molo. He had a good employment with a salary that held him above want, and afforded him the small luxuries already named; and he had fixed habits of work and of relaxation, which made both a blessing. He had his chosen circle of intimate equals, who regarded him for his good-heartedness and wit and foibles; and his little following of humble admirers, who looked upon him as a gifted man in disgrace with fortune. His friendships were as old as they were secure and cordial; he was established in the kindness of all who knew him; and he was flattered by the dependence of the Paronsina and her mother, even when it was troublesome to him. He had his past of sentiment and war, his present of storytelling and romance. He was quite independent: his sins, if he had any, began and ended in himself, for none was united to him so closely as to be hurt by them; and he was far too imprudent a man to be taken for an example by any one. He came and went as he listed, he did this or that without question. With no heart chosen yet from the world of woman's love, he was still a young man, with hopes and affections as pliable as a boy's. He had, in a word, that reputation of good-fellow which in Venice gives a man the title of *buon diavolo*, but on which he does not anywhere turn his back with impunity, either from his own conscious-

ness or from public opinion. There never was such a thing in the world as both good devil and good husband ; and even with his betrothal Tonelli felt that his old, careless, merry life of the hour ended, and that he had tacitly recognized a future while he was yet unable to cut the past. If one has for twenty years made a jest of women, however amiably and insincerely, one does not propose to marry a woman without making a jest of one's self. The avenging remembrance of elderly people whose late matrimony had furnished food for Tonelli's wit now rose up to torment him, and in his morbid fancy the merriment he had caused was echoed back in his own derision.

It shocked him to find how quickly his secret took wing, and it annoyed him that all his acquaintances were so prompt to felicitate him. He imagined a latent mockery in their speeches, and he took them with an argumentative solemnity. He reasoned separately with his friends ; to all who spoke to him of his marriage he presented elaborate proofs that it was the wisest thing he could possibly do, and tried to give the affair a cold air of prudence. " You see, I am getting old ; that is to say, I am tired of this bachelor life in which I have no one to take care of me, if I fall sick, and to watch that the doctors do not put me to death. My pay is very little, but, with Carlotta's dower well invested, we shall both together live better than either of us lives alone. She is a careful woman, and will keep me neat and comfortable. She is not so young as some women I had thought to marry, — no, but so much the better ; nobody will think her half so charming as I do, and at my time of life that is a great point gained. She is good, and has an admirable disposition. She is not spoiled by Venice, but as innocent as a dove. O, I shall find myself very well with her ! "

This was the speech which with slight modification Tonelli made over and over again to all his friends but Pennellini. To him he unmasked, and said boldly that at last he was really in

love ; and being gently discouraged in what seemed his folly, and incredulously laughed at, he grew angry, and gave such proofs of his sincerity that Pennellini was convinced, and owned to himself, " This madman is actually enamored, — enamored like a cat ! Patience ! What will ever those Cengarotti say ? "

In a little while poor Tonelli lost the philosophic mind with which he had at first received the congratulations of his friends, and, from reasoning with them, fell to resenting their good wishes. Very little things irritated him, and pleasantries which he had taken in excellent part, time out of mind, now raised his anger. His barber had for many years been in the habit of saying, as he applied the stick of fixature to Tonelli's mustache, and gave it a jaunty upward curl, " Now we will bestow that little dash of youthfulness " ; and it both amazed and hurt him to have Tonelli respond with a fierce " Tsit ! " and say that this jest was proper in its antiquity to the times of Romulus rather than our own period, and so go out of the shop without that " Adieu, old fellow, " which he had never failed to give in twenty years. " Capperi ! " said the barber, when he emerged from a profound revery into which this outbreak had plunged him, and in which he had remained holding the nose of his next customer, and tweaking it to and fro in the violence of his emotions, regardless of those mumbled maledictions which the lather would not permit the victim to articulate ; " if Tonelli is so savage in his betrothal, we must wait for his marriage to tame him. I am sorry. He was always such a good devil. "

But if many things annoyed Tonelli, there were some that deeply wounded him, and chiefly the fact that his betrothal seemed to have fixed an impassable gulf of years between him and all those young men whose company he loved so well. He had really a boy's heart, and he had consorted with them because he felt himself nearer their age than his own. Hitherto they had in no wise found his presence a restraint. They had always laughed, and told their

loves, and spoken their young men's thoughts, and made their young men's jokes, without fear or shame, before the merry-hearted sage, who never offered good advice, if indeed he ever dreamed that there was a wiser philosophy than theirs. It had been as if he were the youngest among them; but now, in spite of all that he or they could do, he seemed suddenly and irretrievably aged. They looked at him strangely, as if for the first time they saw that his mustache was gray, that his brow was not smooth like theirs, that there were crow's-feet at the corners of his kindly eyes. They could not phrase the vague feeling that haunted their hearts, or they would have said that Tonelli, in offering to marry, had voluntarily turned his back upon his youth; that love, which would only have brought a richer bloom to their age, had breathed away forever the autumnal blossom of his.

Something of this made itself felt in Tonelli's own consciousness, whenever he met them, and he soon grew to avoid these comrades of his youth. It was therefore after a purely accidental encounter with one of them, and as he was passing into the Campo Sant' Angelo, head down, and supporting himself with an inexplicable sense of infirmity upon the cane he was wont so jauntily to flourish, that he heard himself addressed with, "I say, master!" He looked up, and beheld the fat madman who patrols that campo, and who has the license of his affliction to utter insolences to whomsoever he will, leaning against the door of a tobacconist's shop, with his arms folded, and a lazy, mischievous smile loitering down on his greasy face. As he caught Tonelli's eye he nodded, "Eh! I have heard, master"; while the idlers of that neighborhood, who relished and repeated his incoherent pleasantries like the *mots* of some great diner-out, gathered near with expectant grins. Had Tonelli been altogether himself, as in other days, he would have been far too wise to answer, "What hast thou heard, poor animal?"

"That you are going to take a mate when most birds think of flying away," said the madman. "Because it has been summer a long time with you, master, you think it will never be winter. Look out: the wolf doesn't eat the season."

The poor fool in these words seemed to utter a public voice of disapprobation and derision; and as the pitiless bystanders, who had many a time laughed with Tonelli, now laughed at him, joining in the applause which the madman himself led off, the miserable good devil walked away with a shiver, as if the weather had actually turned cold. It was not till he found himself in Carlotta's presence that the long summer appeared to return to him. Indeed, in her tenderness and his real love for her he won back all his youth again; and he found it of a truer and sweeter quality than he had known even when his years were few, while the gay old-bachelor life he had long led seemed to him a period of miserable loneliness and decrepitude. Mirrored in her fond eyes, he saw himself alert and handsome; and, since for the time being they were to each other all the world, we may be sure there was nothing in the world then to vex or shame Tonelli. The promises of the future, too, seemed not improbable of fulfilment, for they were not extravagant promises. These people's castle in the air was a house furnished from Carlotta's modest portion, and situated in a quarter of the city not too far from the Piazza, and convenient to a decent caffè, from which they could order a lemonade or a cup of coffee for visitors. Tonelli's stipend was to pay the housekeeping, as well as the minute wage of a servant-girl from the country; and it was believed that they could save enough from that, and a little of Carlotta's money at interest, to go sometimes to the Malibran theatre or the Marionette, or even make an excursion to the main-land upon a holiday; but if they could not, it was certainly better Italianism to stay at home; and at least they could always walk to the Public Gardens. At

one time, religious differences threatened to cloud this blissful vision of the future; but it was finally agreed that Carlotta should go to mass and confession as often as she liked, and should not tease Tonelli about his soul; while he, on his part, was not to speak ill of the Pope except as a temporal prince, or of any of the priesthood except of the Jesuits when in company, in order to show that marriage had not made him a *codino*. For the like reason, no change was to be made in his custom of praising Garibaldi and reviling the accursed Germans upon all safe occasions.

As Tonelli had nothing in the world but his salary and his slender wardrobe, Carlotta eagerly accepted the idea of a loss of family property during the revolution. Of Tonelli's scar she was as proud as Tonelli himself.

When she came to speak of the acquaintance of all those young men, it seemed again like a breath from the north to her betrothed; and he answered, with a sigh, that this was an affair that had already finished itself. "I have long thought them too boyish for me," he said, "and I shall keep none of them but Pennellini, who is even older than I,—who, I believe, was never born, but created middle-aged out of the dust of the earth, like Adam. He is not a good devil, but he has every good quality."

While he thus praised his friend, Tonelli was meditating a service which, when he asked it of Pennellini, had almost the effect to destroy their ancient amity. This was no less than the composition of those wedding-verses, without which, printed and exposed to view in all the shop-windows, no one in Venice feels himself adequately and truly married. Pennellini had never willingly made a verse in his life; and it was long before he understood Tonelli, when he urged the delicate request. Then in vain he protested, recalcitrated. It was all an offence to Tonelli's morbid soul, already irritated by his friend's obtuseness, and eager to turn even the reluctance

of nature into insult. He took his refusal for a sign that he, too, deserted him; and must be called back, after bidding Pennellini adieu, to hear the only condition on which the accursed sonnet would be furnished, namely, that it should not be signed Pennellini, but An Affectionate Friend. Never was sonnet cost poet so great anguish as this: Pennellini went at it conscientiously as if it were a problem in mathematics; he refreshed his prosody, he turned over Carrer, he toiled a whole night, and in due time appeared as Tonelli's affectionate friend in all the butchers' and bakers' windows. But it had been too much to ask of him, and for a while he felt the shock of Tonelli's unreason and excess so much that there was a decided coolness between them.

This important particular arranged, little remained for Tonelli to do but to come to that open understanding with the Paronsina and her mother which he had long dreaded and avoided. He could not conceal from himself that his marriage was a kind of desertion of the two dear friends so dependent upon his singleness, and he considered the case of the Paronsina with a real remorse. If his meditated act sometimes appeared to him a gross inconsistency and a satire upon all his former life, he had still consoled himself with the truth of his passion, and had found love its own apology and comfort; but, in its relation to these lonely women, his love itself had no fairer aspect than that of treason, and he shrank from owning it before them with a sense of guilt. Some wild dreams of reconciling his future with his past occasionally haunted him; but, in his saner moments, he discerned their folly. Carlotta, he knew, was good and patient, but she was nevertheless a woman, and she would never consent that he should be to the Cénarotti all that he had been; these ladies also were very kind and reasonable, but they too were women, and incapable of accepting a less perfect devotion. Indeed, was not his proposed marriage too much like taking her only son from the sig-

nora and giving the Paronsina a step-mother? It was worse, and so the ladies of the notary's family viewed it, cherishing a resentment that grew with Tonelli's delay to deal frankly with them; while Carlotta, on her part, was wounded that these old friends should ignore his future wife so utterly. On both sides evil was stored up.

When Tonelli would still make a show of fidelity to the Paronsina and her mother, they accepted his awkward advances, the latter with a cold visage, the former with a sarcastic face and tongue. He had managed particularly ill with the Paronsina, who, having no romance of her own, would possibly have come to enjoy the autumnal poetry of his love if he had permitted. But when she first approached him on the subject of those rumors she had heard, and treated them with a natural derision, as involving the most absurd and preposterous ideas, he, instead of suffering her jests, and then turning her interest to his favor, resented them, and closed his heart and its secret against her. What could she do, thereafter, but feign to avoid the subject, and adroitly touch it with constant, invisible stings? Alas! it did not need that she should ever speak to Tonelli with the wicked intent she did; at this time he would have taken ill whatever most innocent thing she said. When friends are to be estranged, they do not require a cause. They have but to doubt one another, and no forced forbearance or kindness between them can do aught but confirm their alienation. This is on the whole fortunate, for in this manner neither feels to blame for the broken friendship, and each can declare with perfect truth that he did all he could to maintain it. Tonelli said to himself, "If the Paronsina had treated the affair properly at first!" and the Paronsina thought, "If he had told me frankly about it to begin with!" Both had a latent heartache over their trouble, and both a sense of loss the more bitter because it was of loss still unacknowledged.

As the day fixed for Tonelli's wed-

ding drew near, the rumor of it came to the Cenarotti from all their acquaintance. But when people spoke to them of it, as of something they must be fully and particularly informed of, the signora answered coldly, "It seems that we have not merited Tonelli's confidence"; and the Paronsina received the gossip with an air of clearly affected surprise, and a "*Davvero!*" that at least discomfited the tale-bearers.

The consciousness of the unworthy part he was acting toward these ladies had come at last to poison the pleasure of Tonelli's wooing, even in Carlotta's presence; yet I suppose he would still have let his wedding-day come and go, and been married beyond hope of atonement, so loath was he to inflict upon himself and them the pain of an explanation, if one day, within a week of that time, the notary had not bade his clerk dine with him on the morrow. It was a holiday, and as Carlotta was at home, making ready for the marriage, Tonelli consented to take his place at the table from which he had been a long time absent. But it turned out such a frigid and melancholy banquet as never was known before. The old notary, to whom all things came dimly, finally missed the accustomed warmth of Tonelli's fun, and said, with a little shiver, "Why, what ails you, Tonelli? You are as moody as a man in love."

The notary had been told several times of Tonelli's affair, but it was his characteristic not to remember any gossip later than that of 'Forty-eight.

The Paronsina burst into a laugh full of the cruelty and insult of a woman's long-smothered sense of injury. "Caro nonno," she screamed into her grandfather's dull ear, "he is really in despair how to support his happiness. He is shy, even of his old friends,—he has had so little experience. It is the first love of a young man. Bisogna compatire la gioventù, caro nonno." And her tongue being finally loosed, the Paronsina broke into incoherent mockeries, that hurt more from their purpose than their point, and gave no one greater pain than herself.

Tonelli sat sad and perfectly mute under the infliction, but he said in his heart, "I have merited worse."

At first the signora remained quite aghast; but when she collected herself, she called out peremptorily, "Madamigella, you push the affair a little beyond. Cease!"

The Paronsina, having said all she desired, ceased, panting.

The old notary, for whose slow sense all but her first words had been too quick, though all had been spoken at him, said dryly, turning to Tonelli, "I imagine that my deafness is not always a misfortune."

It was by an inexplicable, but hardly less inevitable, violence to the inclinations of each, that, after this miserable dinner, the signora, the Paronsina, and Tonelli should go forth together for their wonted promenade on the Molo. Use, which is the second, is also very often the stronger nature, and so these parted friends made a last show of union and harmony. In nothing had their amity been more fatally broken than in this careful homage to its forms; and now, as they walked up and down in the moonlight, they were of the saddest kind of apparitions; not mere disembodied spirits, which, however, are bad enough, but disanimated bodies, which are far worse, and of which people are not more afraid only because they go about in society so commonly. As on many and many another night of summers past, the moon came up and stood over the Lido, striking far across the glittering lagoon, and everywhere winning the flattered eye to the dark masses of shadow upon the water; to the trees of the Gardens, to the trees and towers and domes of the cloistered and templed isles. Scene of pensive and incomparable loveliness! giving even to the stranger, in some faint and most unequal fashion, a sense of the awful meaning of exile to the Venetian, who in all other lands in the world is doubly an alien, from their unutterable unlikeness to his sole and beautiful city. The prospect had that pathetic unreality to the friends which natural things

always assume to people playing a part, and I imagine that they saw it not more substantial than it appears to the exile in his dreams. In their promenade they met again and again the unknown, wonted faces, they even encountered some acquaintances, whom they greeted, and with whom they chatted for a while; and when at nine the bronze giants beat the hour upon their bell, — with as remote effect as if they were giants of the times before the flood, — they were aware of Pennellini, promptly appearing like an exact and methodical spectre.

But to-night the Paronsina, who had made the scene no compliments, did not insist as usual upon the ice at Florian's; and Pennellini took his formal leave of the friends under the arch of the Clock Tower, and they walked silently homeward through the echoing Merceria.

At the notary's gate Tonelli would have said good night, but the signora made him enter with them, and then abruptly left him standing with the Paronsina in the gallery, while she was heard hurrying away to her own apartment. She reappeared, extending toward Tonelli both hands, upon which glittered and glittered manifold skeins of the delicate chain of Venice.

She had a very stately and impressive bearing, as she stood there in the moonlight, and addressed him with a collected voice. "Tonelli," she said, "I think you have treated your oldest and best friends very cruelly. Was it not enough that you should take yourself from us, but you must also forbid our hearts to follow you even in sympathy and good wishes? I had almost thought to say adieu forever to-night; but," she continued, with a breaking utterance, and passing tenderly to the familiar form of address, "I cannot part so with thee. Thou hast been too like a son to me, too like a brother to my poor Clarice. Maybe thou no longer lovest us, yet I think thou wilt not disdain this gift for thy wife. Take it, Tonelli, if not for our sake, perhaps then for the sake of sor-

rows that in times past we have shared together in this unhappy Venice."

Here the signora ended perforce the speech, which had been long for her, and the Paronsina burst into a passion of weeping, — not more at her mamma's words than out of self-pity, and from the national sensibility.

Tonelli took the chain, and reverently kissed it and the hands that gave it. He had a helpless sense of the injustice the signora's words and the Paronsina's tears did him; he knew that they put him with feminine excess further in the wrong than even his own weakness had; but he tried to express nothing of this, — it was but part of the miserable maze in which his life was involved. With what courage he might he owned his error, but protested his faithful friendship, and poured out all his troubles, — his love for Carlotta, his regret for them, his shame and remorse for himself. They forgave him, and

there was everything in their words and will to restore their old friendship, and keep it; and when the gate with a loud clang closed upon Tonelli, going from them, they all felt that it had irrevocably perished.

I do not say that there was not always a decent and affectionate bearing on the part of the Paronsina and her mother towards Tonelli and his wife: I acknowledge that it was but too careful and faultless a tenderness, ever conscious of its own fragility. Far more natural was the satisfaction they took in the delayed fruitfulness of Tonelli's marriage, and then in the fact that his child was a girl, and not a boy. It was but human that they should doubt his happiness, and that the signora should always say, when hard pressed with questions upon the matter: "Yes, Tonelli is married; but if it were to do again, I think he would do it to-morrow rather than to-day."

A FOUR-O'CLOCK.

AH, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever in mid-afternoon,
Ah, happy day of happy June!
Pour out thy sunshine on the hill,
The piny wood with perfume fill,
And breathe across the singing sea
Land-scented breezes, that shall be
Sweet as the gardens that they pass,
Where children tumble in the grass!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
And long not for thy blushing rest
In the soft bosom of the west,
But bid gray evening get her back
With all the stars upon her track!
Forget the dark, forget the dew,
The mystery of the midnight blue,
And only spread thy wide warm wings
While summer her enchantment flings!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
 Hang in the heavens forever so!
 Forever let thy tender mist
 Lie like dissolving amethyst
 Deep in the distant dales, and shed
 Thy mellow glory overhead!
 Yet wilt thou wander, — call the thrush,
 And have the wilds and waters hush
 To hear his passion-broken tune,
 Ah, happy day of happy June!

THE GREAT ERIE IMBROGLIO.

THE ultimate solution of the Erie contest awaits the next election of the board of directors.

Until the second Tuesday of October we shall have plenty of surmises; there will possibly be very strange and conflicting tactics, the purposes of the capitalists who have ventured many millions in the fight will become more and more enigmatical and inscrutable; but of the real import of the war the right-fully curious public will have no certain knowledge before the autumnal meeting of the Erie shareholders.

In our present review of the recent developments regarding the Erie Railroad, therefore, no attempt will be made to forecast the future. Neither shall we essay to explain the aspect which affairs have seemed to assume since the passage of the anti-consolidation bill through the New York Legislature. It suffices that what has already transpired of the immediate or habitual policy of the principal actors in this unfinished drama is of a nature so notably representative of railway management and stock operations in America as to justify careful examination, whatever may be the incongruities in sequel.

The primary fact, the overshadowing fact, the fact which should be kept steadfastly in the foreground in all speculations upon the conflict, is that Cornelius Vanderbilt had resolved to secure control of the Erie Railroad, in order to

largely enhance the cost of travel and freightage throughout every rood of soil in the State whereof with one exception he is the wealthiest citizen. The programme was broad, and with many ramifications. If completed, it would affect disastrously, not only the producing class and the national commerce, but the very share-gamblers who have been most clamorous in its favor. Nevertheless, the scheme was defended so sagaciously, so secretly, and with such incomparable sophistry, that for many months its full measure was most imperfectly comprehended, while it encountered only halting and spasmodic opposition.

The general public first became cognizant of the monopoly programme during the initial session of the recent Constitutional Convention of New York. At that time a strenuous effort was made to estop finally and comprehensively all combinations looking toward exorbitant charges in railroad transportation; and the subsequent result of the struggle was the insertion among the proposed amendments of a clause forbidding the Legislature from authorizing "the consolidation of railroad corporations owning parallel or competing lines of road." The measure naturally provoked a very considerable discussion, and in the course of its advocacy there gradually transpired certain facts and hypotheses of which the following are the most trustworthy.

By a series of rapid and enormous purchases of stock, the Vanderbilt family had acquired the control, not only of the Harlem and Hudson River Railroads connecting the commercial with the legislative capital of the State, but also of the New York Central, which traverses the inland counties from Albany to Buffalo.

The capital stock of these lines may be thus tabulated:—

Present capital, — Hudson	\$ 14,000,000
Bonds outstanding Jan. 1, 1868	5,000,000
Present capital, — Harlem	6,800,000
Bonds outstanding Jan. 1, 1868	5,000,000
Present capital, — New York Central	28,990,000
Bonds outstanding Jan. 1, 1868	11,347,000
Giving in sum total	\$ 71,137,000

The fourteen millions credited to Hudson in the above summary represents only ten and a half millions of actual money, and owes its creation to one of those peculiar financial expedients by which shrewd American capitalists acquire the enviable title of railroad kings. When the head of the dynasty which now dominates over the three affined companies made his first move toward empire by securing possession of the river route, he inaugurated a system of economical management, special traffic arrangements, and vast construction outlays which afforded a specious pretext for augmenting the capital stock. It was therefore voted that the then capital of seven millions should be increased to fourteen by an issue of bonus shares at fifty per cent. Each stockholder paid in fifty dollars, and received scrip, the par value of which was one hundred, but which sold in Wall Street at forty-five premium. This splendid manoeuvre, by which the company obtained three and a half millions for the construction and repair fund, while the stockholders doubled their money, presented features too large and captivating to lapse into desuetude. It was now proposed to repeat the same operation along all the lines, which at the same time were to be consolidated. The scrip dividend in this second scheme was to be 33½ per cent.

This would give:—

Fresh capital, — Hudson	\$ 6,000,000
“ “ Harlem	3,200,000
“ “ N. Y. Central	9,663,000
With previous sum total of capital	71,137,000
Capital of consolidation	\$ 90,000,000

But this magnificent project had one important drawback. The increasing business upon the coalescing roads, though certain, is essentially slow. It was inconceivable that the ordinary earnings could allow of current dividends on so vast an augmentation of capital. The statistics of railroads are subject to the tyranny of arithmetic. If the subtrahend remain the same, and the subtractor be multiplied 33½ or 50 per cent, the remainder will be definitely decreased. It was evident that the profitableness of the programme depended upon the possible elasticity of the rates of transportation. At this dilemma Mr. Vanderbilt showed himself in no wise disconcerted. Dividends must be provided for, and he would therefore advance the tariff.

Experts in railroads are generally agreed that the expense of freightage is seventy-five per cent on earnings. It costs a trifle less to carry passengers, somewhat more to transport merchandise; but the average is about three fourths of gross income, while out of the residual twenty-five per cent must proceed the money for repairs and replacement, the interest on bonds, the contingent fund,* and the dividends. Now it would put the company to no greater expense to carry a ton of wheat at eight cents than at four, while a merely marginal increase on rates of goods in bulk and of passenger travel would secure quite satisfactory profits on the new shares.

Such an enhancement of current rates

* Under the impress of modern ideas, this item has recently acquired startling proportions. The Union Pacific, for instance, paid not less than \$500,000 for services rendered to the company by lobbyists at Washington. It recently cost the Missouri Pacific Railroad \$192,178 to secure the possession of that road by State legislation. The New York Central credits \$250,000 to the contingent fund for expenses at Albany in 1866-67. In view of these facts, it seems just to modify the popular prejudice against the Camden and Amboy Railroad, which has certainly attained its ends in Congress and at Trenton by a far more economical expenditure.

was therefore a necessary feature of the scheme. From one aspect this programme was not only plausible, but feasible. Against the irritation incident to an advance in charges stood the habitual lethargy of the citizens of the United States, who pay six cents as readily as five for a ride in a street car, ten cents as quickly as six in omnibuses, and forty cents for expressage where they once paid twenty-five; while even if popular excitement should so far develop itself as to prompt Albany legislation, there was "influence" at hand quite adequate to check agitation.

It was the ever-present danger of competition which constituted the important obstacle to the measure. As long as the Erie Railroad occupied the position of an active rival, it was impossible either to effect dividends on the fictitious stock, or even to insure large returns on the genuine capital. In previous years, and on a minor scale, an agreement had been entered into, not only with this line, but also with the Pennsylvania Central, by which the general rates had been kept up very much above a reasonable maximum. Goods shipped from St. Louis to New York at the average charge of \$2.62 were carried from the same point to Baltimore for \$1.10. From Chicago there was a like invidious distinction of sixty-two cents; from Cincinnati, of eighty cents. On large importations the difference amounted to immense sums, and was threatening disaster to the mercantile interests of the metropolis.

Nevertheless, this exorbitant tax was found utterly insufficient for the purposes of the prospective consolidation, and a more intimate alliance became of paramount importance. One of two courses was open to the president of the New York Central. He must either secure the unlimited co-operation of the Erie direction by treaty, or he must control the road by buying up a majority of the stock. Each of these alternatives presented peculiar difficulties, and subsequent events would seem to prove that his mind has been in a state of painful indecision as

to which he should finally adopt. It is a historical fact, that he made essays in both these particulars. We have now to consider the special embarrassments of the problem.

The Erie is one of the most important links in the great chain of interior railway connection between the producing and the consuming States. It was built under the impulsion of popular excitement, amid keen opposition, and with the disadvantage, at the start, of being enormously expensive. Its broad and massive line sweeps through a country of singular picturesqueness, while, for every glory of river gorge and mountain slope its stockholders have had to pay enormously in deep cuts, solid causeways, and firm-built bridges. There is scarcely a road in the country which will compare with it for unavoidable and immense engineering expenses. Moreover, its splendid gauge, while undeniably the most luxurious to travellers, and admitting of excessive freighting, is notoriously costly, both in construction and repairs. Still further: the central idea of the New York and Erie, as it was originally called, was the modern one of comparatively straight lines, and through trade, rather than intermediate traffic. This principle underlay the construction of the Illinois Central, and is seen in most remarkable activity in the Pacific railroads. Experience has demonstrated the wisdom of the theory. It has been seen that population accepts the fresh channels, that cities rapidly spring up, that manufacture as well as agriculture centralizes itself around the new highways, and real estate triples and quadruples its value everywhere within sound of the locomotive whistle. But all these immeasurable changes come after the completion of the roads; and, in the interval, the rewards to invested capital are in inverse ratio to desert. It has happened, therefore, that what is averagely true of the first stockholders, even of such roads as pass through a comparatively well-populated country from the first, was exasperatingly true of the original share-owners of Erie. The

agriculturists and land-owners throughout all the inland lower tier of counties were enriched, New York City was enriched, but the stockholders were hopelessly ruined. Mr. Greeley recently stated that on five thousand dollars, which he invested out of pure public spirit, his loss was forty per cent, and it is believed that his case was comparatively a fortunate one.

But there is a worse fact beyond. Ordinarily the capitalist who steps in and buys the shares which have proved fatal to former investment succeeds in bringing up the property to a dividend-paying basis. In the case of the New York and Erie this was never accomplished. Had Dr. Kane discovered an orange-grove on the borders of the Central Polar Sea, he would not have been more astonished than would have been a holder of the old Erie stock by the announcement of a six-per-cent dividend. The road was not merely expensive in building, but it had the misfortune of requiring large sums for repair and improvement, while its direction never appears to have acted in the best interests of the company. Although it had received a State gift of three millions, it was always in debt, from which it extricated itself only by fresh emissions of stock or bonds, that depressed, while flooding, the market.

This exceptional phase finally resulted in the bankruptcy of the company. The mortgages were foreclosed, the property passed into the hands of receivers, a reorganization of the corporation was effected, and under a new name, but with much the same management as before, the road made a fresh appeal to public confidence. The confidence, however, never came. That large portion of the well-to-do and opulent classes which buys stocks for the sake of dividends alone refused to invest in the new scrip. The contractors were "suspect," the employees and directors were "suspect"; an atmosphere of distrust closed in around the company, as the spring fog closes around the Erie ferry-boats. This disastrous suspicion gave birth to one of the most

curious phenomena in railway annals. The really profitable roads in America are seldom quoted on the stock-list. The old Camden and Amboy never was. Neither is Panama stock; neither is Central Pacific. Other roads, like the Illinois Central, are only partially used for speculation; a very considerable portion of the shares being absorbed for trust funds, or held by local capitalists. But it has resulted to Erie, by reason of its unparalleled expenditures, its indubitably incompetent management* and the redistribution of its shares, that the sum total of its stock in all its vast volume has become "street" property. Discarded as a legitimate investment, it has been taken up by the lower or lesser operators on 'Change and employed for "corners," to control elections, for all possible uses but that for which it was originally created. With no deeper significance than a ball in the game of financial battle-dore and shuttlecock, or counters in *rouge et noire*, it has acquired a notoriety the most shameful and infamous. The hard practical *argot* of Wall Street has a certain odd admixture of metaphor in its texture. Like the grammarian of verse, it deals in "longs" and "shorts." A share-bidder who rises or falls with the market is described as "riding in the saddle." A broker who temporarily yields to the storm of adverse fortune is said to "squat." True to this rude tendency for figurative language, the stock board has shown its contempt for the creature of its shameless uses by affixing to Erie the terse Saxon epithet which King James's

* This vague phrase has a very definite meaning among railway men, especially as regards Erie. It includes quite a variety of improprieties, such as the borrowing of money to pay dividends, the concealment of debts from the published reports, the Wall Street operations of responsible directors, secret arrangements with contractors, &c., &c. It is asserted that, although no salary attaches to the position of director, yet no man of intellect, however poor on assuming office, has ever left the Erie board other than rich. A former secretary, who had never been more than a newspaper reporter until accepting place in the company, died worth half a million. Any one familiar with the history of the Napoleon Transportation Company, connected with the Camden and Amboy Railroad, will comprehend how this opulence is generally attained.

translators of the Apocalypse attached to the mystery of Babylon. It is "on the street." It is the scarlet woman of the Stock Exchange.

This statement of the actual condition of Erie scrip will enable the reader to properly understand one feature of the problem which Mr. Vanderbilt was now attempting to solve. The whole volume of stock last October amounted to about twenty-five millions. If his purpose, therefore, were supreme control, he would have to purchase one hundred and thirty thousand shares. The fact that this stock was entirely in the street might, or might not, be in his favor. It would enable his agents to work more rapidly, but it also subjected his movements to observation, with the possibility of encountering an opponent who could either hopelessly embarrass the enterprise, or convert it into that species of victory which is worse than defeat. It remained for events to determine whether such an obstacle would disclose itself; but the King of Central well knew that there was but one person throughout all Wall Street who could contest supremacy with himself. This antagonist was Daniel Drew.

Three years younger than Commodore Vanderbilt, Mr. Drew is far his senior in all that pertains to the mystery of stocks. Not so wealthy,* he is essentially more subtle; and in the present issue he had the immense advantage of working from interior lines. His connection with Erie has been a long one, and in the devious transactions which this intercourse necessitated, he had come to comprehend in minutest detail every "point" on which speculations in its stocks must hinge. It is an open question whether the road profited by the intimacy. On certain occasions, it is true, Mr. Drew has come to the rescue of the direction, and

* Mr. Vanderbilt is credited with property to the amount of forty millions; Mr. Drew, with fourteen millions. Such estimates are, however, very delusive, as they depend upon valuations of stock, — a species of wealth the most fluctuating and uncertain in the world. That they are each very rich, we are quite free to admit. Mr. Drew, for instance, is said to have raised ten millions in one day without borrowing a dollar.

propped up the waning credit of Erie by extraordinary loans, where other capitalists declined the proffered terms. But there was something in the nature of these financial expedients that reminds us of Sir Morton Peto, while at best they operated like high stimulants, flushing the exchequer of the company for the moment, to be invariably succeeded by long periods of still greater abasement.

In one particular there is a dim resemblance between the monopolizing president and the speculative director. The former, partly from honorable pride, but not less from a personal theory of stock finance as complete and more secure than the "systems" of players at *trente et quarante*, habitually tides up the shares of the roads under his control to the maximum register. Every one knows that Hudson and New York Central rule higher than the actual dividends would justify. Nor are there wanting acute thinkers, who hold that this fictitious appreciation is quite as questionable a procedure as any unwarrantable depression. Among railroad men, however, this tendency of Mr. Vanderbilt is regarded as an unusual and sterling virtue; and the friends of Mr. Drew claim that to a certain limit his policy is the same. The stock of the old New York and Erie corporation sold for 17. Under the new *régime*, Mr. Drew has seldom permitted it to fall below 60. But at this point he stops. To lift Erie to par, and to float it to 120 or 145, as Vanderbilt persistently does Hudson, is contrary to the whole bias of his nature. A believer in the doctrine of total depravity, and an active participant in the sombre transactions of both stock-boards, the speculative director has acquired that melancholy tinge of character which gives to all its victims in Wall Street the epithet of "bear." Having from his official relations very thorough knowledge of the intimate affairs of the company, he is able to predict with something like astronomical accuracy the rise and fall of its shares in the market; and his constitutional infirmity

invariably leads him to employ this information in the depreciating interest. To sell "short," to offer large quantities of shares for future delivery at figures below ruling rates, or, as his enemies would say, to pledge himself to render the scrip of the corporation of which he is a leading member less valuable than the share-board estimates it, is his familiar practice. At times, indeed, this leviathan of the Stock Exchange has appeared to reverse his habitual rule, and to look more hopefully upon the resources of the great broad-gauge line. The public has not forgotten the famous movement of 1866, when Mr. Drew, as is popularly believed, formed a "pool" with other speculators who were committed to the rise, and lifted Erie buoyantly to 97. But it would seem that the preternatural distrust of the constitutional "bear" had in no respect lost its empire. Side by side with every dollar invested in the "corner" Mr. Drew staked five dollars in short sales. At last this strange financial zigzag reached its crisis. The original "pool" threatened to transmute itself into a speculating Frankenstein. The despondent director, startled at his own creation, turned to the Erie Company for an instrument to check this untoward appreciation of its shares. Some little while previous he had lent the corporation three millions and a half, for which there had been deposited in his hands, as collateral security, convertible bonds and unissued stock at sixty cents on the dollar. Mr. Drew is well known as a powerful lay preacher, and his appeals during periods of great religious interest have been helpful to the conversion of many souls, but his capacity for converting bonds is not less remarkable. Quietly but quickly he "placed" all these collaterals, amounting to fifty-eight thousand shares, upon the market.* A chill struck the mer-

curial Exchange. Stock dropped to 40. The operators for the rise were recklessly ruined, while Mr. Drew, who had already made more than half a million, now ventured on long purchases, brought the shares rapidly up to a healthy figure, and then retired from the field much elated, much execrated, and so powerful that he could overlook and stand superior to his defamers.

One feature in this magnificent transaction, as will presently be shown, links it with the recent imbroglio. The details, however, are not without their immediate lesson. It cannot fail to be apparent to the reader, that a gentleman whose fatal facility for rapid and perfectly safe stock operations was quite as remunerative as the far-sighted methods of Mr. Vanderbilt, would not readily abandon his own system, and accept the other, unless prompted thereto by very potent reasons.

Had the president of the New York Central any such reasons at command?

The answer to this question, so far as relates to known facts, must be in the negative. Whatever arguments may have been at Mr. Vanderbilt's service, there is no satisfactory evidence that he employed them with any success for the purposes of coalition. Indeed, the first positive revelation of his intentions which has reached the public was that of a combination in which Mr. Drew was wholly ignored.

Between New England and the distant West there has long existed a subtle bond, the offspring of a sentiment and an aspiration, both of them legitimate, but as yet attended by scarcely commensurate fruit. That wonderful homogeneity of Eastern States, which through its superfluous population has created the West, and given tone to Occidental communities, where its presence, gauged by statistics, is but dimly

* These shares he bought of the company for \$3,480,000. He sold them in the street when the stock stood at 97. Supposing that the average price realized was 80, this would give Mr. Drew a clear profit of \$1,160,000; but, as he bought up the stock again when it reached 50, he made very much more.

So also in the case of the five million convertible bonds, the sale of which led to the late widespread litigation. Mr. Drew bought them at 72½, and sold the stock largely at 80; thus clearing a fair fortune from the company, apart from what he made on the street. To transactions like these Erie owes much of its ill repute.

recognizable, justly regards direct and rapid commercial intercourse with the vast agricultural resources of the Lakes, the Mississippi, and the Pacific, as of predominant importance. From the aspect of social science, it would seem proper that what are pre-eminently the producing and consuming States should be brought into intimate relations. Nor are there wanting many cogent political reasons for such a restoration of the national balance as shall keep the Middle States more in equipoise, and check the tendencies of commerce to enormous concentration in and around New York.

Heretofore, however, peculiar obstacles have stood in the way of this consummation. Although Boston is some twenty-four hours nearer Europe than is New York, yet the latter city has been enabled by the convergence of existing lines to hold the grain market tightly under control. The problem of New England capital at the present time is to obviate this disadvantage; and among the enterprises looking to this end is the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad. The plans of its projectors include the tapping of the Erie line at Newburg. This would open to the manufacturing centres of the East not only the coal section, but all that trade which now finds its way to the mouth of the Hudson by the short route from Buffalo.

At the head of this railway movement was Mr. John S. Eldridge, a gentleman comparatively new in Wall Street, bound to no clique, clean in record, and believed to entertain the somewhat obsolete idea that railroads are created by legislatures solely for public advantage and shareholders' profit. As the route which he favored was to connect with Erie, and as it was desirable that a close alliance between the two roads should be effected, not only for the purpose of securing an indorsement of four millions bonds of the Boston company, but for making the parent line a solvent and dividend-paying property, he determined to so shape the approaching election as to

sweep the great speculative director from the board.

When, therefore, the stock-jobbing owners of Erie began to prepare their proxies, they found among the solicitors for their vote a monopolizing railroad king, a great share-gambler, and a representative New-Englander, whose principles were supposed to be those of his own section,—a section signally exempt from corruption in its corporations, and as hostile to monopoly in transportation as it is to monopoly in labor.

The sanctity of truth compels us to relieve "the street" from any imputation of giving its suffrages to either of the three rivals out of any romantic impulse of admiration for their individual qualities. A majority of the stockholders parted with their stock outright; a large majority sold their proxies, and retained their shares.*

As the momentous second Tuesday drew near, the chief contestants began to count their votes and make their estimate of chances. It was found that neither of the three had a majority. Although the Eastern party held the larger vote; yet a combination of any two would ruin the third. That such a dilemma should have arisen would seem to prove that Mr. Vanderbilt chose to make his first attempt in the vast consolidating programme by securing the co-operation of the Erie direction, rather than by controlling it. In that event, however, if our estimate of Mr. Eldridge's position be correct, he had no alternative but to ally himself with Mr. Drew. Unfortunately, at this juncture, the speculative director was not in the Commodore's good graces. The latter for many weeks had been "long" in an immense stock operation;

* It is court testimony that Vanderbilt's agents advertised for proxies, and that Drew's agent sold out to the Central party. There is probably no greater impropriety in selling one's vote at a railroad corporation election than at the polls of that larger corporation which is called the State. Both acts are the offspring of indifference, and in the case of Erie there is this excuse, that no one can hold it without being brought temporarily into somewhat the same moral condition which is normal to Swiss body-guards and Free Lancers.

and — so far from aiding him in the emergency — the hero of the 1866 corner had developed a powerful “bear” interest, producing a stringent money market, and effectually checkmating Mr. Vanderbilt at the moment of apparent success. Upon this, the king of the affined roads sacrificed his policy to his pique, and threw the weight of his influence on the side of Mr. Eldridge.

The hour of election arrived. The president of the Boston line was installed president of Erie. Mr. Drew was dropped from the board, and for a little space financial New York throbbed with novel excitement. Scarcely, however, had the street recovered from its surprise, when there succeeded a second shock, even more electric than the first. It was currently rumored that one of the newly elected directors had resigned, that Mr. Drew was reinstated in office, and that he held the keys of the Erie treasury! The report proved true. At the last moment Mr. Vanderbilt had repented of his rashness, and had patched up an awkward compromise, of which this was the singular sequel. The outside public was scandalized, but it was also mystified. Queer whispers circulated. Metaphor-loving brokers spoke in parables, and quoted Scripture. It was gravely hinted that “the path which leads to destruction” had a point of resemblance with Erie, — they were both broad gauge! The market partially collapsed. A multitude of small speculators and outsiders went “short” in the unpopular scrip. The stock fell sharply. When at length Erie was fairly shivering in the lower register, the curtain which had veiled the secrets of the great railroad intrigue was suddenly pushed aside, and the jubilant shorts found themselves confronted by a gigantic bull interest, with nine million in the pool, and Messrs. Drew and Vanderbilt at the head. The stock rose with a bound. In January the pool was closed, and the easy victors divided their immense spoils.

Flushed with his late triumph, the president of the New York Central now converged his entire strength to

effect that coalition of the railroads on which the splendid monopoly programme necessarily depended. A meeting of the rival managers was called. Holding the main scheme guardedly in the background, Mr. Vanderbilt proposed that the agreement for a uniform tariff of freight and passengers from the metropolis to the West should be continued for the next five years. Assent to this proposition once gained, the rest would be easy. The measure provoked great discussion. A scrutiny of details revealed the fact that the profits of the alliance were wholly on the side of the Central clique. Nevertheless, that party refused to make any modifications. The conference consequently broke up in confusion, and the railroad king, foiled in his attempt at coalition, boldly accepted the alternative, and, sending out orders in all directions, began the prodigious task of purchasing the control of Erie.

Meanwhile Mr. Eldridge and his associates were quietly completing a comprehensive plan for extending the connections of the broad-gauge road, and at the same time effecting the entire renovation of its present rolling stock and road-bed. By the Ohio and Mississippi, Erie already reaches St. Louis; by the Atlantic and Great Western, it commands Cincinnati. It was now proposed that a new road should be built from Akron, on the line of the latter route, to Toledo. Here a junction would be formed with the Michigan Southern, and thence, by means of an extra rail, would be established unbroken communication between New England, New York, and the great interior grain State whose central depot is Chicago.

The scheme was gigantic, but it required corresponding expenditure. The treasury was worse than empty; it was a million dollars in arrears. Yet there seemed no possible expedient for securing the necessary funds for this large and imperative improvement save by adding to that indebtedness. The company therefore voted an issue of ten million of bonds, and as usual Mr. Drew stood ready to accept the loan.

The contract was signed, and the convertibles transferred. True to his constitutional infirmity, the speculative director was just then very short. Mr. Vanderbilt, now pledged to the success of his programme, had bought up some fourteen millions of stock. The shares were wellnigh swept from the market. Yet, with Erie rising day by day, the agents of Mr. Drew still continued to sell large quantities for future delivery on current rates, at both open and close board. The *claqueurs* of the Central clique were dumb at the recklessness with which their antagonist was plunging into inevitable destruction. This amazement, however, was but momentary. Placing on the street in one day the fifty thousand shares into which the fresh issue of bonds had been converted, Mr. Drew forced down Erie from 82½ to 65, and at the same time sent his loan to the company as a "special deposit" to the banks.

Our narrowing space precludes any adequate portrayal of the immense explosion which followed upon this unique invention of Mr. Drew for "covering his shorts"; nor indeed is there a necessity for details. Its history is fresh in all memories. Probably from no single cause were the financial circles of New York ever so deeply and so continuously affected as by this strategetic movement of the treasurer of the Erie. Never did the legal fraternity reap a more abundant harvest, nor the State legislators indulge in brighter dreams. Strangely enough, the feature which appealed most conspicuously to public attention was that of least practical importance. The litigation in the courts was a meaningless farce. All those injunctions, attachments, precepts, and affidavits which hurtled through the air, and served as texts for innumerable and ill-considered editorials, were employed by both parties, not because a great wrong had been committed, but simply as legitimate instruments for attaining a definite result. The suit of Work against Drew, regarding the issue of stocks in the 1866 corner, had been overhanging the

latter for months, and could have been compromised at any time if the defendant had chosen to accept the proffered terms. The injunction restraining the directors from the ten-million issue came from Mr. Vanderbilt, not because he believed the act was criminal or illegal, but in order to gain time for freeing himself from his terrible entanglement.

Indeed, the position in which the great railroad king found himself when the Erie "bear" closed upon him was one of the most peculiar and dangerous on record. It was not merely his Central programme that was at hazard, he was on the edge of what might have been the most startling financial failure of the century. Resolved to continue his hold of Erie, he had absorbed the new emission, and was carrying shares to the extent of twenty millions of dollars. With the depression of the market, his bankers compelled him to put up his margins, while his antagonist not only continued the short movement, but, by calling in loans and forming extensive alliances with the capital of outside cities, he produced a heretofore unparalleled stringency of the money market. If all the facts of this great passage of arms between these gigantic moneyed powers could be accurately related, it would afford one of the most thrilling chapters of financial history.

At present, however, they are veiled behind a cloud of conflicting surmises, and we only know that, after a few days of breathless anxiety, Mr. Vanderbilt emerged from his embarrassments triumphant and serene. Popular rumor affirms that he accomplished this by mortgaging his whole railroad and real-estate property for a temporary loan of thirty million dollars, which he effected with a famous foreign house. Whatever credence this may receive, no smaller sum could have enabled him to wrestle on equal terms with his acute and remorseless antagonist.

But although extricated from the toils of the bear interest, the success of the monopoly scheme was still matter of grave doubt. The Erie directors, driven

into exile, plucked victory from defeat, and secured from the courts and legislature of New Jersey what New York denied them. At Albany the sons-in-law of Vanderbilt, together with the attorney of the New York Central, successfully manipulated the Assembly. The financial and editorial columns of the metropolitan press, with a single exception, labored morning and night in the consolidation interest. Nevertheless, the outlook remained dubious. Mr. Vanderbilt maintained his control of Erie stock, but a large proportion was in the new issue. This issue was entered on the stock ledger in the name of the original buyers, while the transfer clerk was in Jersey City; and it was given out that the books were closed, and would continue so until the October election. In that event the proxies on the ten millions would be unavailable for monopoly purposes. Moreover, the fearful calamity of April 15, at Carr's Rock, so far from inhering to the disadvantage of the Erie directors, afforded a remarkable justification for their conduct, especially as Mr. Eldridge now came forward, and pledged himself that the moneys accruing from the loan would be sacredly devoted to the renovation of the entire line. Still further, the affined roads were suffering grievously from more than one cause. Mr. Drew's boats had commenced to run from the State capital to New York for a dollar. Fares were reduced on Erie thirty-three and even sixty per cent. The merchants and grain-growers along the Central complained of the outrageous rules of the company, which required that no freight should be taken for any point with which their route connected, unless shipped all the way by rail; and these complaints began to have their effect at Albany.

What fresh tactics Mr. Vanderbilt may have determined upon at this crisis are known only to himself. The theory that he gave up the contest in despair is absurd. His resources are too great, his ambition too exalted, for so crude a supposition. Yet so far as the external indications, he would certainly seem to

have retired from the field. The Erie bill was hurried through the legislature with railroad speed. The extension of lines East and West was authorized, the issue of bonds indorsed, and the consolidation scheme rendered legally impossible. In New York City the courts still kept up their highly scenical display; but the exiles of Erie returned from their sojourn in Jersey City, and reposed secure in their luxurious apartments at the palatial West Street offices. It is proper to add that this singular phenomenon is ascribed in financial circles to a mysterious compromise, in which Drew and Vanderbilt are parties, and of which the great public is to be the unconscious and submissive victim.

For the sake of the national honor and the interests of commerce, we may well hope that these floating rumors are destitute of foundation. The scheme which the King of the Central has at least momentarily abandoned would have proved disastrous, not only to New York, but to New England as well. The theory of "watered" stock, on which it was based, is fatal to the prosperity, not only of the mercantile and producing class, but to the very interests it apparently favors.* Compelled to vast gains, in order to meet its excessive obligations, monopoly would find itself at the hour of supremest success on the verge of appalling disaster. The impatient and long-suffering West would seek new outlets by Canada, by Baltimore, by the Mississippi. No expedient could ward off this sure result, save spasmodic competition, entailing the loss in a week of the profits of a year. Nor could "privilege," the

* All fictitious stock is a tax on the community, and in the end, by encouraging lavish expenditure, large salaries, careless contracts, it impoverishes the corporations themselves. At present, however, the tendency in America is strongly in this direction. It is estimated that the "watered" stock of the railroads in the United States is from thirty to forty per cent above actual cost, and that the whole volume of fictitious railway paper can be little less than four hundred millions. The loss entailed by this vicious system on all industries is enormous; nor can we safely look for the day of cheap transportation before legislation shall have peremptorily forbidden any increase of capital beyond the narrowest limits of economical management.

creature of the State, maintain its fleeting existence, except by such corruption in the legislative chambers as must inevitably arouse that giant sense of public virtue, now strangely drugged, but liable at any moment to spring into terrible activity.

But while "fictions" are fraught with equal ruin to commerce and to corporations, share-gambling is demoralizing our financial centres, and eating like a canker into the very heart of the national life. Capital draws back discouraged from new and necessary investments. Under present conditions, it cannot be otherwise. When Mr. Drew and his imitators on other railroad boards sell "short," they destroy the value of the stock they are sworn to protect, at least to the extent of their profits in speculation. Practically it is the same as if President Lincoln had wagered his official salary on the success of the late Confederacy, or Napoleon had bet on Wellington before the Battle of Waterloo. The state of Erie under the Drew system is a sufficient illustration of the injury which results. What that state is has already partially been set forth; but there is further testimony upon this subject which should by no means be omitted. In the very heat of the injunction period a pamphlet was issued on the Erie side, which contained the subjoined paragraph:—

"The object of a borrower should be to have his loan so made that he will never be called upon to pay either principal or interest. The Erie Company appear to have perfectly accomplished this end. Its shares, like British consols, are never due. As for interest in the shape of dividends, this is what no one expected or expects. The holders of Erie stock do not want a dividend. Were one regularly paid, the stock would in a great measure lose its value as an instrument of speculation. All parties, therefore, are, or ought to be, perfectly satisfied. As for the Erie, it is certainly a wonderful stroke of good fortune to be able to raise \$7,250,000 for construction and repairs upon its road, without incurring an obligation for a dollar. Not to avail themselves of such an opportunity would show that the directors were utterly unfit for their place."

This significant statement, written apparently with no consciousness of its splendid irony, indicates very remarkably the estimate of Wall Street upon the uses of railroad property, nor can there be any stability in stock, until the strong arm of legislation intervenes to arrest the demoralization of the hour. It must be made as criminal for a director to deal in railroad scrip as it is to utter counterfeit money or to appropriate trust funds. In fact, the national or State governments ought to enter at once upon the construction of a railroad code which should be universal in its working and sweeping in its reforms.

If the developments of the Erie contest anywise conduce to such an auspicious result, we may well rest satisfied. That contest, so inadequately described in these pages, conveys its own lessons. What new shape it will assume it is not for us to forecast. But we may safely affirm that neither in the ascendancy of Mr. Drew nor of the Vanderbilt clique is any health possible. What Erie needs is revolution. From Boston, from Chicago, from New York, there should be a simultaneous conjunction of capital, powerful enough to wrest the line from share-gamblers and monopolists, and thoroughly determined to take the solution of the difficulty firmly in hand. We know not what forces are at the control of the actual president, but it seems to us that no man more adequately comprehends the situation, or more ardently desires to infuse fresh blood into the management of the road,—to repair, replace, reorganize, and reform; to make the stock a stable property, clean from the defilement of the street, certain of dividends, safe for fiduciary investment. If he should accomplish this, by whatsoever device, he will acquire a national reputation as enviable as it would be justly earned. We may overestimate Mr. Eldridge's intentions or his powers; but there can be no question of his opportunity. It is for the future to disclose how far that opportunity is converted into achievement.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication. By CHARLES DARWIN.
2 vols. 8vo. London: John Murray.
1868.

WHEN Mr. Darwin published his "Origin of Species," he stated it to be only the forerunner of a more complete work on the subject, in which he hoped to present the evidence on which his conclusions were founded with a much greater fulness of detail. The volumes now before us are, if we neglect a couple of essays on special subjects, the first instalment of the promised work. They are to be followed in due time by another treatise, on the variation of animals and plants in the wild state, and then by a review of the objections which have been made to the theory of Natural Selection.

The present work contains a great mass of facts drawn from a very wide range of original observation and a most extensive search through the material published by others. Whatever may be thought of his generalizations, no one can deny to the author the merit of painstaking and conscientious industry in the accumulation of facts. The first volume is devoted to a history of our most important domestic animals and plants. The pigeon is the most thoroughly treated, and is, as might have been expected, in a measure, the *cheval de bataille* of the author. In Volume II. all those general questions of reproduction which arise as soon as we begin to consider the subject of inheritance and the nature of species, such as reversion to ancestral forms, the effects of crossing, the causes of sterility and those of variation, are discussed, — with a spirit of candor, indeed, which no one can fail to be impressed by, and with which all who are acquainted with Mr. Darwin's previous works are familiar, but at the same time with a degree of subtlety and ingenuity in places which we think may to many readers prove a poor substitute for that fulness and plainness in the evidence that alone can inspire perfect confidence.

Nevertheless, precipitate as some of the conclusions may seem to a cold judgment, some weight is to be allowed here, as everywhere else, to the instinctive guesses of men of genius and large practical experience; and the book remains so important,

both with regard to the general question of species transformation and the special ones of inheritance, that no one interested in the science of life can afford to leave it unread. It would be impossible, in the short space at our command, to convey the "gist" of it to the reader, nor would an abstract be of much value, apart from the special evidence. Still, as every one has heard more or less about "Darwinism," and many people have a most inaccurate notion of the contents of that mysterious expression, we will subjoin a brief account of a single factor in Mr. Darwin's reasoning. It will give to the unlearned reader a slight idea of the *kind* of speculation indicated by the word, and at the same time give us an opportunity to notice a very curious fact or law which Mr. Darwin thinks he has discovered.

The factor we mean is that called atavism, or reversion. It is a matter of common knowledge that children frequently reproduce traits of their grandparents or still more remote ancestors, which nevertheless did not exist in their own immediate progenitors. Darwin gives a striking instance of a pointer bitch, who gave birth to some pups marked with blue. The color is so unusual in purely bred pointers, that it was considered the pups must be of base descent on the father's side, and all but one were drowned. Two years afterwards it was accidentally discovered that this one was the great-great-grandson of an animal which had been marked in a similar manner, — so that the peculiarity had remained latent during three generations before appearing in this litter.

The most evident examples of this "law" are to be found in the reversions of *crosses* to one or the other original parent form. "In a litter of Essex pigs, two young ones appeared which were the image of the Berkshire boar that had been used twenty-eight years before in giving size and constitution to the breed"; and similar facts may almost be called notorious, but only more so in these particular cases, Mr. Darwin thinks, because the characteristic marks are too obvious to escape notice, which they must often do when the ancestors belong to the same breed. Now, to this fact or principle of reversion, the reality of which must

needs be acknowledged, Mr. Darwin refers a number of apparently capricious variations in our domestic races, and then proceeds to draw many weighty conclusions, first as to the origin of the races in question, and then as to the extent of possible deviation from their origin of races in general. In pigeons, for instance, in all the fancy breeds, with their so greatly differing structure, there occasionally appear birds of a blue color, with certain other marks, of which the most important are double black bars on the wings and white or blue croups. "Whenever a blue bird appears in any race, the wings almost invariably show the black bars." Now the wild rock-pigeon, *Columba livia*, from whom, on many other accounts, Mr. Darwin thinks our domestic races are probably descended, is characterized by just these peculiarities of coloring; and the coincidence of their appearance in all these separate tame kinds has its apparent strangeness much diminished if we are enabled to look at it as in each case owing to reversion to the original stock, or rock-pigeon. In our various domestic breeds of fowl, again, which widely differ in most respects, we meet "black-breasted-red" birds as occasional exceptions. Only in a very few pure breeds has Mr. Darwin not heard of their occurrence. Now, as this coloring is peculiar to the *Gallus bankiva* of Northern India, a bird which is almost certainly the parent of the game-fowl, and which, for many reasons, Darwin thinks likely to have been the parent form of all our other kinds, its sporadic appearance in our poultry-yards receives a plausible explanation. In the horse, to take a third example, individuals are everywhere to be met, but more frequently in some strains than in others, striped in a more or less complicated way down the back, over the shoulder, and across the legs. These marks are frequently associated with a dun color. The ass, as is well known, presents some of them normally, others occasionally, and so do the other wild members of the family. After the two former cases, the conclusion in this case will be obvious to the reader. But the imperfection of the reasoning throughout will also not escape him,—first, that these marks are facts of reversion to the wild form X, because many other circumstances make it likely that X is the common ancestor; and then X is all the more certainly the common ancestor, because these marks, being facts of reversion, are all found in X. It is a sort of circular

reasoning, and at best helps to accumulate a probability.

Now for the curious law we spoke of as having been discovered by Darwin. It is that in crossing itself we have a direct cause of reversion to characters long extinct; or, in other words, when two individuals which have diverged from a common parent stock are mated, there is a tendency in their offspring to take on features of that stock that may have been absent for great numbers of generations. Some crosses made in France first called his attention to the subject in pigeons, and he then made experiments himself, both with them and with fowls. Many of the pigeons which he crossed belonged to breeds in which blue birds are of excessive rarity, and many of these crosses were most complicated; yet there appeared among the mongrels a surprising number colored (in many instances almost exactly) like the *Columba livia*. With fowls of long-established breeds, in which, when kept pure, there is no record of a red feather ever having appeared, he continually got mongrels exhibiting a tendency to approach the plumage of the *Gallus bankiva*. One of these was a gorgeous cock, whose plumage was almost identical with that of the wild bird. Its father being a Black Spanish, and its mother a Silk fowl, both of which are notorious for breeding true, and the race of the mother being in many respects so peculiar as to have been considered by some authors a separate species. The crossing of the several equine species, in its turn "tends in a marked manner to cause stripes to appear on various parts of the body, especially on the legs." This, of course, "can be only hypothetically attributed to reversion. But most persons, after considering" the case of pigeons, fowls, &c., "will come to the same conclusion in respect to the horse genus, and admit that the progenitor of the group was striped on the legs, shoulders, face, and probably over the whole body, like a zebra."

The interest and importance of these facts, if Mr. Darwin's interpretation of them be correct, is evident. But unfortunately the interpretation has just so much of the hypothetical element in it, in all the cases, that a sceptic who should refuse to accept it would have no trouble in presenting a legal and logical justification for his conduct. The author adds to them some other facts concerning instincts which are curious. Thus, the aboriginal

species of hen must, of course, have been a good incubator; but so many cases are on record of the crossed offspring from two races of non-sitting hens "becoming first-rate incubators, that the reappearance of this instinct must be attributed to reversion from crossing." One author says: "A cross between two non-sitting varieties almost invariably produces a mongrel that becomes broody, and sits with remarkable steadiness." Again: "The parents of all our domesticated animals were, of course, originally wild in disposition; and when a domesticated species is crossed with a distinct species, whether this be a domesticated or only a tamed animal, the hybrids are often wild to such a degree that the fact is intelligible only on the principle that the cross has caused a partial return to the primitive disposition." He gives instances from cattle, swine, and various birds, and finally asks whether the degraded and savage disposition which many travellers have reported to exist in certain half-caste races of men may not have a similar cause. Namely, reversion to the condition of a savage ancestor.

From all this the nature of the reasoning on which Darwin's hypothesis is based will be seen. It is nowhere of strictly logical cogency, for the conclusions drawn from certain premises are assumed in their turn as true, in order to make those same premises seem more probable. Perhaps from the very nature of the case, and the enormous spaces of time in question, it may never be any more possible to give a physically strict proof of it, complete in every link, than it now is to give a logically binding disproof of it. This may or may not be a misfortune; at any rate it removes the matter from the jurisdiction of critics who are not zoölogists, but mere reasoners (and who have already written nonsense enough about it), and leaves it to the learned tact of experts, which alone is able to weigh delicate facts against each other, and to decide how many possibilities make a probability, and how many small probabilities make an almost certainty. Among those experts Mr. Darwin's own name stands high, and this work will probably not lower its place. The "general reader," anxious only for results, will find it much drier and less interesting than the "Origin of Species"; but the student, as we have already said, must read it, and, whichever way his conclusions may tend, cannot fail to learn a great deal from it.

Italy, Rome, and Naples: from the French of Henri Taine. By JOHN DURAND. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

M. TAINÉ has very clear eyes; he sees what is before him,—a rare and wonderful faculty in a traveller. At Naples he finds more in the life, the air, and the scenery to remind of the classic period than at Rome, which externally is hardly Greek or feudal, but Renaissance to a degree that does not permit M. Taine, looking upon her churches and palaces, to think of anything but the sixteenth century. Only among the antiques of the Roman galleries, and before the vague and broken monuments of the past, does he find the spirit which walks the noonday streets of Naples, and which he recognizes with such exquisite grace in this picture of the Villa Reale:—

"Evening was coming on, and in watching the fading tints it seemed as if I were in the Elysian fields of the ancient poets. Elegant forms of trees defined themselves clearly on the transparent azure. Leafless sycamores and naked oaks seemed to be smiling, the exquisite serenity of the sky, crossed with their web of light branches, apparently communicating itself to them. They did not appear to be dead or torpid as with us, but seemed to be dozing, and, at the touch of the balmy breeze, ready to open their buds and confide their blossoms to the coming spring. Here and there shone a glimmering star, and the moon began to diffuse its white light. Statues still whiter seemed in this mysterious gloom to be alive; groups of young maidens, in light flowing robes, advanced noiselessly, like beautiful spirits of gladness. I seemed to be gazing on ancient Greek life, to comprehend the delicacy of their sensations, to find a never-ending study in the harmony of these slender forms and faded tints; color and luminousness no longer seemed requisite. I was listening to the verses of Aristophanes, and beheld his youthful athlete with crowned brow, chaste and beautiful, walking pleasantly with a sage companion of his own years amongst poplars and the flowering smilax. Naples is a Greek colony, and the more one sees the more does he recognize that the taste and spirit of a people assume the characteristics of its landscape and climate."

The truth here presented had already been felt and expressed, and throughout his book, the novelty of M. Taine's discovery is less than the accuracy of his study.

But this accuracy delights you so much that you are inclined to believe him first, where he is at best, perhaps, only original; and it is on review of his book that you find he has taken you through a country not undiscovered, but not before so thoroughly explored.

He understands Italy exceedingly well, however, and for Rome of the Renaissance it seems to us that there is no guide to compare with him. Here, even his want of sympathy becomes a virtue; for the Renaissance is a period to be entirely appreciated by the intellect alone, as it was a purely intellectual effort which produced it. M. Taine studies its art from its history, and not its history from its art, as Mr. Ruskin does, for example; and we think he has by far the clearer idea of the time, its people, and its works. The tastes and customs of an artist's contemporaries shape, if they do not inspire him; and it is better to argue from Julius II. to Buonarrotti than from Buonarrotti to Julius II., though it is not altogether false to do the latter. In his cold way of loving nothing, hating nothing, judging everything, M. Taine never affronts common-sense, nor attempts impostures upon his readers. You see everything that he points out in pictures, because, though the characteristic traits he sees are subtle enough, they exist; while he does not dwell upon the perfectly obvious, he does not riot upon the supposed intention of the painter. "Always," says M. Taine, with that peculiar clearness and directness which make him appear the first discoverer of truth, — "always when an art predominates, the contemporary mind contains its essential elements; whether, as in the arts of poetry and music these consist of ideas or sentiments; or, as in sculpture and painting, they consist of colors or of forms. Everywhere art and intelligence encounter each other, and this is why the first expresses the second and the second the first. Hence if we find in the Italy of that period [the Renaissance] a revival of pagan art it is because there was a revival of pagan manners and morals. . . . With the sentiment of the rude, with the exercise of the muscles and the expansion of physical activity, the love of and worship of the human form appeared a second time. All Italian art turns upon this idea, namely, the resuscitation of the naked figure; the rest is simply preparation, development, variety, alteration, or decline. Some, like the Venetians, display its grandeur and freedom of move-

ment, its magnificence and voluptuousness; others, like Correggio, its exquisite sweetness and grace; others, like the Bolognese, its dramatic interest; others, like Caravaggio, its coarse striking reality, — all, in short, caring for nothing beyond the truthfulness, grace, action, voluptuousness and magnificence of a fine form, naked or draped, raising an arm or a leg. If groups exist, it is to complete this idea, to oppose one form to another, to balance one sensation by a similar one. When landscape comes it simply serves as a background and accessory, and is as subordinate as moral expression on the countenance or historical accuracy in the subject. The question is, Do you feel interested in expanded muscles moving a shoulder and throwing back the body bow-like on the opposite thigh? It is within this limited circle that the imagination of the great artists of that day wrought, and in the centre of it you find Raphael. . . . That which interests the moderns in a head, the expression of some rare profound sentiment, elegance, and whatever denotes *finesse* and native superiority, is never apparent with them, save in that precocious investigator, that refined, saddened thinker, that universal feminine genius, Leonardo da Vinci. Domenichino's 'Judith' is a fine, healthy, innocent, peasant-girl, well painted and well proportioned. If you seek the exalted, complicated sentiments of a virtuous, pious, and patriotic woman who has just converted herself into a courtesan and an assassin, who comes in with bloody hands, feeling perhaps, under her girdle, the motions of the child of the man whom she has just murdered, you must seek for them elsewhere; you must read the drama of Hebbel, the 'Cenci' of Shelley, or propose the subject to a Delacroix, or to an Ary Scheffer."

There is, as we have indicated, a prevailing motive of generalization in this book, to which it is more safe to yield in considering the past than the present, though we do not find that it often leads M. Taine astray in his study of modern Italians. Much in his sketches of Rome reminds the reader of About's *Rome Contemporaine*, but one is all the time sensible that Taine is an honest man than About, and that he does not generalize beyond his facts. He is not so lively as About; but, though very firm and solid in his thought, he is far from heavy. His book is singularly untouristic, and the reader remembers no trace of M. Taine in anything but its opinions and decisions;

there are no traveller's adventures, and few traveller's anecdotes; the stories told are generally from other people, and are given merely to illustrate some topic in hand.

Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Edited from his Manuscript, with Notes and an Introduction, by JOHN BIGELOW. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

IN his Introduction Mr. Bigelow tells us the very interesting story of the chance which gives us now, after the lapse of half a century, the autobiography of Dr. Franklin as he left it, and enables the present editor to supply eight pages of the original, wanting in the hands of his widow after M. le Veillard, a French gentleman of his acquaintance (Mayor of Passy and *gentilhomme ordinaire du Roi*), a copy of his autobiography, which passed into the hands of his widow after M. le Veillard was guillotined in 1794. William Temple Franklin, who went to London as early as 1790 to prepare an edition of his grandfather's works for publication, and who, under circumstances bringing upon him suspicions of bribery from the British government, delayed their appearance till 1817, applied to the Widow le Veillard for this copy, as being a fair one to print from, and, in return, gave her the autograph of the memoirs bequeathed him by his grandfather. This autograph went from Madame le Veillard, at her death, to her daughter, who, in 1834, left it to M. le Senarmont, her cousin. In 1867 this gentleman transferred it to Mr. Bigelow, together with the famous pastel portrait of Franklin by Duplessis, an engraving of which adorns the present volume. The life which Mr. Bigelow now gives the world must naturally become the standard version of an autobiography which, after being first fragmentarily published in French and translated into English, was later edited in imperfect and unfaithful shape by Franklin's grandson, and is here, at last, printed from Franklin's own manuscript, and precisely as he wrote it.

Mr. Bigelow gives some pages, showing in parallel columns the nature of the changes made in the original text by the edition of 1817, of which he says, very justly: "Many are mere modernizations of style, such as would measure some of the modifi-

cations which English prose has undergone between the days of Goldsmith and Southey. Some Franklin might have approved of; others he might have tolerated; but it is safe to presume that very many he would have rejected without ceremony." However this may be, there is profound satisfaction in having the life as written by Franklin, whose very errors and negligences have no small value to the reader of the life in illustrating the greatness and peculiarities of his career and character. Who had corrected him Mr. Bigelow does not positively indicate; but this will now become a matter of less importance every day to all but the mere *curioso*.

It is supposed William Temple Franklin never observed that the final eight pages of the autograph were wanting in the Veillard copy from which he printed; and he thus added another to the proofs already existing of his unfitness to edit his grandfather's works, — an unfitness that had become a national reproach before his edition appeared. Mr. Bigelow leaves to the reader the question whether or not William Temple Franklin was induced by the British government to withhold the manuscripts in his hands, and contents himself with stating the charge, and giving Franklin's denial of its truth. It is certainly strange that he should have delayed for twenty-seven years to discharge the duty intrusted to him, and that then he should have performed it with so little care as to omit some of the most important passages from the autobiography. The grandson's edition of the life terminates with Franklin's arrival at London on the 27th of July, 1757, and is wanting in the account given by Franklin in the autograph and the present edition of his interview with Lord Granville, and his subsequent consultations with the Proprietaries of the Province of Pennsylvania with regard to the quarrel existing between Governor Denny and the Pennsylvania Assembly, together with the proceedings upon the Proprietaries' petition to the king in council.

In an Appendix Mr. Bigelow gives the correspondence of William Temple Franklin with the Veillards in reference to his grandfather's works, as well as some letters of Franklin's from the Veillard collection, relating to his memoirs, and other matter immediately useful and interesting to the reader of the restored autobiography. He has in all respects executed a delicate and important task with singular discretion, — not exulting too much in the fortune which

permits him to connect his name permanently with Franklin's, nor magnifying a service to letters which is self-evidently great. The reader's interest in the subject is both awakened and satisfied, and he readily forgives Mr. Bigelow, as a sole instance of critical prodigality, the statement that the autobiography is a "limpid narrative, gemmed all over, like a cloudless firmament at night, with pertinent anecdotes, curious observations, and sage reflections."

Manual of the Jarves Collection of Early Italian Pictures, deposited in the Galleries of the Yale School of Fine Arts. By RUSSELL STURGIS, JR. New Haven: Published by Yale College.

EVEN if we had not to praise the excellent taste with which Mr. Sturgis has performed a task not to be estimated in its difficulties by the size of his book, we should wish to speak of this Manual as making a fresh claim upon public attention for a gallery of pictures which was remarkable in Europe, and is unique here. In this collection Yale College has secured the sole series of pictures by which Italian art, from Giunta da Pisa to Domenichino, can be studied and enjoyed in America, and offers an attraction which must be enhanced by whatever growth we make in cultivation and elegance. The Jarves collection would be a thing to go from one Italian city to another to see; and we hope that it shall not be very long till any person within a day's journey of New Haven shall be ashamed not to have seen it. We rate very highly its capacity for pleasing a generally intelligent public like ours, because its works are mostly of the early period of art, when sentiment was more than execution, and have qualities of religion, tenderness, and sincerity which strongly appeal to the earnest natures predominating with us. On the other hand, a gallery which includes paintings of Paolo Veronese, Bassano, Bordone, the Caracci, Guido, Rubens, and Velasquez cannot be lacking in those splendors of art and triumphs of skill in which the student and connoisseur find great part of their satisfaction.

It is not easy to say how Mr. Sturgis in his Manual puts his reader in possession of those quite primary facts of artistic history and technics necessary with the average American for the appreciation of such a gallery, and yet contrives not to offend those already cognizant of them. His introductory

essay, which is full of admirable suggestion and criticism, is unambitious in itself, and modest for the collection, while it rates the pictures at their just intrinsic value, and indicates their incomparable worth here; and the brief biographical and critical notice of each painter which is given with the mention of his picture is enough for the present intelligence of those who have known nothing of the subject, and excellent even for the memory of such as may charitably suppose themselves to have forgotten a great deal.

The Old World in its New Face. Impressions of Europe in 1867-68. By HENRY W. BELLOW. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE difficulty of writing home from Europe anything that is worth reading does not seem to affect the production of foreign letters, or the volumes of travel growing out of them. To this fact, no doubt, we owe now and then a book like Dr. Bellows's, which is interesting and desirable; and as for the books that are neither, they are forgotten even in spite of the critics who blame them, and seek to give them the sad immortality of dispraise in the newspapers. So the state of affairs might be worse than it is.

We shall hardly describe what Dr. Bellows has done if we say he spent a year in France, Prussia, Switzerland, and Austria, — so many people have done all this; but if we say that he looked at Europe from the pulpit of the Broad Church, and with a view to study it in an honest and liberal way, we distinguish him somewhat from the million other Americans abroad. He writes down his thought in candid and manly fashion, without flippancy, and commonly without effort to be either funny or fine, — Eloquence and Humor being the Scylla and Charybdis of most travellers. Mountains, we confess, are occasionally too much for him. There is, for example, "Untersberg, whose awful comb saws the sky with its marble teeth"; and in the noonday haze of the adjacent meadows, other of these unmanageable mountains "seem to swim like beautiful black monsters in a sea of emerald"; while at dawn they are mottled with black and white, and "Beauty, Love, and Terror seem contending for their possession." All this, however, may be forgiven a traveller who tells us something of the state of religious thought in Germany, and describes to us several of the leaders of the

conservative and liberal church parties, in a way to make them and his readers glad that he saw them and talked with them. His observations and ideas of Switzerland strike us as being very true and good; there is much that is new in what he tells us of the present social and political life of the Swiss; and the chapter on Berne is particularly interesting. It appears to us that he justly characterizes the political condition of Austria as one in which the government has to take the lead in creating liberal institutions for a people indifferent to nearly all liberty but that of laughing at their rulers. There is no prophecy in the book as to the political future of France,—a subject on which every one ought to be grateful to be told nothing, knowing that thereby only is he dealt fairly with. Our author does not refuse to see that the French people generally are contented with a despotism which he dislikes; better still, he does not become enamored of it because they bear it quietly. This again distinguishes him from the million other Americans abroad. He can even tell us something intelligible and probable about Prussia, in whose military superiority to France he does not at all believe, and in whose over-restrained and over-protected people he does not see the greatest promise for the future. It is one of the virtues of Dr. Bellows in this book that he nowhere makes pretence to infallible understanding of what he saw, or to subtle analysis of the varied character presented to him.

Behind the Scenes. By ELIZABETH KECKLEY, formerly a Slave, but more recently Modiste and Friend to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. *Or, Thirty Years a Slave, and Four Years in the White House.* New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

We suppose that Mrs. Keckley, as a literary resource, is probably exhausted in the volume before us; but we would not have the ingenious editor of the work (whoever he may be) despair on that account. Indeed, he need never want inspiration while there are cooks, lady's-maids, coachmen, and footmen about, who have lived in families of eminent persons. Why should he not give us next, "Behind the Pantry Door; or, Mr. Seward's After-Dinner-ana, overheard by his Butler"?—or, "On the Kitchen Stairs; Sayings and Doings of Chief Justice Chase, reported by his for-

mer Cook"?—and so on, concluding with "The Married Life of our Distinguished Clergymen by a Serving-woman out of place"? He need not be deterred by the fact that the present book is an outrage, for he is not likely to be affected by any kind of criticism that can reach his case.

We put Mrs. Keckley out of the question of authorship; and, of the material which she has supplied, we have but to say that it is both dull and trivial, and only considerable in its effect of dragging the family affairs of Mrs. Lincoln before the public. We should be quite ashamed to base upon it any speculations about the character of the late President; and with that of his wife and children we have no possible concern, further than to express our belief that, if the nation had dealt more generously with them, it would now be able to judge Mrs. Lincoln more kindly, or perhaps would not be obliged to judge her at all.

Highland Rambles: a Poem. By WILLIAM R. WRIGHT. Boston: Adams & Co.

THESE highland rambles began late in May, about daybreak,

"As three strayed spirits, Arthur, Vivian, Paul,
Brushed off the humming swarms of early dreams,
And sprang from beds of pine-boughs underneath
Thick-branching pines. And Paul, who sought
the East,
Cried, 'Look, the crescent strands her silver keel
Upon the pearly breakers of the dawn.'
And Vivian, 'Let us climb to yonder peak,
Ere the first rosy ripple break.' But he,
Whose wit blew cool as winds from mountain lakes,
Arthur, 'Go up. I follow when my brows
Three times are dipped in water.' And the three "

rambled on for one hundred and eighty pages up and down the familiar heights of Mr. Tennyson's poetry. We suppose that somewhere in this excursion they had loves and sorrows, for we catch a glimpse of at least one young lady out of The Gardener's Daughter's garden. But we have not read the whole poem, and could not. We take the reader to witness that we do not condemn it, or do aught but wonder that any one having a proper entity, and man's inalienable right to obscurity, should care so conspicuously to disown himself, and to appear solely in the voice, movement, and expression of another whom he suffers us scarcely a moment to forget. Yet even this wonder of ours is mild, for frequent surprises of the sort have tempered us to what we must still regret.